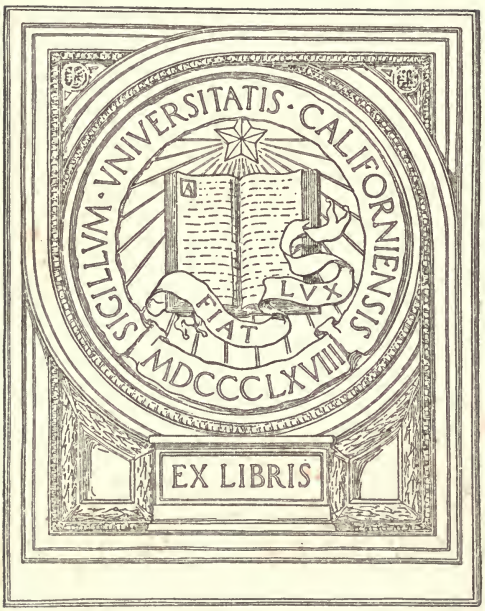
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CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM,

ILLUSTRATED BY ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO METACOMET AND THE EXTINCTION OF HIS RACE.

BY

FREDERICK FREEMAN.

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INTRODUCTION.

It was said by an Indian warrior who long since yielded with his tribe to destiny, "We have been driven back until we can retreat no farther. Our hatchets are broken; our bows are snapped; our fires are nearly extinguished; a little longer, and the white man will cease to oppress, for we shall have ceased to exist." This gloomy foreboding has well-nigh been realized. Not only have the tribes in New England, and Indians who once peopled the Hudson, Potomac, Susquehanna, Rappahannock and the valley of the Shenandoah, become extinct save only a shade of the original Red Man, met here and there, chiefly solitary, but even what were, within the memory of such as have approximated to three-score and ten, frontiers of white settlements, have been divested alike of primeval forests and of marks of the footsteps of the once proud lords of the domain. All which is left to tell that these lands were once inhabited by a people who for long centuries flourished in their primitive condition, are names of villages, streams, bays, lakes, valleys, and mountains; names retained as a matter of convenience rather than of choice.

From the shores of Huron and Superior, from the tributary streams of the Missouri and Mississippi, and from every remote spot of their once cherished and thickly-settled homes or local hunting-grounds, they disappear, vanishing like vapor from the face of the earth. "Although," as said the eloquent Washington Irving, "worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subject for local story and thrilling romance, they have left scarcely any authentic traces for the page of history, but stalk like gigantic shadows in the dim twilight of tradition."

This is not all: whilst aborigines have been despoiled of their hereditary possessions, nationality, and even existence, by the mercenary acts of their relentless oppressors, they have been shamefully traduced. Bigotry, with stolid disregard of the Red Man's humanity, has contributed its full share of the prejudice. Little allowance has been made for inherited principles or popular ignorance. Too many writers seem to have been educated to regard the Indian as only a pagan. He is branded a "worthless savage," a "Canaanitish devil," a "wild and dangerous beast," worthy of nothing better than extermination. Too many, even in this enlightened nineteenth century, seem to believe that applause of such proscription is an act of patriotism and filial piety.

In the pages which shall follow care will be taken to exhibit with impartiality naked facts. That they may be presented as they really exist, reference will necessarily be made almost entirely to the records of the doings of the white man and of the provocations of the dispossessed. The chronicles of such as had the ability to transmit to other generations the doings of the one, or of the provocations and sufferings of the other, must be our guide.

It has been pertinently remarked by another, that Metacomet and his race, the kindly reception accorded to their invaders notwithstanding, "lived like fugitives in their native land, and went down like a bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep their fate or a friendly hand to make record of their struggle." Still it is not so much the intent of our narrative to perform an act of humanity for the natives, or to qualify the impressions made by the spirit of their oppressors, as to set forth a plain and unvarnished tale of facts in their due connection and with important bearings, leaving the reader to his own conclusions.

If it be true, as a respected correspondent suggests, that "the Puritans are demi-gods, and woe betides the man who ventures to intimate that they were liable to the faults of ordinary mortals," then, the writer supposes he must expect some obloquy. He, nevertheless, trusts that they who would censure will consider the sources from whence the facts stated are drawn; and will remember that the facts must be invalidated before censure is just.

Confidently believing ourself to be incapable of feelings hostile to the Pilgrim Fathers, or Puritans, — as early settlers of two of the original colonies are sometimes indiscriminately called, — we aver that, do others claim such paternity, we can do more. Through nine generations, unmixed by any other than Pilgrim blood, ours has flowed. We honor the ancestry, but entertain no idea that obedience to a Divine command involves a suppression of truth. If, in giving the history of an important era, or of a race, faithfulness requires exposure of historic facts unquestionable, as painful, we cannot accuse ourself of irreverence, nor are we without support in the example of many worthy descendants of both Pilgrims and Puritans, whose eminence we do not claim. Well assured, not only that a full rather than an incomplete account is to be commended, and that by candidly conceding the errors of those who preceded us foundation is laid for perpetuating what were really their characteristic virtues, and a beacon set to guard against possible mistakes and imperfections, all attempts at white-washing are disregarded. Nor, whatever reason may have existed for our correspondent's suggestion that errors of predecessors are not with impunity to be exposed, do we find that the regrets, disgusts, and condemnations, called forth from the pens of Bentley, Trumbull, Dwight, Davis, Baylies, Bancroft, Sparks, Saltonstall, Savage, and others, of traits and transactions which they severally deplored, have lessened the esteem of these writers among candid and intelligent descendants of Pilgrims or Puritans.

We would have it distinctly understood that we shall make free use of both authentic statements and pertinent suggestions, avoiding embellishments and conforming as far as compatible with unoffending diction to the words of the narrators. The aim will be, not rhetoric, but a comprehensive view of the whole subject presented.

Theological dogmas and ecclesiastical polity of early settlers, we do not purpose to agitate ; neither questions of right or wrong arising from the planting of colonies among barbarians. Letters and Christianity are expected to triumph in all contests with rude races. It seems to be a fixed fact that in all such strife barbarism shall decline. There is also no dis-

pute that the aborigines did, in large degree, occupy a soil only partially cultivated. So far as the mere question of subsistence was involved, there was room for occupancy.

In what may be regarded as paramount claims of civilization and Christianity there are important questions. But that the allusions frequent in history to Indians as rebels, conspirators, traitors, culprits, or savages, are sufficient to blot out their rights and claims to the soil of their fathers of which they had legal sovereignty, will not be thought.

Could we take up the views and opinions of Indians themselves respecting the invasions of early New England, and write aided by such lights and counsels and struggles of the aborigines, doubtless the subject might be more fairly and adequately presented. The people who fought against them and took possession of their heritage were not the best qualified to be exponents of Indians' views, or motives to action, nor to be alone their judges. History may well be exacting to secure perfect fairness and accuracy, and ought not to be content with merely plausible surmise or hearsay testimony. Any historian who would be true to his vocation must be allowed to look on much with a cold eye, lest he abate the truth or be influenced by local bias, national sympathy, or hereditary prejudices.

NEW ENGLAND INDIAN HISTORY

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER I.

THE name "Indian" was given to the aborigines of this country by Amerigo Vespucci, who, two years after John Cabot had explored the coast of North America, made discovery of some parts of South America, and had the singular fortune to confer his own name on both parts of the continent. When first discovered by Columbus, he supposed, as did others after him, that these coasts were the eastern shores of India; hence the name "Indians" given to the inhabitants. The origin of the North American Indians remains an unsolved problem.

The Indians of New England, when the white man first came among them, were destitute of the peculiar advantages and improvements which attend civilized life.

Government they had to a certain extent. Each nation or tribe had an acknowledged head or chief; the son of such chief succeeded generally to the father, or, if there were no son, the queen or next of kin ruled. The king, or chief they called "Sachem." Tribute for the support of a chief was paid by all.[1]

[1] Some have supposed that the titles of "Chief" and "Sagamore" were used by Indians indifferently. But others, and their opinions are probably correct, think that Sagamores, a name which to a limited extent only was in use in New England, ruled a lesser territory, and were in degree subordinate and accountable to the "Sachems." There were many Sagamores within the Massachusetts Bay

They had such laws as custom imposed, and those only. With few ideas of property or its uses, few laws and fewer punishments were necessary. Attempts against the life of a chief, and other acts of treason, were capital offenses. The punishment was summary ; some of the wisest men were convoked, and they pronouncing the accused guilty, the tomahawk became speedily the instrument of vengeance ; the culprit's brains were spilled without thought of resistance. Of personal injuries or affronts generally, every man was his own avenger. Indians recognized no precept which forbade rendering evil for evil.

They knew nothing of military discipline. When war was contemplated, the Sachem called together his fighting men, to consult them. Hostilities being determined, every one was left to fight in his own way.

Domestic relations were sacred. Whenever an alliance was desired, the courtship was simple and brief ; the enamored presented to the parents of her whom he sought, a belt of wampum, a bracelet, or other gift, which, if she received it, constituted marriage. Girls, from eleven to fifteen years old, generally had suitors according to their charms.[1]

Love of offspring was proverbially strong in Indians. No mother was ever known to commit her pappoose to other nurse. When she found it necessary to disburden herself of its charge, sometimes by convenient arrangement she sus-

Colony ; for instance, Sagamore George of Saugus, Sagamore John of Medford, Sagamore Passaconoway of Merrimac, Sagamore Shawanon of Nashua, and others. But Massasoit, the Chief of the Wampanoags, was always called Sachem ; as were Miantonimo, Chief of the Narragansetts ; and Sassacus, of the Pequots. What authority Sachems and Sagamores had respectively, it is difficult to define. Roger Williams has it that Sagamores were inferior Sachems who, with their subordinates, were located for purposes of planting and colonizing, at the bidding of the Sachem.. Some writers have it that the Sachem was ruled, rather than ruler, and held the reins only by the peoples' consent.

[1] The new relationship was, generally, as respected the wife, no sinecure. Her services were laborious. She was expected to provide and fasten the bark which shall cover the bridal wigwam ; braid the mats, and cultivate the corn-field. In all removes she was expected to convey the provisions ; and, if mother of young children, must carry the youngest swung from her back. Meals, daily prepared, must wait until her lord and other male attendants have regaled themselves.

Marriage was never formed with one of near kin, and the tie was inviolable.

pended the infant from tree-boughs, to be "rocked by the breezes from the land of souls, or soothed by songs of birds." [1]

In their religion, Indians had faint notions of a future state, — a paradise of hunting-grounds, fruitful fields, flowery meadows, pleasant rivers, and wigwams provided without toil. This view led them to bury with the dead, wampum, bows and arrows, trinkets, and useful utensils. Indians acknowledged a Great Spirit who gave them existence, rain after drought, and fair weather after storm. They seem to have been inspired by the common hope of mankind, — the hope of happiness. But deep inquiry into religion was little consistent with that indolence of mind which they regarded as bliss. The Great Spirit they called "Katan," and with this spirit they imagined their *powows* had influence.[2] It has been said that Mr. Eliot could, in translating the Bible, find no Indian word by which to express the name God, and was, therefore, obliged to employ English terms.[3] Mr. Mayhew, after an interview, in 1650, with Myoxco, a Martha's Vineyard Chief, suggested that Indians believed in a plurality of gods. But Mr. Eliot and Mr. Mayhew are probably neither to be considered as settling the question of the Indians' religious belief.[4]

There is evidence that besides their notions of a great and good spirit, they had some thought of an evil spirit, some-

[1] It was their excessive fondness for their children which was the chief difficulty in the way of educating the offspring of Indians. They could not endure the thought of separation.

[2] It was resort to this kind of priesthood which brought from early settlers the accusation that Indians worshipped the devil. Believing that the powows had influence in cases of sickness or other troubles, they were offended by the denunciations of Eliot, Mayhew, Gookin, etc., who condemned the acts of powows as juggles.

[3] "It may be fairly inferred that Mr. Eliot's objection to the word 'Katan,' was simply that it might not convey to the mind of Indians an uncontaminated idea of the true God of the Scriptures." Mr. W. preferred the word "Manitou," by which term the natives were accustomed to express admiration of whatever excelled.

[4] We think it will appear, on examination, that Myoxco had reference only to Sagamores translated to the place of souls, an idea akin to the mythology to which Cicero refers: "Romulus in cœli cum Diis." The probability is, as Mr. Williams intimates, that Myoxco wished to get rid of Mr. Mayhew's importunity and therefore asked "Shall I throw all these Manitous away?" There is no evidence of departed braves being regarded as objects of religious worship.

times called "Chapian," but oftener "Habomacho."[1] A modern writer says, "The Indian's untutored mind betrayed him into childish fancies concerning the future, yet he was far from excluding any part of his own species."[2]

If we proceed to a general view of the Indian, — his person, life, character, etc., let it be said: —

1. Indians were remarkable for their strong and well compacted forms, athletic and capable of endurance. When first seen by the English settlers, they were none of them inebriates. They knew nothing of intoxicating drinks until the white man came and tempted them. "English strong-water" had a bewitching charm. In the long run it destroyed more than fell by the sword.[3]

2. Indians were fond of society. They had games and sports in which all engaged. Children, as soon as able to draw the bow, became experts in shooting. Wrestling, running, swimming, and dancing were amusements in which they often and early exercised. A favorite pastime was foot-ball; clans would engage, the goals sometimes being a mile or two apart.

3. In manners they were naturally urbane. They came into houses of friends or strangers without knocking, and sat down without salutation or ceremony, as if entitled to hospitality.[4]

4. At first Indians were partially clothed by pelts of beasts.

[1] Roger Williams, Wood, and others tell us that the "Indians believed that a peaceful entrance into elysium was denied to the unworthy."

[2] A late editor of *Pope's Essay on Man* has said, "This vice (of omitting to exclude his own species) could proceed only from pride of science. He humanly admits his faithful dog to bear him company."

Woods tells of an Indian who had never seen a black man, that coming where was a negro, he was alarmed, supposing him to be Habomacho. The reader will recollect it is related by African explorers that when negroes on the banks of the Niger first saw Mr. Parks, who, we need not say was a white man, they exclaimed, "The Lord preserve us from the devil." Had Indians known at first sight, what afterwards befell them, they doubtless would have thought some such exclamation pertinent.

[3] It is related, that on one occasion white people undertook to punish Indians for some indiscretion. A chief of the tribe objected, "Send your fire-water to prison; punish it, but not those whom it causes to do wrong."

[4] It is remarkable that no person was subject to insult, and that no female had occasion to apprehend any attempt upon her honor. It it also remarkable that violence was never known to be offered by an Indian to females of his own race.

When they became acquainted with European fabrics, an old covering of otter or beaver would suffice to buy a new suit of woolen or linen.[1]

5. The personal ornament of Indians consisted chiefly of pendants, paints, and feathers.[2]

6. In construction, Indians did not excel. Their contrivances for navigation showed, however, that they were capable of better things than they attempted.[3]

7. The few implements employed by Indians for manual operation were chiefly stone. They used the shell of the large sea-clam for a hoe.[4]

8. In the culinary department a few wooden or earthen vessels sufficed.[5]

9. As to household furniture, their wants were few.[6]

10. Their fisheries, and game generally, were objects of interest.[7]

[1] Indian moccasins were generally made from skins of moose, dressed by stringent application. Manufactured articles they sometimes stained with brilliant colors. Threads of wild hemp, sinews of animals, or quills of porcupines, were used to embroider apparel.

[2] These pendants were carved from shell, bone, or stone, and were hung from ear or neck. Belts of wampum were suspended from arms or shoulders, or adjusted around waist or knees. Feathers were decorations for the hair, and paints were used upon face, body, and limbs.

[3] Canoes of pine or chestnut were made by repeated burning, and by scraping with shells the charred parts, and by hewing with stone. Boats were constructed from the bark of birch, the strips sewed together by raw hide, having ribs or knees distended.

[4] The implements of stone were chiefly pestles, chisels, and hatchets. Specimens of these are occasionally found in localities which Indians frequented. The hatchet had, instead of an eye for the insertion of a helve, a groove forming a neck around which to fasten a withe.

[5] The wooden ware was made, generally, of the knots of trees. Indians boiled in earthen pots, baked in hot ashes, and roasted by means of a spit placed before a fire.

[6] They needed neither chairs, nor stools, nor beds except such as were formed of mats or pelts; they preferred sitting or sleeping on the ground; even in grand council Indians sat on the ground. The earth was their table.

[7] They had fisheries at nearly all rivers, and at the shores and lakes at proper seasons; and contriving to make the waters and sands contribute amply to their sustenance, they constructed nets and seines of wild kelp, and fished with hooks and lines, the hooks made from bones. Sturgeon were taken by aid of torch-light. Besides these resources, there were various methods of taking game. Moose, caribou, and deer were, especially, edible. Bears, raccoons, rabbits, and birds were valued. Traps were contrived for taking the larger animals

11. They were partial to tobacco. By it they sought to refresh their spirits. The offer of a pipe was token of friendship and hospitality.

12. The Indian's weapons remain to be noticed. These were chiefly bow and arrow, tomahawk, and spear.[1]

Indians have had a reputation of being revengeful. It is notorious, however, that Indians invariably practiced hospitality to all by whom they were civilly or kindly treated. Nor were they incapable of tender compassion, true gratitude, and warm friendship. Whenever the white man has entered his dwelling, the Indian has treated him to the best he could set before him.

A serious injury or affront created within the Indian breast a burning feeling which could ordinarily be appeased only by retaliation. Not enraged by injuries, or made suspicious because of previous breaches of faith, Indians were ever disposed to treat the white man kindly. They welcomed him, they fed him in his necessity, they gave him land, they instructed him in cultivating their great staple, they cherished and faithfully conducted home children who becoming lost would otherwise have perished by hunger or been destroyed by wild beasts.

If Indians looked with a jealous eye, at any time, on new settlers, it was not without cause. Did they at last repent that they had not discouraged and prevented the first attempts

by digging pits in their wonted paths, or by other devices. All game whose skins were useful, was eagerly sought. It was by one of the Indian contrivances that Governor Bradford, on an excursion to Truro, was caught and instantly lifted, dangling in air.

It was unfortunate for the first Indians that the *modus operandi* of producing salt was not known by them. Salt would have contributed to their comfort. With ability to draw from waters, sands, and forests, they were measurably independent. When, as in traveling, no other food was at hand, a small pouch of parched corn furnished them amply.

[1] The tomahawk was, in the earlier stages of the progress of Indians, simply a club with a knob. Then came bow and arrow, and next the hatchet. Bow-strings were obtained from sinews of animals. Arrows were made of suitable wood and usually pointed with flint. Simple as these weapons were when first in use, they did execution. After acquaintance with white people Indians began to use arrow-heads of iron or brass. Trained from early childhood to draw the bow, they seldom missed the mark, aiming at man, beast, or bird. In the total absence of military discipline, Indians engaged in war in a loose and apparently disorderly manner. After the first attack, if they deemed it desirable to follow with a closer assault, they resorted to the tomahawk, and next to firearms.

of white people to settle among them, or regret that when they saw that kindnesses and concessions were to be of no avail, they did not by timely and general union drive out exacting, ungrateful, overbearing invaders? Had they not reasons for such regrets? Fortunate for the white people it was that such regrets came too late.

Much has been said by those who know but little of the real traits of Indian character, about Indian taciturnity, sullenness, sulkiness, and malignity. But those who have had opportunities to study the native character do not confirm the impressions generally entertained.[1]

The character of North American Indians has been differently represented by various writers. The portraits drawn have not been simply various, but sometimes contradictory.[3] It is safe to infer that it may be possible that sometimes "the devil is not so black as he is painted."

Burton describes the Indian as "a cannibal, a monster in human shape." Spaniards associated with De Soto in Flor-

1 Mr. Irving, who had not only the disposition, but had peculiar facilities for studying Indian character, says of them, "The Indians that I have had opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented, taciturn, unbending, without a tear or smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand. The white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When Indians are among themselves, there cannot be greater gossips; half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging with each other a glance or a grunt when anything particularly strikes them. They reserve all comments until they are alone; then it is that they give free scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth. In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games, and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting around a fire until a late hour of night, engaged in the most lively and animated conversation, and at times making the woods resound with laughter. As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected. At times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend. They have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. I have heard doleful wailings at daybreak, in the neighborhood of Indian villages, made by inhabitants who go out at that hour into the field to mourn and weep, for the dead."

ida conceded to Indians the character of a "magnanimous enemy." Celebrities in New England were agreed that the Indian was "a child of the devil." William Penn and his associates, pursuing a wiser policy, were able to accord to natives a better character, — "capable of being mollified by acts of good neighborhood into faithful friends and adherents." In these later times, President Harrison, William L. Stone, and many others, have been inclined to concede to Indians some good share of common humanity. Mr. Catlin has told us that in all his intercourse with them he "was generously welcomed, treated to the best they could give, escorted without charge through a hostile country; aided in passing rivers and mountains; never robbed, never betrayed, and his baggage protected." General Harrison, who acted for the United States, in treaties with Indians, and had extensive intercourse with them, in his military expeditions and as Governor of the Northwest Territory, commends "their natural endowments and the high susceptibilities of their moral and intellectual nature."

CHAPTER II.

METACOMET, the Indian who figures principally in the following pages, was Sachem of the Wampanoags, a people sometimes called Pokanokets. Metacomet is perhaps better known in the early history of New England as King Philip, a sobriquet applied to him by the English. Before him, his father, Massasoit, was king or sachem, whose jurisdiction reached from the Massachusetts to the Narragansett Bay. Massasoit was recognized by all Indians over whom his sovereignty extended as their Great Sachem.[1] His chief seat, Pokanoket, was sometimes called Sowam. It was the same which was afterwards called by white people, Swansey. Its centre was where are now Bristol and Warren.[2]

Massasoit was that sachem who, a short time after the Mayflower company landed at Plymouth, visited them and brought many Indians, and made with Plymouth men "the first Treaty of Friendship." The Pilgrims had been visited by Indians before, and have told us that "a savage came boldly alone into town, and to the astonishment of all addressed them in English, saying, to their great joy, 'Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!'"

This savage (such the kind welcomer was called) was Samoset, reported lord or sagamore, of Moratiggon,[3] distant five

[1] The name of this "Great Sachem" was written by Governor Winslow, as probably it was pronounced, Massasowet. He was also sometimes called Osamekin, Asuhmeguin, or Woosamequin. Indians gave large freedom to fancy, or whim, in bestowment of names.

[2] He had also quarters in Nemasket, alias Middleborough, for hunting and fishing; also a hunting-house near a pond or swamp, now embraced in the town of Raynham, which was formerly a part of Taunton.

[3] Some write it Monhigan, or Monhegan. The country around Cape Ann is the locality intended.

days' journey eastward; and who had learned to speak broken English by occasional intercourse with fishermen, who, from the time when Gosnold discovered Cape Cod, 1602, had, in prosecution of their vocation been accustomed to visit the shores of Massachusetts Bay. This Indian was of fine person, tall, and erect. He seems, however, not to have bestowed great attention on his toilet, in preparation for his visit, for he was naked save that he had about his loins a leathern girdle with fringe about a span long." His armor was simply "a bow and two arrows."

Samoset came again, soon after this first friendly visit, and, agreeably to promise, brought other Indians, five in number, who were dressed in skins, their faces painted and their persons variously ornamented. In compliance with a charge given to Samoset on his former visit, these Indians left their bows and arrows some distance from the settlement. Approaching "with signs of amity and friendship," they were gladly received by the Pilgrims, who "gave them entertainment." The visiting Indians, in return, "much amused their eager hosts by an exhibition of the Indian style of singing and dancing. They offered in trade a few beaver-skins. The barter was on both sides agreeable, and arrangement was made for a future visit with more skins. The company then took friendly leave.

Samoset, who had knowledge of the whole surrounding country, and of the number and strength of all the tribes, came again April 2, and brought with him "a notable Indian, named Tisquantum." This Indian came to be called by the Pilgrims, Squanto. Him Samoset represented as the only native surviving of all the Patuxet tribe.

Tisquantum, alias Squanto, had, with twenty-seven other Indians, been treacherously seized by one Captain Hunt of Smith's fleet, which, in 1614, on a voyage from Virginia to Malaga, had touched at both Patuxet and Nauset to load with fish. With his fellow captives Tisquantum was transported to Malaga and sold. The only redeeming consideration which connects with the infamous transaction, is the fact that the extraordinary pestilence which, in 1617, desolated Patuxet and all the country immediately surrounding was, by Smith's

perfidy, deprived of some victims, who, had they remained, would in all probability have yielded their lives to the devastating scourge. Hunt, his lading successfully accomplished at these cape towns, and his ship ready for sea, enticed Indians on board under pretense of trade, and by *coup de main* confined them in hold. Of the kidnapped, twenty-one were Patuxets. The others were Nausets. They were sold for £20 each; the aggregate result of the atrocious act being about $2,700.

It may well be supposed that knowledge of Hunt's great wrong kindled in the bosoms of many tribes fires of hatred and suspicion which lasted long and made future attempts at commerce hazardous. Tisquantum, whose abbreviated cognomen we will henceforward use, had, through the interposition of benevolent monks in Malaga, been finally set at liberty, and by their assistance found his way to England. Honor to whom honor is due. These practically Christian men, called monks, taught by their act a noble lesson of humanity which it were well for persons of opposing religious views to learn and practice. Squanto resided some time in London, and there learned to speak English. At last, getting on board a fishing vessel bound to Moratiggon, he came back to his native land.

With other Indians, whose object was trade, Squanto had now, under the guidance of Samoset, come to Plymouth. The express object of the call was to notify the good people recently settled there, that Massasoit, the Great Sachem, was approaching with intention of making the colonists a friendly visit.

Within an hour after delivering the kind and courteous message sent through *avant courier*, the Great Sachem with his brother Quadequina and a retinue of about sixty natives, presented themselves on the summit of Watson's Hill. Governor Carver, in great haste, after brief parley through the agency of Squanto, dispatched Mr. Winslow to invite Massasoit to an interview. Mutual distrust prevailed at first, preventing further advances; but as soon as Mr. Winslow, by aid of Squanto as interpreter, had in the name of King James addressed Massasoit, and assured him that the King saluted

"the great Massasoit with words of love and peace," regarding him as "a friend and ally," and that the Governor "desired opportunity to confirm a good understanding with the Sachem as his friend and neighbor," Massasoit expressed himself "well pleased."

So after partaking of refreshments sent by the Governor, and after Mr. Winslow had presented to Massasoit and Quadequina each a knife and copper chain, arrangements were begun for a grand interview. Mr. Winslow was to be detained as hostage in custody of Quadequina and forty other Indians; and the Great Sachem and twenty of his men, unarmed, were to meet Standish and six others who were already come to the brook at the foot of the hill to receive them. The parties met accordingly, and after mutual salutations proceeded to Governor Carver's house, Standish and his six men acting as a vanguard or escort with loaded muskets. "Cushions for the King" as Massasoit was called, were placed on a green rug on the floor, and the Great Sachem with his attendants seated around, ready for the interview. Governor Carver entered preceded by musketeers, music of drum and trumpet, and forthwith "kissed Massasoit's hand." After such salutation refreshments were offered. "The Governor called for strong-water, and drank to Massasoit, and (as the annalists say) the Sachem drank a great draught that made him sweat all the time after."

The result of this interview was a treaty, March 22, 1621. This "first treaty" it may be of interest to have in full. The Plymouth records give it as follows: "They agree on a league of friendship, in these words, namely: —

"1. That neither he nor any of his shall injure any of our people.

"2. That if any of his do any hurt to any of ours, he shall send the offender that we may punish him.

"3. That if our tools be taken away when our people are at work, he shall cause them to be restored; and if any of ours do any harm to his, we will do the like.

"4. That if any do unjustly war against him, we will aid him; and if any do war against us, he shall aid us.

"5. That he shall send to his neighbor-confederates to

certify them of this that they may not wrong us, but may be likewise comprised in these conditions of peace.

"6. That when their men come to see us upon any occasion they will leave their bows and arrows behind them, as we shall do our pieces when we come to them.

"7. That doing thus King James will esteem him a friend and ally."

It is not presumed that the preceding "treaty" was then and there fully committed to writing and diplomatically considered. The Pilgrims say, "The above was the substance," and that "Massasoit always faithfully observed and kept it." And in 1645 Governor Bradford wrote, "This league has lasted twenty-four years." Secretary Morton underwrites, "Yea, thirty years longer, viz., to 1675."

The Preface to Plymouth Laws, declaring "the warrantable grounds and proceedings of the government of New Plymouth, affirms that "the Plymouth Associates, by the favor of Almighty God, began the Colony in New England at a place called by the natives Apaum, alias Patuxet, all the lands being void of inhabitants. The said John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton and the rest of the associates entering into a league of peace with Massasoit, Prince or Sachem of those parts. He, the said Massasoit, freely gave them all the lands adjacent to them and to their heirs forever."

Massasoit is, in the quaint style of a writer of early times, represented as appearing to be "a portly man in his best years; of grave countenance and spare speech." This account of him, dating back doubtless to the time of the first interview, it may fairly be presumed was not overdrawn. Indians have ever had a reputation for becoming dignity, and have not often been charged with being too loquacious in presence of strangers. The Sachem differed in attire from his people only in having a chain of white beads hung around the neck, and in his bosom a sheathed knife. His attendants were, according to court etiquette, all painted.

Although the Pilgrims had several times before seen a few Indians distant and unapproachable, in reconnoitering excursions on the Cape previous to locating at Plymouth, and had

conversed with Samoset and his few confreres, the present was the first considerable company whom they met. Samoset and Squanto as interpreters, an instrumentality so necessary and important, was fortunate and providential.

Massasoit lived to a good old age, and died in the winter of 1661–2. He may, as early settlers have suggested, been glad of the friendship of white people, inasmuch as the Narragansetts, a powerful tribe living just over against him on the opposite side of the Bay, and whose Sachem was Canonicus, were hostile to the Wampanoags.[1] Mourt says, "We cannot but judge that he is more willing to be at peace with us because he has a potent adversary who is at war with him, against whom he thinks we may be some strength, our pieces being terrible to them." It was certainly fortunate for the Plymothians that Massasoit was ready in his friendship, and that he proved to be an unsophisticated, sincere, and honorable man. Though "a pagan," he was a man of peace, integrity, and of much excellence of character.

[1] The jurisdiction of Canonicus was along the sea-coast from Stonington around Point Judith and including Narragansett Bay. His tribe consisted of several lesser communities united.

CHAPTER III.

THE eldest son of Massasoit was Wamsutta, who was soon suspected of not being so friendly towards the white people as had been his father.[1] It was finally "thought that Wamsutta was conspiring with the Narragansetts against the Colonists, and in 1662 it was determined to watch opportunity and bring about a better understanding with him."? For this purpose Major Winslow was dispatched with a company to Wamsutta's hunting-house, with orders to bring him to Plymouth.[2] Wamsutta was accordingly surprised, captured, and unceremoniously hurried to the quarters of Major Collier in Marshfield.[3]

Wamsutta was highly indignant at the arrest. He had only eight men and a few squaws in attendance at the time. He did not refuse to obey. His only and simple request was that he be permitted to go like a prince, attended by suite and followers. Threatened with instant death, a pistol at his breast, if he did not without further remonstrance accompany the captors, the noble chief, son and successor of the old and faithful friend of the colony in the time of its feebleness, was made a prisoner under circumstances which rendered him utterly defenseless. The indignity had been entirely unapprehended. He saw the English coming, but was not conscious of wrong intended. Under his own shelter and at breakfast, he continued his meal and thought of no measures to secure even the arms belonging to his people and placed

[1] It is worthy of note that a little before the decease of Massasoit, he came into court at Plymouth with his eldest son, and, for himself and son, their heirs and successors, renewed the afore recited league of March 22, 1620–1.

[2] Middleborough was, doubtless, the locality of the hunting-house. It was one of the Sachem's principal resorts.

[3] Governor Prince was in Eastham.

outside the house. He now saw he must go. And so much did he feel the wrong inflicted on him, that he "fell sick on the way, of a fever." So it is cautiously expressed by the chroniclers of the outrage.[1]

Arrived at Marshfield and, as he believed, in the relentless hands of false accusers, and tossed day and night by a burning fever, and feeling the throbs of a well-nigh broken heart, he became naturally anxious for the comforts of home and the sympathies of his own people. Pleading his necessities and pledging his word that he would appear at the next court to be holden at Plymouth and then and there answer to the charge against him, the sick and dying man was permitted to go free. But already had his illness advanced too far to justify his hope of reaching home. He attempted, but died on the way!

In order to palliate the seizing of Wamsutta and the discourtesy and cruel treatment he received, it has been said by writers to whom the chief had of course no opportunity to reply, "There were probably weighty reasons which influenced the sagacious and high-minded Wamsutta; and in his deliberations with Annawan, Uncopom, Tispaquin, and Nimrod, could they have been made known, we would probably have found that high topics of national interest were discussed, and that Metacomet contemplated with solicitude the rapid growth of the new people whom his father had admitted into his domain, whose settlements had advanced to his very door, and that Wamsutta was indignant at the humble condition to which he and his people were being reduced." This is all plausible, but not history. It is conjecture whose probability should be weighed. Facts only, suffice.

It has also been supposed that Massasoit participated in this same anxiety long before his decease; although Hutchinson says that "for many years together the colonists were under no great concern for the Indians, Massasoit always courting the friendship of the English."

[1] Mr. Mather relates that "Major Winslow and ten other men seized Alexander" (such was the name given by the English to Wamsutta) "and when the raging Sachem saw a pistol at his breast with a threatening of death if he did not quietly yield, he went, though not very quietly; the increased fury of his own haughty mind threw him into such a fever as cost his life."

Still, that the colonists had made no very favorable impression on the mind of Massasoit in regard to their religion or its influence on character, is fairly inferable from the fact recorded by Hubbard, that "Massasoit, just before his death, when disposing of some lands, insisted on this as a condition, namely, that the English shall never attempt to draw off any of my people from their religion to Christianity."

Metacomet, the brother of Wamsutta, sometimes called Pomatocum, but better known by early settlers as "King Philip," succeeded. It has already been intimated, it was a custom for Sachems to have various and fancy names. Substitutes of English names for Massasoit's sons were imposed in 1656, by Governor Prince, at the time of their confirming the treaty or league which had been made by their father. The Governor had probably in mind Alexander and Philip of Macedon. We shall prefer conceding to these noted Indians the names which are legitimate.

Before proceeding further, it is necessary, that we may rightly judge of the feelings of Wampanoags towards the English, and of the thought and feeling of the English towards Indians, to go back a little and mark some occurrences not only prior to Massasoit's decease, but in earlier periods of colonial acquaintance. We shall have occasion, by and by, with the same end in view, to notice occurrences anterior to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

After the friendly visit of Massasoit, March 22, 1621, an invitation of long standing, sent by a deputation, requesting that the Great Sachem might be allowed to reciprocate at his own residence the hospitalities of Governor Carver and the Plymouth people, was thought worthy of acceptance, and Mr. Edward Winslow and Mr. Stephen Hopkins were deputed July 2, 1621, to return the visit. Mr. Secretary Morton, with others, enlightens us in regard to the friendly and disinterested nature of the embassy. The two deputies were instructed to "take Squanto, as guide and interpreter, and, bearing gratuities to bestow on Massasoit to bind him faster, go and view his country, see where he lives, take notice of the strength he has, procure corn for seed," and report.

The report of the deputies is interesting. Their "first

stopping-place was Nemasket, where they were received by the natives with great joy and gladly entertained." The Indians set before the newly arrived guests "bread called maizum and finely cooked roes of shad." This place was in Middleborough. "At sunset the deputies found themselves eight miles further on their way, where many Nemasket people were busily employed in fishing." These Indians also "welcomed them, and gave them lodging. The next day, accompanied by six volunteer Indians, they reached Pokanoket. "Massasoit was absent, but, soon returning, gave his visitors a hearty greeting. He listened attentively to the message they brought, accepted the presents, and took occasion generously to assure the deputies that he would cheerfully continue the peace and friendship to which he was pledged. The next day, many sachems, or petty governors, came to pay their respects." The Great Sachem, desirous of showing all possible civilities to his Plymouth friends, invited them to "witness games and dances." [1]

The deputies returning to Plymouth, reported that they had been "kindly entertained wherever they went." Many incidents of their visit seemed worthy of mention.[2] The six Indians who had volunteered to be escort from Titicut, were of great assistance in crossing rivers and in carrying the guns and overcoats of their white friends.

Having tarried with Massasoit a second night, and now preparing to return to Plymouth, "Massasoit detached Squanto as best qualified to assist in procuring truck, and appointed in his place as guide, Tockamahamon, whom the deputies found on all occasions faithful."

The deputies departed to the Weir, which had been their first stopping-place on their way to Pokanoket, and the next

[1] The Indians had no public library, theatre, or other notable institutions to which to invite them.

[2] Among these incidents which seemed worthy of mention, was this: that at a certain fording-place they were struck with the valorous bearing of two savages on opposite sides of a river. They were very aged, and were the only persons surviving at that place. Being confronted at the river-bank, each charged his bow and demanded if the deputies were enemies. Finding them professed friends, these aged Indians quickly welcomed them to their houses and set before them such food as they had.

night reached their home in Plymouth, bringing with them particulars respecting which they had been instructed to inquire.[1]

A caricature of Massasoit's address to the concourse assembled to do honor to his guests the deputies of the Plymouth government, and, *ex consequentia*, entitled to dignity conceded to the crown, is extant, and, although it may be thought somewhat grandific, we present it with the expectation that its grandiloquence will be pardoned by all who consider the Great Sachem's special object on this occasion was to gratify the Plymotheans by encouraging and inciting his people to trade and friendly intercourse.

Business being arranged, Massasoit addressed his people on this wise: "Am I not Massasoit, commander of all the country around?" Then naming at least thirty places, at the mention of each of which, and in reply to every interrogatory, there came an answer of assent, with vociferous applause, he asked, "Will you not, all of you, bring in skins for trade, with the English?"

After this formality, the Sachem proceeded to light pipes for the deputies, and to discourse *a la diplomatique* about England and its king. He expressed "surprise that brother James lived without a wife!" Mentioning incidentally the French, it became evident that the Sachem cherished for that nationality no very favorable regard. He even expressed opinion that "James ought not to allow that people to come here."

We will mention as further evidence of kindly feeling on the part of the Indians, that very soon after the departure of the deputies to Plymouth, July, 1621, a white boy, John Billington by name, became lost in the woods, and the Governor of Plymouth caused diligent inquiry for the lost boy to be instituted among the Indians. Massasoit also caused extended search to be made, and was enabled at last to send word to the Governor that the missing boy had turned up at Nauset.[2] The

[1] The deputies thought "Massasoit's people were not so numerous as formerly, having been diminished by mortality some years previous." They reported that "the Narragansetts escaped the plague and were numerous and strong."

[2] After wandering five days, subsisting on berries, the boy had come first to the Indian plantation of Monimet, twenty miles south of Plymouth, and from

Governor, on receiving this information," dispatched Squanto and Tockamahamon, as guides and interpreters, in a shallop with ten other men to fetch the boy."

On their way the shallop was compelled to anchor at night in an arm of the bay, and the next morning found that the ebbing tide had left the vessel aground. Indians across the channel were beckoning. Those Indians had come down to the shore to invite the occupants of the shallop to come over to them and eat, as soon as the returning tide would permit the shallop to float. In good time still other messengers presented themselves, sent by the Sachem of Commaquid whose residence was near by.[1] Aiming to be prudently cautious, always suspicious, the shallop's crew arranged to retain as hostages four Indians, and to have six of the crew go with the messengers and visit Iyanough agreeably to invitation. They reported "The Sachem is a man very personable, gentle, courteous, and fair-conditioned, about twenty-six years of age, indeed not like a savage except his attire. He gave us plenteous and various cheer."

After a generous repast, which Mourt says "was an entertainment answerable to his part," the Sachem volunteered to accompany, with two of his men, the whole party. The civility was gladly accepted, and soon the shallop was again under weigh for Nauset; but, the tide not favoring, and the harbor being shallow, the vessel grounded again. In this dilemma, Iyanough proposed through Squanto, the interpreter, to send Squanto by land to Nauset with a message to Aspinet, the Sachem of the settlement. Aspinet, on receiving the message acquainting him with the errand of the comers, came promptly to the shallop with a train of one hundred men, and brought the boy. One of the Nauset men unhesitatingly waded to the shallop, bearing on his shoulders the joyous youth decorated with ornaments, and delivered him to his friends.

The "Sachem embraced the opportunity thus presented to

that place had made his way to that very people in Eastham who had, the December previous, a conflict with predatory excursionists from the *Mayflower*, an event which the Pilgrims were wont to call "the first encounter."

[1] Commaquid was the country lying between Barnstable harbor and Yarmouth. By bay, harbor is meant.

make peace, and received in acknowledgment of his services, a knife, and accepted one for the Indian who had kindly entertained the boy."

When it is considered that only a few years previous Indians had been treacherously captured from the Nauset tribe, we cannot but admire the pacific and friendly disposition, not to say forbearance, now manifest. "One woman, more than a hundred years old, was present on this occasion, who had lost by Hunt's perfidy her three sons which were her whole family. She had never until now seen an Englishman, and wept with great lamentation for the loss of her boys. An attempt was made to comfort her by the assurance that Hunt was a bad Englishman, but that the Plymouth people were good friends."

CHAPTER IV.

IYANOUGH availed himself of the opportunity to signify friendly adhesion to the colonists, and was offered some trifling presents as a return for corn which had long before been taken by predatory gentlemen from his granary. "This Sachem was particularly distinguished by his comely appearance and courteous manners. Were he not a savage," it would have been thought his deportment indicated true greatness, great goodness, and even refined sensibilities.

Mention of Hobbamoc, a chief captain of Massasoit, must not be omitted. "He repaired to Plymouth, July 1621, to live among the new settlers." Described by Morton, as "a proper and lusty young man of great account for his valor," it is further chronicled of him, that "he continued faithful and constant to the English to his death and did much to ensue the things that make for peace."

It may well be questioned how far the spirit of adventure and speculation which at a very early day had exhibited itself among New England settlers, helped to fan suspicions, and urge aggressions. It was no stretch of charity in favor of Indians which led some good people early to concede this, and in days of what were called "Indian troubles," to write, "It has been supposed, not without good reason, that Indian hostility was not altogether unprovoked."

It cannot be concealed that aggressions on the part of the white man commenced at the very first of his intercourse with the natives and that such wrongs were unintermitted. That was a startling suggestion made in one of our leading periodicals some few years ago, by the question, "Did the Pilgrims wrong the Indians?" The interrogatory was prefortified by the adjunct, "Nobody must feel obliged to believe that our

Puritan fathers abused the Indians, merely because somebody has said so; for somebody else has said exactly the contrary."[1] It is an irreversible record made also in another publication of the day, "Righteousness sitting on the throne of judgment long since decided the question of equity; and, in viewing the same at a distance, we cannot fail to discover the true verdict."[2]

That may be painful which, as faithful to history, we are called to record, but must truth therefore be ignored? Making no needless mention of the experience of Squanto and his twenty-six fellow-captives, the remembrance of which wrong could not have left on the minds of the natives a favorable impression of the humanity or justice of the white man, passing by other flagrant wrongs and confining the retrospect to the treatment Indians, from the date of the arrival in 1620, received, it is simple justice to confess that, according to the journals of the white men themselves, there was practiced towards the Indians an almost constant succession of wanton and oppressive acts — many of them of great turpitude and unmitigated cruelty, entirely unreconcilable with any views of humanity, justice, honor, or morality, cherished by good men at the present day. Chalmers in his political annals has remarked, "Had the tribes any other mode of acquiring experience than from the tradition of their fathers, what a school of knowledge, moral and political, would colonial records open to their research!" The suggestion will appear more pertinent as we proceed.

The first Indians seen by the company who arrived in the *Mayflower*, were not treated with decorum. Moored in Cape Cod harbor, November 11, 1620, sixteen men were selected to go on shore, well armed with musket, sword, and corselets, under command of Capt. Miles Standish. Mourt says "the willingness of the people was liked, but the thing itself, in regard to the danger, was rather permitted than approved. With cautions, directions, and instructions, they set out, and adjoined to them to counsel and advise, were William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley. The men, or-

[1] *Vide Congregational Quarterly*, 1859, pp. 129, 131.
[2] *Field Book of the Revolution.*

dering themselves in single file and marching along the shore about a mile in Truro, espied five or six savages and a dog coming towards them. The Indians "not liking the appearance of armed men, whistled to their dog and ran into the woods." Being pursued, they still ran, and "were chased until night, when their pursuers camped out." Early next morning the determined Standish was again on the track, but the Indians were too swift for him.

The adventurers discovered "plantations where corn had been grown, and a house with granary and place of sepulchres. These they violated,[1] appropriating treasures taken from both. It is a sad record, although Mourt relates that "the company intended to satisfy the Indians for the depredation, should they find any of the people and come to a parley with them." From this hour the reader will naturally expect the company to be scrupulous about plundering granaries, or desecrating graves, but Mr. Mourt continues, "We found also a great kettle which had been a ship's kettle brought from Europe; a basket full of fair corn of this year, with some thirty-six goodly ears of corn, — some yellow, some red, others mixed with blue, which was a goodly sight."[2] The basket held about three or four bushels. We took all the ears, and put a good deal of loose corn in the kettle for two men to bring away on a staff; besides, they that could put any in their pockets filled the same."

Whilst engaged in these explorations, as they were called, a sentry was placed in a circle around the party. Conscience was not entirely at rest. Subsequently securing ten bushels more of corn, and also a bag of beans, they regarded the success as "God's good providence, for we knew not how we should find or meet with any Indians except to do us mischief."

Not immediately finding their way back to their boat, "they erected barricades and kept watch, sentinels standing with

[1] They "thoroughly explored the grave, but being ancient and the implements buried with the dead being decayed, we put the bow again in its place, made the grave up as it was, and left the rest untouched, because we thought it would be odious to them to ransack the sepulchres."

[2] The ears had been doubtless reserved by Indians for seed.

matches burning all night in readiness for the matchlocks; whilst, to intimidate the owners of the spoils, the party were now and then shooting their pieces."

Indians had, during previous years, learned something concerning the white man's spirit, by intercourse with fishermen, traders, voyagers, and adventurers on the coast. The *Mayflower* company seem to have been possessed with an idea that Indians must be met by formidable demonstrations, and that it was right to treat as outlaws a people called savages. The apparent boldness of the explorers' acts cannot be regarded as better than temerity associated with cowardly fear.

Is the morality or the policy of such transactions an open question? Able dissertations on this subject have been written. We simply submit the query.

The next excursion from the *Mayflower* consisted of a party of thirty-four. Taking the ship's shallop with a view to more discoveries, but particularly to secure the balance of corn at the place last visited, after an exciting exercise of shooting geese and ducks, as they sailed along, they landed at the intended destination, and not only found and secured the corn, but found and took from other granaries corn and beans in abundance. They also found another burying-place, in which was a tomb of evident distinction. This tomb they ransacked, having thus suddenly become less scrupulous about disturbing and despoiling graves. The tomb contained the remains of a man and child, with mats, bowls, trays, and other dishes, also trinkets, and a trident. Possibly some wrecked seaman had, through the attention of the natives, been buried here.[1]

The excursionists "discovered also houses lately dwelt in, but the people were gone." These houses were, probably, simply wigwams, but, as was evident from their construction and surroundings, indicated considerable advance from mere savage life. "In the houses were wooden bowls and other dishes, trays, earthen pots, hand-baskets made of clam-shells wrought together, other baskets — some curiously with black and white, and sundry of household stuff." They found also

[1] "About the legs of the child were strings and bracelets of fine white beads, and near the body was a little bow with odd knacks."

"the remains of a deer newly killed, pieces of broiled fish, baskets of parched acorns, silk-grass, tobacco-seed, and other seeds which they knew not. Outside were bundles of flags and other stuff for making mats; also horns and feet of deer, eagle's claws, and such like things stuck up on the houses. Seething-pots were hung over the fire-places, and in the houses beds were arranged."

It is added, "We dare not stay; but some of the best things we took away with us and hasted to the shallop and got aboard the *Mayflower* that night." It is not surprising that they dare not stay. The usual occupants of those dwellings were probably near, having hastily retired at the approach of a supposed formidable enemy. Mourt tells us that "the excursionists having fire-arms and hearing no one, entered the houses." The whole proceeding seems to have been meanly base. It is evident, and furnishes one redeeming consideration, viz., that the consciences of the marauders were not entirely seared, for it is added, "We intended to have brought some beads and other things, to have left in the houses, in sign of peace, and that we meant to truck with them; but it was not done, on account of our hasty coming away from Cape Cod. As soon as we can conveniently meet with them we will give them full satisfaction."[1]

When the corn had all been sent to the ship, the explorers, pursuing Indian paths, thought they were approaching an Indian town. "We lighted our matches and prepared ourselves, but we found no town nor saw any Indians." Again the excursionists "left the ship, and in a boat coasted six or seven leagues until they espied ten or twelve Indians on the shore cutting up a grampus. Emboldened by experience, they unhesitatingly landed, whereupon the Indians ran away. The next morning, following the track a long distance they came to a plantation near which was "a great burying-place with

[1] Bradford's *Plymouth Plantation* says: "As we did to their good content about six months afterward." Such is the Pilgrim record. The record written on the hearts of Indians we are unable to quote. Expletives and various attempts to excuse or justify infamous deeds show that the morality and policy of such transactions was at best subject of after-thought. The records, made long after the event, appear to be an effort to exonerate the actors from blame. The effort tells that the public estimate is feared.

palisades around it, like a churchyard. Some of the graves also were paled and were more sumptuous than any seen before. Some had houses, like monuments, built over them."

Here, encamping for the night, the excursionists, with due precaution, erected a barricade and posted sentinels. About midnight an alarm was sounded, and a consultation held, but, after firing a couple of muskets, it was concluded that the noise the sentry had heard was only the howling of wolves. In the morning, "whilst thinking it meet to carry our things to the shallop, we were surprised by the discovery that our company were really in the vicinity of Indians. The same cry was heard as the night before, and one of our company came running, and shouting, 'Indians! Indians!' Quickly firing and putting our guns in order, a shower of arrows fell. The cry of the Indians was dreadful. One, a lusty man, who was thought to be the Indian captain, stood behind a tree and let his arrows fly. He withstood three musket shots, but at last one of the company taking full aim at him, he gave an extraordinary cry and away all the Indians went. Captain Standish made a shot; another after him; and after them two more were ready; but Captain Standish wished us not to shoot until we could take good aim. We shouted all together two several times, and shot off muskets, that the Indians might see we were not afraid of them. And so we returned."

This is what the Pilgrims have called "The first encounter." The narrator of these events says, "Thus it pleased God to vanquish our enemies."

When it is considered that not only Standish, but Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Howland, Warren, and Clark were of this large company of marauders, we are astonished. That Indians of the tribe from which Hunt had kidnapped were distrustful of the explorers would not have been strange, even had there been no attempt on the part of the explorers to make a formidable and hostile demonstration, and had they paid proper respect to the property of occupants of the soil.[1]

[1] It may be remembered that the troubles which Captain Smith and other first settlers at Jamestown experienced were not altogether unprovoked. In the previous unsuccessful attempt at a settlement, a leader of the adventure slew a Sa-

Our surprise is, that Indians were so slow of resentment and so forbearing. Mr. Bancroft has well remarked, "The Indians knew the English only as kidnappers."

It was not until December 11, 1620, that Plymouth Harbor was sounded. On going ashore the explorers "found diverse cornfields," but no Indians. After the final landing, some few Indians showed themselves "afar off, but whenever the settlers endeavored to come near, Indians ran away." Mr. Morton, in the "Memorial" published in 1669, recites ill-treatment the Indians received, and frankly says, "These things were partly the reasons why the Indians kept aloof and why it was so long ere we could come to speak to any of them." [1]

chem and killed or took captive other Indians. Besides all this, Sir Richard Grenville burned a whole Indian town and destroyed stores of corn in revenge for the supposed petty theft of a cup! Indians ought not to be expected to forget such enormities. Constituted as is human nature, whether savage or civilized, impressions made by gross outrages will long remain.

[1] Washington Irving says, "Indians are remarkable for the reverence which they entertain for the sepulchres of their kindred. Tribes exiled for generations from the former abode of their ancestors, have been known to turn aside from the highway, and guided by wonderfully accurate tradition, have crossed the country perhaps for miles, to some locality, — perhaps hill, buried in woods, where the ashes of their tribe was originally deposited, and have there passed hours in silent meditation."

"In early records may be seen that planters at Passonagesit having defaced monuments of the dead, and plundered the grave of a Sachem's mother of some skins with which the grave had been decorated, the Sachem, influenced by sublime and holy feeling, gathered his men and addressed them in simple and pathetic language of filial piety and Indian eloquence." We may not quote his whole speech, but the gist of it is, that he dreamed his mother came and reproached him for allowing the desecration.

"It is notorious that injury offered to any great patriarchal family is sacrilege felt by all. What is sometimes attributed to caprice arises from deep and generous motives."

CHAPTER V.

We have seen what was the character of the first acquaintance of the Indians with the white men, and how the first English settlers were received by those who were, of right, owners of the soil.

We have also seen the great Massasoit, Metacomet's father, in friendly alliance with the English. The kindly greeting and unwearied faithfulness of Samoset has been noticed; the activity and never-failing subserviency of Squanto; the devotion of Hobbamoc; and the pacific bearing of many a red man who might have been justified in standing aloof from the newcomers, suspicious, exacting, and unforgiving as were those whom he befriended and succored.

A chief object in gleaning from all sources at command and presenting in order the various prominent occurrences which reveal the attitude and actual bearing of parties, is that in entering now on the history of the War of 1675-6, Metacomet and his accusers may occupy before the eye of the mind their true position, the *quo animo* of each apparent. In this duty we now proceed.

Soon after Hobbamoc came to reside with the settlers, July 1621, an unfortunate occurrence, mentioned in the records of the day, is thus summarized: Hobbamoc and Squanto having been dispatched abroad on matters of business — perhaps to facilitate trade, or, it may be, as spies, a difficulty arose between them and a Sachem by the name of Corbitant. This Sachem had been suspicioned of being "unfriendly to the colonists." The Plymouth Governor, willing to vindicate his messengers, sent a company of armed men under Captain Standish, into Corbitant's country, which was a neck of land called Mattapuyst, in the present town of Swansey. "Mr.

Winslow thought the Sachem a hollow-hearted friend and notable politician." He was under Massasoit, but "Corbitant's house was besieged August 14, 1621, and effectually to secure the object of the adventure, three natives, ignorant of what had silently occurred, coming out of the door, were fired upon and wounded." The "Sachem was absent, but his people were greatly incensed" by the act of so wanton hostility, — innocent and unsuspecting men shot without the least previous warning. "Hobbamoc interposed with kind words. By and by, the excitement subsiding, the abused Indians exhibited a pacific and forgiving spirit and brought forward the best entertainment they could offer. Standish and his company breakfasted in quiet."

It is, as before suggested, a remarkable characteristic of Indian hospitality, that an Indian's door was ever open to strangers. No hearth was known where the friendly visitor was not welcome to sit by its fire and join in the repast. Strangely does the provocation offered by Standish contrast with the readiness of the injured to yield to Hobbamoc's persuasion to overlook and forgive. The result confirms a proverbial maxim, that it is a peculiarity of the wrong-doer rather than of the injured, to retain intense dislike.

It is chronicled that "after these events there was much firmer peace, and congratulations were received from divers Sachems. Even Corbitant himself became reconciled through the mediation of Massasoit."

The Sachems, whose congratulations were proffered, were required to subscribe as follows: —

"September 13, 1621. Know all men by these presents, that we, whose names are underwritten, acknowledge ourselves to be loyal subjects of King James, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," etc., etc. This paper, whether comprehended by Indians or not (of which there is no certain information), was honored by the mark of Oquamahud, Caunacum, Obbatinuet, Nattawahunt, Corbitant, Chicatabock, Quadequina, Hattamoiden, and Apannow. Although it has ever been questionable whether the subscribers apprehended the meaning of the paper, one thing was demonstrated, — in process of time they learned there is a meaning in what their vocabulary defined paper talk.

It has been mentioned as a matter of importance, that "Canonicus, chief Sachem of the Narragansetts, now sent a special messenger to the Governor to proffer friendship; and that many of the heads of the different tribes did the same."

Notwithstanding so propitious a state of things, dame Rumor, always active and never weary, was alert. The colonists were told that "the Massachusetts, of whom Obbatinnet was Sachem, often mutter threats against the English." It was, therefore, "judged expedient to look after the matter." So "September 16, a shallop with ten men, accompanied by Squanto and two other Indians as interpreters, was sent to further a peace, to discover the bay, see the country, and trade with the natives." [1]

"Obbatinuet, who was under the influence of Massasoit, received the company with great kindness and gave them the best entertainment in his power." [2] Unsuspicious and perfectly friendly, he complained only of "the Tarrantines, a tribe living eastward, which was wont to come annually at harvest-time and despoil his crop of corn. He readily gave in adhesion to the King of England, and was promised that the English would be a safeguard to him against all enemies."

Early in 1622, there were "troublous rumors." Intimations came from various sources, that the Narragansetts with

[1] Another account has it, "Desirous of ascertaining their strength, their particular situation and circumstances."

[2] The scene of this adventure was what is now Boston and vicinity. Bradford relates it in these words: "We cross the bay, which is very large, and seems to have fifty islands; and go three miles into the country where corn has been gathered recently. A mile hence their late king, Nanepashamet, had lived; his house built on the top of a hill, on a large scaffold six feet high. Not far from hence, in a bottom, we came to the fort he had built, the palisades of which were thirty or forty feet high, with a trench around, and only one entrance, and that over a bridge. In the midst of these palisades stands the frame of a house under which he was buried. A mile hence we came to another house on the top of a hill; it was here that the late king had been killed. The natives fly from us; but at last are induced to meet us, and entertain us in the best manner they can. Having traded, and the day being far spent, we return to the shallop." Mr. Bradford continues: "The savages say that within the bay (harbor is meant) are two rivers. One we saw having a fair entrance; better harbor cannot be. Most of the islands have been inhabited, but the inhabitants are all dead or removed. We reach home with considerable quantity of beaver and with good report of the place, wishing we had been seated there." The impression made does not surprise us.

their five thousand fighting men began to be disaffected and were "breathing forth many threats." The fears of the colonists were by and by confirmed by receiving, as if from Canonicus, "a bundle of arrows tied together by a rattlesnake's skin." Squanto was consulted and interpreted the meaning of the singular gift. He said it was a challenge. Forthwith the Plymouth Governor called together his legal advisers, and, with their concurrence, the snake-skin was returned filled with powder and bullets, and the messenger who bare it was instructed to inform the Narragansetts that the colonists were ready, and that if the Indians prefer war, they may begin as soon as they please. It may be questioned whether the arrows were sent by knowledge of the Sachem or any of his men. Rev. Dr. Holmes, of Cambridge, has noticed a coincidence in the form of the supposed challenge, to that given by a Scythian prince to Darius the Persian.

Canonicus always asserted that he was never justly chargeable with an unfriendly act towards the white men. It was supposed by the colonists that the Narragansetts had conceived an idea of asserting superiority, but had been disconcerted by Massasoit's confederacy with the English. The diminution of Indians, by the mortality which had extensively prevailed, may have encouraged Canonicus' ambition; but there is not the least evidence that such aspirations had at any time a place in the Sachem's thoughts. The imaginings of the colonists seem to have been wonderfully fertile.

And now, Hobbamoc, ever on tiptoe, watching for evil, and understanding too well the readiness of his white neighbors to magnify every conjectural possibility of approaching danger, intimated that "the Massachusetts might betray confidence and join with the Narragansetts, unless the colonists were very careful." He also exhibited a jealousy of Squanto, whom he evidently looked upon as a rival. The settlers at Plymouth deemed it prudent to surround their dwellings with pales, flankers, and gates, and to inclose in like manner the whole town. Bulwarks, or jetties, were erected; the gates on three sides were locked, and a watch ordered every night. All capable of bearing arms were, under the supervision of the Governor and Captain Standish, arranged in squadrons, to each

being assigned "quarters to which to repair in case of alarm." It appears evident that the colonists were badly frightened, or supposed some emergency might grow out of measures initiated and which it was intended to carry forward.

"A second expedition to the Massachusetts" was planned, and Standish with ten chief men, Hobbamoc and Squanto accompanying, set sail in a shallop. They had not more than left the mooring when a native of Squanto's family came running into town and called to the citizens to "make haste, the Narragansetts are coming with Corbitant and Massasoit joined to assault the town in Captain Standish's absence." The Governor ordered all to arms; guns were fired to recall the shallop; its crew returned and prepared for action. Strict watch was kept that night. Hobbamoc now intimated a suspicion that all the scare was groundless. He felt confident that so far at least as related to Massasoit, there was a mistake. The whole story was finally rejected as a fabrication. The Governor, however, deemed it "prudent for Hobbamoc to send his wife privately to Pokanoket to see how things were, pretending other business." Quickly going, and soon returning, the woman reported that she found "all things quiet at Pokanoket." The impression now became general that it was "Squanto's policy to disaffect the colonists towards Massasoit, that Squanto might himself succeed as king over these parts." When Hobbamoc's wife informed Massasoit of what had occurred at Plymouth, the great Sachem was much offended at Squanto's duplicity, and pronounced him a deceiver. He became finally so embittered against him that he demanded of Governor Bradford that Squanto be put to death. Governor Bradford refused to surrender Squanto. Massasoit sent especial messengers to Governor Bradford to repeat the demand, and asserted claim to Squanto as a subject, pleading the conditions of the treaty.

Not perfectly satisfied yet that there was not some cause for alarm, Governor Bradford determined the previously projected expedition to "the Massachusetts" should be prosecuted anew. It was done. "All things were found to be right." The party "had a good trade and return."

From this time, conviction became strong that Squanto was

"seeking his own ends." He was accused of persuading Indians that it was in his power to stir up war against them whenever he pleased; of telling them that the English kept in store the plague and could send it at pleasure; and of saying and doing many other things to terrify Indians and cause them to distrust Massasoit.

"To counteract the wiles of both Squanto and Hobbamoc, increasing emulation and at the same time making them more subservient, the Governor thought proper [so says Secretary Morton] that Standish seem to countenance the one, and the Governor the other." Truly, these two Indians were making progress under the tutelage of the white man! It has been remarked, not without reason, by a sensible writer, that "The vices and bad habits of the Indians lie at the door of the white man. Indians were as ready to receive, as the white people to give, the evils of civilization, whilst its advantages were considered only fit for pale-faces." The remark ought, however, to be received with exceptions. Massasoit and many others were models of truthfulness, integrity, and high sense of honor which we wish all pale-faces had emulated.

In July, 1622, Plymouth was further fortified; "a timber-fort, strong and comely, was builded with flat roof and battlements on which ordnance was mounted, and a watch kept. This fort served also as a place for public worship."

In November, 1622, the colonists, being short of provisions, were reduced to great straits. Governor Bradford writes: "A famine begins to pinch us." It was "concluded to send an expedition to Monamoyk." This place, since known as Chatham, was a frequent resort for the procurement of corn. The present was the first successful adventure by water to the south shores of the Cape. The Pilgrims now made several voyages to Cape towns, in the course of a few weeks. Governor Bradford says, "By trading with the Indians, twenty-eight hogsheads of corn and beans in all were obtained."

It was in Chatham that Squanto, who had accompanied the expedition, was taken sick and died; an event by which, as all united in saying, "the English sustained great loss." Mr. Morton relates of Squanto that "whilst he continued with

them, he was generally their interpreter, and proved a special instrument, sent of God, for their good; he directed them in planting, where to take fish, and how to procure other commodities; was their pilot to bring them to unknown places for profit, and never left them till death." [1]

Early in January, 1622, Captain Standish sailed for Nauset, since called Eastham, "to procure corn." Whilst on shore, the shallop lying in the creek, "an Indian took some trifles." The Captain was thereby incensed, and, taking his company with him, hastened away to Aspinet, the Sachem, and demanded that the missing articles be returned, threatening that otherwise vengeance on the people would be taken. The things missed were said to be "a few beads and a pair of scissors."

Mr. Hubbard has remarked respecting Standish, "A little chimney is soon fired. So it was with the Plymouth Captain: a man of small stature, yet of a hot and angry temper." The Sachem received the imperious demand with dignity and without undue resentment, and the next morning came attended by many people; when, entering the rendezvous, he courteously saluted Standish and delivered the missing articles, saying he regretted that such offense had been committed by one of his people." Then, directing refreshments to be provided for Captain Standish and company, he was, as the journal of that transaction relates, "glad to be reconciled."

We cannot think of the fate of Aspinet, without a feeling of sadness. It was the singular fortune of this Sachem finally to be suspected of a conspiracy. Knowing what had been the

[1] Squanto returning from his bondage in Spain, had on reaching England been entertained by a merchant in London, who was engaged in commerce with Newfoundland and other parts. He had been brought back to his former home by a gentleman in the employ of Sir Fernando Gorges and others for discovery in these parts. This Mr. Dermer, Squanto's friend, was here the same year that Plymouth people came over, as is seen by "a relation written June 30, 1620." In that paper, Mr. Dermer says, "The Pokanokets," alias Wampanoags, "bear an inveterate malignity to the English, and are stronger than all the savages from them to the Penobscots. They are west of Plymouth, the place from which Squanto, alias Tisquantum, was taken away. The hostility is occasioned by an Englishman who visited the coast and having got many Indians on board his vessel proceeded, without an injury offered on their part, to make great slaughter." This was, if not the old story revamped, another instance of affront offered to the red men at a very early period.

fate of Wittawamet and Peksuot, and apprehensive for his own safety, he became dispirited and took refuge in a swamp where, from exposure and starvation following anxiety and sickness, he died.

Returning from the excursion to Nauset, the English again visited Iyanough. Besides various kindnesses which the comely, courteous, and excellent Sachem rendered, he could not let his white friends return to Plymouth without a parting festival; men, women, and children, were convened; the women sung and danced, and Iyanough closed the scene by taking an ornament from his own neck and placing it on the neck of the English leader.

It is a remarkable fact that the Sachem of Nauset, and Iyanough, both peaceable men and sincere friends of the white men, shared a similar fatality. Each, in departing to the land of spirits, died in the exhibition of acts of kindness.

"Again in want, the Governor of Plymouth took a company and went to Nemasket. They found great sickness prevailing among the natives, but procured corn."

Soon after the visit to Nemasket, "the Governor, needing more corn, took Hobbamoc and went to Manomet, a part of Sandwich lying south of Plymouth. Here they were treated by Caunicum with hospitality, being lodged and furnished liberally with all that they required. This Sachem was held in great respect by the natives, far and near. An incident occurred here which shows the Sachem's influence, and was also illustrative of Indian character. Two Indians from Monomoyk arrived in the course of the evening. It was an excessively cold night. Entering without ceremony, whilst the Governor and his attendants were at supper, these Monomoys laid aside their quivers, sat down near the fire, and, without uttering a word, began to smoke. Their pipes being finished, they broke the silence, and one addressing Caunacum, presented to him a basket of tobacco and some beads, and delivered a speech not understood by the Governor. The speech, afterwards interpreted, was found to mean in substance that two of the Monomoyk tribe had quarreled, and one had killed the other. The homicide's execution had been demanded by

the relatives of the deceased, and serious results might follow unless there was a compliance with the demand. But the accused being a powwow, that is, priest, the Sachem of Monomoy remained in doubt, although the offender was in durance vile, whether the execution was proper. Anxious to do right, he had sent for advice. The Sachem of Manomet advised that the homicide ought to be put to death, since it was better that the offender die rather than trouble ensue which might otherwise cause the death of many.

And now, February, 1623, "not having much corn left, Standish, with six men, was dispatched to go again to Mattachiest. They went in a shallop, and procured a good quantity." Whilst there an incident, similar to others which seem to have been often awaiting Captain Standish, occurred. The company was lodged by the natives, but, somehow, Captain Standish became impressed with the idea that his hosts had thoughts on his life, and that a conspiracy was in progress. Ordering his men to keep awake, he came, next day, to the conclusion that it was only by vigilance that a catastrophe had been prevented. Here, also, "an Indian took some trifles from the shallop, and, no sooner did Captain Standish perceive it, than he called his men and beset the Sachem's house, threatening to fall upon him and people, if the articles were not forthwith restored." The alleged theft was the taking of "a few beads." It is related that "the Sachem sought the offender and made him return the articles." The wrath of the testy Captain was appeased. "The Sachem ordered more corn to be brought. The shallop was loaded, and reached home in safety."

It must not be overlooked that the aforesaid Sachem was the amiable Iyanough by whom many civilities had been bestowed. What now remains to recall the memory of the Sachem is the present flourishing part of the town of Barnstable, known as "Hyannis," a corruption of the name Iyanough and prefixed aspirate.

We doubt not that Indians, as indeed every other part of the great human family, were, as Church Articles considerately express it, "very far gone from original righteousness;"

but Iyanough, Aspinet, and other instances found in New England Indian history, furnish little evidence that these children of nature were possessed of so deep and pervading depravity as has been attributed to the aboriginal tribes in general, or to each and every individual in particular.

CHAPTER VI.

QUESTIONING the opinions of writers in reference to the origin of North American Indians, we make no conjecture. We do not so much as propose the theorem of many learned, that these peoples may have been remnants of the lost tribes of Israel, — a thought which does not appear to have found place in early speculations of the English settlers. Hubbard, the learned Mather, and contemporaries, regard the question as "a problem of impossible solution, unless astrologers can find it in the stars, or it can be gathered from the motions of the celestial bodies that lighted them hither."

The Ipswich historian cites an opinion which he "thinks carries with it the greatest probability of truth." He in fact likens it to "an oracle of God," namely, that, "when the devil was put out of his throne in other parts of the world and the mouth of his oracles was stopped in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he seduced a company of silly wretches to follow him into this unknown part of the world where he might be hid and not disturbed in the diabolical service he expected from his followers." The Ipswich divine was not alone in ascribing the planting of the red man to a devilish agency.

We may not meddle with ecclesiastical or theological matters, but as an act of candor and equity chronicle the aforesaid suggestions. If contrasts, either honorable and just, or inconsistent with high professions, appear in this record, it is that their full share of enlightened inquiry may be permitted.

Captain Standish went again to Manomet in the month of March. Entering Scusset Harbor with his shallop, he was entertained at the house of Caunacum. Whilst there two Massachusetts Indians arrived. One of these, Wittawamet, made an unfavorable impression on Captain Standish who

considered the Indian "very insulting," and understood him to boast of his own valor and intimate that the English were weak. The Captain conceited that this Indian had come for the express purpose of engaging Caunacum in a conspiracy. It is obvious that the mind of Captain Standish sometimes indulged imaginings that were baseless, for the suspected Indians joined with others to help convey corn on board the shallop. On his return home, Captain Standish further alleged that on occasion of this visit, "a lusty savage from Paomet had resolved to kill him, and have Indians then fall on the whole company." But the night being exceedingly cold, Standish could not sleep and kept turning before the fire; so the Pamet Indian missed his opportunity." Still, "the next day the same Indian would have persuaded Standish to go to Paomet where he had much corn."

About this time, also, a message came to Plymouth from Mr. Weston's company at Wassagusquesset, saying that the "necessities of the company were pressing, and that having endeavored, unavailingly, to borrow of the natives, they desired permission to take corn by force." [1]

"In March, 1623, tidings reached Plymouth that a Dutch ship was ashore at Sowam, and lying near and in front of the residence of Massasoit. The messenger who brought the intelligence also reported that the Sachem was dangerously sick.

Mr. Edward Winslow and Mr. John Hampden of London, being desirous of communicating with the Dutch ship, Governor Bradford proposed to these gentlemen that they "take Hobbamoc and visit Massasoit, conveying to him such com-

[1] The Plymouth Governor knowing hitherto the course of this company, "that by stealing and other opprobrious acts they had greatly wronged and incensed the Indians, opposed the request, fearing that if Indians were further exasperated the safety of the settlement would be endangered." Had Weston's men proposed to buy corn, and had they in previous time carried themselves honestly, their wants would probably have been supplied. Indians understood these men quite as well as Governor Bradford. Mr. Morton has told us that these folk were "so base as to carry to the Indians a report that the Governor was coming to take the corn."

Let it not be supposed that the sins of this set of men are attributable to Plymoutheans, who asserted that "the conduct of Weston's company made the Indians enter into a conspiracy against the English." Every event and movement at this time seemed pregnant with presentiment of conspiracy. It was the always apparent bugbear.

fortable things as a sick man might need, and prescribing for him." Lodging the first night at Nemasket, they reached the house of Corbitant, at Mattapuyst, by noon next day. This Sachem was absent; gone to Pokanoket to visit Massasoit. Arriving that night at the headquarters of the Great Sachem, Messrs. Winslow and Hampden lodged under his roof, and administered so judiciously to the Sachem that he "greatly revived." Massasoit seemed "grateful for their civility, and on the departure of these gentlemen, pressed Mr. Winslow's hand, saying, "I will not forget this kindness." "The Dutch ship had sailed before the Plymouth guests arrived."[1]

Corbitant, it should be remembered, was he whom the colonists had supposed unfriendly and suspicion against whom had lately caused such serious alarm at Plymouth. Nevertheless, these excursionists fearlessly crossed the ferry to his house, and on their return to Plymouth, reported "Though he be no friend, we come and lodge with him, who wonders that we, being but two, are so venturesome." This cutting sarcasm of Corbitant, no doubt the Indian enjoyed, even if unappreciated by the white gentlemen. Mr. Winslow replied, "Our hearts are so upright that we have no fear." Corbitant rejoined "If your hearts be so pure and produce such fruits, why, whenever we come to Plymouth, are your guns pointed towards us?" Mr. Winslow said, "That is an honor which we bestow on our friends." Corbitant uttered a significant ugh, and shrugged his shoulders. After a moment's thought he asked, "If I were sick would your Governor send men to visit me?" For Mr. Winslow's affirmative reply, Corbitant expressed thanks. He also inquired the reason of the English custom of saying grace at meals. Mr. W. replied, "As all good things come from God, it is proper that we crave a blessing and express our gratitude." Corbitant nodded assent, and said "We Indians believe nearly the same; the same power

[1] The gentleman from London is supposed by Dr. Belknap to have been the John Hampden, who distinguished himself afterward by opposition to King Charles I. Mr. Baylies says, "little did Hampden, when sleeping in Indian huts, dream that it was reserved for him to overthrow the British monarchy, and to shed his blood in the first daring attempt for a free Constitution in England." We criticise neither the opinions of the New Hampshire historian, nor Mr. Baylies.

which you call by another name, we call Kichten." The visitors were gratified by the Sachem's polite attentions, and left entertaining a lively idea of his humor, jocose converse, and good sense.

The next day, on the way home, Hobbamoc informed Mr. Winslow that the Great Sachem had intrusted to him a message disclosing a plot; certain conspirators "were for breaking up the company of Mr. Weston."

It is improbable that Massasoit had intrusted to Hobbamoc any such message. There can, however, be no doubt, Plymouth men being authority, that Weston's company were considered by Plymoutheans as a nuisance. If not regarded as a rival, they certainly were not in good repute with the followers of Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Winslow's credulity caught at the disclosures made by Hobbamoc. This Indian, permitted opportunity of converse with the two gentlemen, was probably aiming only to attach importance to himself and to be agreeable. The matter being revolved in Mr. Winslow's mind, it was conceited that there might be a plot of Massachusetts' Indians, contemplating a probability that, in case Weston was disturbed, Plymouth would endeavor to avenge the deed, in which event the Massachusetts' tribes would fall on Plymouth. It has been said that Hobbamoc intimated that the information obtained was that "Paomet, Nauset, Mattachiest, Sugkonate,[1] Manomet, Agawam,[2] and the isle of Capwak,[3] would join the plotters.

Such disclosures seemed to Plymoutheans, to be opportune, enabling them to seize the supposed ring-leaders and prevent a catastrophe which might otherwise befall Plymouth. Indeed, if we rely implicitly on Pilgrim accounts of the matter, there was almost certainty that the information incident to the visit to Massasoit was providentially means of saving the entire colony from destruction.

Immediately on Mr. Winslow's return, May 23, 1623, the Governor communicated the intelligence said to have been obtained from Hobbamoc; and solicited "the advice of the Honorable Court." The "General Court referred the subject

[1] Alias Falmouth. [2] Alias Wareham. [3] Alias Martha's Vineyard.

back to the Governor, and gave him, acting in conjunction with the assistant and Captain Standish, authority to do whatever they might think meet." The Captain was thereupon ordered to "take men and fall on the conspirators, secure Wittawamet, and bring back his head." The next day, as prearranged, Captain Standish repaired to Wessagusquasset, under pretence of trade."

Calling together the most prominent Indians, viz., Wittawamet, Peksuot, a noted chief and counselor and brother of Wittawamet, with others, and "taking opportunity, Standish and his men sprang upon them, slew with knives three of the number, and hanged the fourth. Standish himself seized the bold counselor and warrior Peksuot, killing him with the knife snatched from that Indian's neck. The Captain had expected another present, but as that Indian did not arrive, Standish and men hastened to his house and despatched him. Weston's men assisted in killing two other Indians. Captain Standish and his attendants returned in triumph to Plymouth bearing with them the head of Wittawamet, which they set on a pole over the fort."

When report of this massacre reached Mr. Robinson, in Holland, to whose Leyden congregation Captain Standish had formerly belonged, the Plymouth pastor wrote to the Governor of Plymouth, "Oh that you had converted some before you killed any."[1]

Captain Miles Standish, prominent in the preceding exploit, is reputed a hero. Born in Lancashire, 1584, he served some time in the army of the Netherlands. Embarking with the company who came over in the *Mayflower*, 1620, he was chosen their military commander, and became generally foremost in acts requiring force and daring. He was also one of the magistrates of the colony until his death, which occurred at his residence in Duxbury in 1656.[2]

The preceding outrage, we are told by Mr. Winslow, "so amazed the natives that they forsook their houses, ran to and

[1] It has been replied to this, "It is hoped that Squanto died a Christian."

[2] Mr. Hubbard speaks of Standish as having "been a soldier in the Low Countries;" but says of him, "He never entered the school of Christ, or of John the Baptist."

fro, and lived in swamps, which brought disease upon them, whereof many die, as have already Caunacum, Aspinet, and Iyanough. Many others among them are dying." [1]

The outrage upon the Indians at Wessagusquasset resulted in the breaking up of Weston's plantation. That people dare not remain.[2]

It should be remembered that the Plymouth settlers had on all occasions professed to the throne and to the people of England, to whom they looked for favor, a Christian regard for the temporal and eternal interests of native Indians. Pledges voluntarily offered, and promises to treat the Indians with humane consideration, secured the Charter.[3]

It is painful to contemplate the manner in which expectations raised were nonfulfilled. It is deeply humiliating to find reliable writers confessing that, "Of all who ever crossed the

[1] A sad fate indeed for those whose friendly bearing in the time of the settlers' urgent need was the salvation of the colony. The natives find to their sorrow that confidence is not to be reposed in the people they befriended. Momentarily apprehensive that they themselves will be victims of the same relentless extermination, a sad future only is before them.

[2] "Their whole sojourn," Hutchinson says, "was only about a year. Their grant was the first obtained within the bounds of Massachusetts Indian territory. Two ships sent over by Weston in 1622, with fifty or sixty men, began the plantation." These men were, according to the view of some writers, "a dissolute crew. Both Indians and Plymoutheans made complaint of them."

Mr. Weston was, at the time of the Wessagusquasset massacre, on his way to visit the plantation. On reaching the coast, his ship was wrecked in Ipswich Bay. He found means to get to Plymouth. There is no reason to suppose that he ever considered it an act of kindness on the part of the Plymouth people, — the offer of protection to his company. He regarded the whole transaction as at best ill-judged. We wish it were possible to give a creditable account of the whole matter. Historical fairness and faithfulness veto the desire.

[3] The Charter given to Massachusetts was expressly "that our said people, inhabitants there, may be so religiously, peaceably, and civilly governed, that their godly life and orderly conversation may win and invite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and to the Christian faith: Which is Our Royal intention, and the Adventurers' free profession, and the principal end of the plantation." The Charter of Connecticut was similar; setting forth the aforesaid object as the "only and principal ground." The profession and promises of the colonists of both New Plymouth and Connecticut were well understood. A proper treatment of Indians in these two colonies would, without especial merit, have been an honest fulfillment of a contract with the throne. It is well known that the seal of Massachusetts had, symbolized and stamped on it, the device, an Indian with a label in his mouth, "Come over and help us."

American seas, they who were thus pledged are noted as the most neglectful of the work of conversion." [1]

Excepting the havoc which disease and death had made and were still making, among the Indians, there appears little more of interest respecting these people, until the latter part of the year 1626. Times were comparatively quiet; Indians had little communication with white people; trade fell off, — partly because of the diminution of native population caused by the prevalent mortality, and partly owing to Indians becoming disheartened or finding other channels of commerce less repugnant. Governor Bradford is on record, complaining that "although a pinnace sent from Plymouth around the Cape, to trade with Narragansetts, got some corn and beaver, yet it made a poor voyage; the Dutch furnishing to Indians cloth and better commodities, whereas the pinnace had only beads and knives, — which are not much esteemed."

"In the December of 1626, a ship with many passengers, bound from London to Virginia, was stranded on a flat at Monamoyk. The passengers and crew barely escaped with life. Indians went in canoes, assuaged their fears, and, asking them if they were the Governor of Plymouth's men, offered assistance. A letter was sent to the Governor of Plymouth. Indians in the mean while did good service, supplying the ship, according to their ability, with all things needed. In due time the Governor and others came. When they returned to Plymouth, their vessel was loaded with corn procured of Indians at different Cape harbors."

[1] This remark is attributed to Baille, who, it has been said, "hated the Independents." We hope that even Baille might have made some exceptions. Without the means of scrutinizing Baille's heart or motives, we simply remark that it is puerile to pick flaws in a writer's life merely to controvert his judgment touching a subject that is patent to all.

CHAPTER VII.

About 1628, a new trade was opened, the introduction of which marks a new era in the history of the Indians, — the traffic in wampum. Mr. Bradford says, "We buy £50 worth. At first it sticks, and it is two years before we can work it off. When the Indians come to know it we can scarce for many years procure enough. It is strange to see the great alteration it makes in a few years among savages; for the Massachusetts and others in these parts had scarce any, it being made and kept only among the Pequots and Narragansetts, who grew rich and potent by it, whereas the rest who used it not were poor and beggarly." [1]

During the summer of 1628, the country from Naumkeag to Mishawm was explored for settlement. The explorers, Ralf Sprague with others, "found the country full of Indians; but the Sagamore, John, a man of gentle and good disposition, gave free consent to the settlers."

Complaint was made about this time, to the Throne, that fishermen and others coming from England supplied Indians with fire-arms, and it was "commanded by royal proclamation, that no sort of arms, or munition, henceforth be traded with Indians." "Hitherto, Indians in these parts had no other arms than bows and arrows;" so says Governor Brad-

[1] Mr. Williams describes "wampum, or wampum peack, as Indian money; one fathom, strung, being worth five shillings if white, the dark more valuable and called suckawhork." Mr. Gookin calls "either kind made from wilk's shell, wompom pague." Professor Peck says "it is made from the shell of the paqua whock, that is, quawhaug." A traveler, 1769, describes it as "made from the shell of the round clam, or quawhaug, the shell having two colors within, — purple and white. Clipped to a small oblong parallelopiped, it is drilled, ground smooth, and polished. Only a small part of the shell being purple, purple money is most valuable."

ford," who however adds, "but in the Eastern parts, having commerce with the French, they first have guns of them and at length make it a common trade. In time our fishermen follow the example."

We have now reached a period only about ten years distant from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Great disquiet exists. Oft renewed reports of some great conspiracy cause excitement. It was indeed said that "everywhere from the Narragansett to the Eastern Indians, the natives were conspiring to cut off the white people." This information was said to have been "revealed to the people of Charlestown, by one who has always loved us, John, Sagamore." [1]

In June, 1630, Dorchester was begun. The natives were kind and obliging. The same month, June 12, the *Arabella*, having on board the Governor for the Massachusetts Colony, arrived at Salem. The Sachem of Cape Ann, Masconomcho, came promptly with one of his chiefs, to make their respects and to bid the Governor welcome. They remained on board the ship through the day.

The next spring, 1631, Chickatawbut, a sachem residing near Boston, came to visit the Governor and assure him of friendship.

Hutchinson tells us that "the colonists were frequently alarmed this year, but happily for them in their feeble, infant state, only alarmed. A company of Eastern Indians, called Tarrantines, came in thirty canoes and assaulted the wigwams of the Sagamore of Agawam,[2] killed several Indians,

[1] Although it was believed that the chief design was against Plymouth, the people of Charlestown considered it prudent to build a fort on the top of the town-hill. After its completion, the discharge of a few guns, to clear them, so terrified the natives that they dispersed. Persons desirous of exploring for a new settlement went up the Charles River, May 30, 1630, and, being informed at night that three hundred Indians were in the neighborhood, sent their planter, who was probably an Indian in their employ, to request the Indians not to come near. With the request compliance was made. The next morning the explorers saw Indians standing in the distance, looking towards them. They were there, as subsequently appeared, on a fishing excursion. They did not attempt to approach the explorers; but, as if to allay their fears and assure them of kindly feeling, one took a bass and held it forth, whereupon one of the explorers sent from his own party a biscuit. After this, as many as remained they exchanged a biscuit for a bass. A good business was quickly done. This place was soon settled and called Watertown.

[2] There were several Agawams. This was near Ipswich.

wounded two sagamores who lived near Boston, and carried away many captives." Moreover, a difficulty occurring between individuals of an English trading-house established at Sowam,[1] and certain Narragansett residents, and besides, the Dutch Governor of Manhadoes[2] thinking the movements of certain Pequots suspicious, the colonists were constantly on guard.

The sagamores around Boston would fain have assured the people that Indians had only friendly feelings; and for confirmation of such protestations Miantonimo, Sachem of the Narragansetts, came to Boston August 5, "to enter into a league of friendship." That Miantonimo was not very cordially received is evident. Though his people were more numerous than all other Indians between Boston and Hudson's River, his motive in coming was a question; whether out of fear or friendship, the colonists could not tell. The Sachem, with his company, attended public worship in Boston, by invitation. Three of his suite, finding the services tedious, withdrew in sermon-time, and, being hungry, went without ceremony, just as they would have done at home, and entered a neighboring house for food. The owner and occupant made complaint. The Sachem was too high-spirited to be persuaded that corporal punishment was due for the offense; but, as says Hutchinson, was "so ashamed of his attendants that he ordered them out of town. He followed soon after."

"An infectious disease, called pestilence, made, at times, havoc among the natives, sweeping away many from around Plymouth and elsewhere. Destitute of everything proper for relief or comfort, they died in great numbers. John, Sagamore of Winimesset, and James of Lynn, with many of their people, perished." Thus in various ways the Indians wasted. Hutchinson has said, "They moulder away," and, as Charlevoix remarked, disappear. All writers agree that a few years before the English came to Plymouth, so great numbers perished that whole tribes became nearly extinct. The Massachusetts are said to have been reduced from thirty thousand fighting men to three hundred. The colonists sup-

[1] Near what is Bristol.

[2] The ancient name of "York and Long Island."

posed these remarkable fatalities a special interposition of Providence to make room for the settlements that followed.

In 1634, Mr. Roger Williams removed to look out for a settlement among the Indians. He fixed on a place called by them Moshawsic, now Providence, so named in recognition of God's goodness.[1]

The situation of the colonists had long become the theme of almost constant discussion.[2]

About this time, as is seen in correspondence between the Massachusetts and Connecticut governors, Pequots were seeking the friendship of the Massachusetts colony, and to this end sent both messengers and gifts.[3] Governor Winthrop wrote, March 12, 1634, "The Pequots have sent to desire our friendship; and offer much wampum, beaver, etc. We concluded a peace and friendship on conditions, namely, that they deliver to us the men who were guilty of Captain Stone's death;[4] that they give us the right to plant Connecticut;[5] and we will trade with them as friends. To this they agreed, and also

[1] Among the affronts said to have been given by Mr. Williams was an assertion that "the Massachusetts patent was unjust and invalid because a fair purchase had not been made." Allen's biography tells that "escaping from those whose orders were to seize and send him to England, Mr. Williams crossed the river at Seekonk, now Rehoboth, and laid the foundation of Providence." It is said of Mr. Williams that "he studied the Indian language and used his endeavors to impart to the savages the blessings of the gospel." Also that "so superior was he to the meanness of revenge and such was his magnanimity, that he exerted all his influence with the Indians in favor of Massachusetts."

[2] With the French in the borders on one side, the Dutch on the other, and Indians in the midst, restrained only from breaking up the settlements, as was generally supposed, by want of union among themselves, the position of the colonies was alarming. Saybrook fort was built, and it was expected "to do much to strike terror into the minds of Indians, which impression contributed to quiet in some measure the fears of the people."

[3] It was subsequently said by persons who doubtless thought that they understood the motives of the Pequots, that, "being conscious of the death of a certain Captain Stone, and having fallen out with the Dutch, and being distrustful of the Narragansetts who were in friendship with the Massachusetts colonists, the Pequots began to fear they might have too many enemies at once."

[4] That the man, Stone, was not in high repute may be inferred from Mr. Morton, who says, "I have nothing to speak of him in the way of commendation." The impression is that the destruction of Stone by Indians was not without great provocation. Morton elsewhere gives a positively bad account of Stone.

[5] Mr. Bancroft intimates that Dutch jealousy and the fertility of the Connecticut Valley had rendered the possession of that country an object of desire.

that we mediate a peace between them and the Narragansetts, — for which they are content that we shall give the Narragansetts a part of the presents bestowed, — they standing too much on their honor to be seen to give anything of themselves."

In another letter, Governor Winthrop wrote, "The vessel has just returned from the Pequots. Our men put off little commodities, but found them a very false people, so we mean to have nothing more to do with them." [1]

[1] The offense seems to have been the avoidance of mercantile intercourse, turning away from temptations offered in shape of glass beads and other worthless things.

Indian trading had become important. English people had set up a trading-house about a mile above the Dutch fort, and beaver-skins and otter, to the value of £1,000, had, by one shipment, been sent to England. The Dutch purchased annually not less than ten thousand beaver-skins.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rumors were again rife, in 1636, that "the most warlike of all the Indian tribes were plotting." [1]

During the course of winter, Pequots had attempted union with Narragansetts. There had been, hitherto, little intercourse between the two nations, but rather fixed and inveterate dislike. It was thought by the settlers that Pequots were willing to bury all remembrance of the past, at least smother resentment; hostility to the white people having become the ruling passion. Captain Endicott was content to burn their wigwams, destroy their provisions, and stave in pieces their canoes. He returned to Boston to prepare for a general attack upon Indians next summer. He was blamed that

[1] One John Oldham, sailing in a small bark to Manisses, had quarreled with Indians, and had been killed. The Indians had offered no indignity to others of the crew, and the homicide was at first charged upon Narragansetts, under whose jurisdiction was the island, but they denied it. It was next believed that the perpetrator had fled to and was sheltered and protected by Pequots.

These things moved the Massachusetts colony to "require satisfaction or take revenge." Eighty men, under Captain Endicott, were for this purpose sent by water, with instructions "to offer peace on conditions that the offender be given up." The "Indians were to be attacked if the demand was refused." The instructions were, in fact, "to put the male inhabitants of Block Island to death, and capture their wives and children, unless there was immediate compliance." Numbers of Indians assembled, and by an interpreter and messenger engaged in parley, but as soon as they understood what were the only terms of peace betook themselves to the woods. Oldham was, by the showing of Bradford and others, a bad man, obstinate, factious, violent. Determined to pursue his avocation of peddling fire-water and trinkets for rich furs and wampum, he made himself obnoxious to Indians by trickery and overbearing, and like Stone had provoked his own fate. One Gallup, who arrived in another vessel almost at the moment of Oldham's death, and after Oldham's discharge of all his fire-arms at Indians, ran his own vessel into the Indians' quarters, and thus drove many into the sea. He reported that "although the deck of Oldham's craft was covered with Indians when he boarded, they fled." Gallup said that "Oldham's body was not then cold."

he did not pursue the enemy as soon as he discovered their unwillingness to comply with the conditions proposed.

It was now "at the approach of winter." Sailing for the Pequot country, he landed without opposition, the Indians not suspecting harm, but relying on their treaty. They were wholly unprepared for the attack upon them. In the course of this winter, the Pequots attempted a union with the Narragansetts. It was charged that Pequots had used with Narragansetts such pernicious arguments as these: "The English are interlopers and strangers; they have already begun to overspread the land; they came to dispossess us, and will drive us all out if they are suffered to grow and increase. If you join the English to subdue us you prepare the way for your own overthrow, for the English will next turn and subjugate you. All that you can hope from friendship of the English is the favor of being last destroyed. But if you hearken to Pequots, we need not fear the strength of the English. We need not come to open battle with them. We will fire their houses, kill their cattle, and lie in ambush; all which need be attended with little danger to ourselves. The English cannot then long subsist; they will starve, or be forced to leave this country." [1]

The Narragansetts were at first wavering, — strange if they were not. They doubtless felt the force of the arguments employed, and saw the justice of their cause. They were half minded to side with the Pequots. Still, they could not forget former affronts and injuries received from Pequots, and had some hope still from the hitherto dormant humanity of the white people.

[1] It has been suggested that the listeners had "never heard the story of Polyphemus and Ulysses."

CHAPTER IX.

"NEW towns planted on the Connecticut River were quickly settled; and all things looked prosperous for the colonies, except that the settlers needed to be assured against an enemy so strong and warlike as the Pequots, whose presence was a constant annoyance and source of dread and anxiety."

The government of Connecticut assembled at Hartford, May 1, and determined on war. It was, however, resolved to seek aid from the governments of Plymouth and Massachusetts. Application was made through Governor Vane, and "all were found to be cordially willing."

Already had an embassy been sent to the Narragansetts from the Massachusetts government, and was "received by Canonicus with favor and in his best style." A son of this great Sachem's youngest brother was at the time chief minister, and in fact was, in consideration of the Sachem's great age and many infirmities, the acting Sachem. He was Miantonimo. Both he and his uncle acceded to the overtures of the Massachusetts delegation favoring English rather than Pequots.

The reception of the embassy sent to Canonicus was thus described by the ambassadors: "The audience-chamber was a house fifty feet in diameter, made of poles set in the ground and gathered at the top save an opening to let out the smoke; the floor was covered with mats. On one the old Sachem was seated; his nobles were seated around, the legs of each doubled, and their knees touching their chins."

After transaction of business came an entertainment royal.[1]

[1] The ambassadors, on their return to Boston, reported having been "entertained on boiled chestnuts and boiled puddings of Indian-corn well pounded and well filled with a great store of berries, black and somewhat like currants."

Canonicus did not fail to give the Pequots faithful counsel, designed to hush the tempest of war, which he now saw was ready to break forth. Whether, had the Pequots heeded his advice, they would have been saved is a question of doubt. The three colonies were combined for the express purpose of invading the Pequot country and destroying that people.[1]

The forces to engage in this business were: from Massachusetts one hundred and sixty men under Captain Stoughton; from Plymouth, fifty men; and from Connecticut, ninety. The number raised by each town gives a pretty correct idea of the proportion, at that time, of the several settlements to each other. Of those who were to go, Boston was to furnish 26, Charlestown 12, Roxbury 10, Dorchester 13, Weymouth 5, Hingham 6, Medford 3, Newbury 8, Ipswich 17, Salem 18, Saugus 16, Watertown 14, Newtown 19, Marblehead 3, Hartford 42, Windsor 30, Wethersfield 18.

Connecticut men being near the intended scene of action, it was expected of them that they would be early in the field. The Connecticut forces dropped down the river May 10, and reached Saybrook May 17, where their number was increased by twenty, under Captain Underhill, of Massachusetts, from the fort; by seventy Mohegans, under command of Uncas; and by the addition of one hundred River Indians.[2] Before

[1] The Pequot country extended from Niantick on the west, to Rhode Island line on the east; embracing Waterford, New London, and Montville west of the Thames, and Groton, Stonington, and North Stonington on the coast. All the country north of this, including the county of Windham and part of Tolland, has been represented in books as Mohegan. Some writers have mistaken, treating Pequots and Mohegans as distinct tribes. Uncas, the Mohegan chief, was of the royal Pequot line. Both father and mother were Pequots. His wife, also, was Pequot, being daughter of Tatobam, a Sachem. Uncas himself had been a petty sachem under Sassacus, the great prince of the Pequot nation. At the time the English came to Connecticut, Uncas was in rebellion, and, to save himself and be avenged on Sassacus, joined the English.

[2] Indians on the borders of the Connecticut were generally called by the colonists "River Indians." Captain Patrick, the first of the Massachusetts quota ordered to march, had already dispatched letters from Providence, informing Captain Mason, commander of the Connecticut forces, that he was hastening to join him. This Captain Patrick is mentioned with particularity, inasmuch as having served in Holland in the army he had been brought over to instruct the colonists in military discipline. He had, on arrival here, been admitted to the church in Watertown, in order to his becoming a freeman. So Hubbard informs us.

the Plymouth forces were ready, word was sent to them that they "need not come; the enemy were as good as vanquished." So "prompt and energetic was the action of troops that were first on the ground."

When the forces moved from Saybrook, they sailed directly past the Pequot harbor, and proceeded, on the 20th, to the residence of the chief Sachem of the Narragansetts. Miantonimo was informed of the plans of the English, and hundreds of his people joined. Proceeding inland twenty miles to the seat of another Sachem near the frontier of the Pequot country, they found that Sachem unprepared for the visit. Perhaps his contiguity to Pequots, admonished him that it would not be wise to involve himself and people rashly in a quarrel with near neighbors. This Sachem was therefore regarded as uncivil, and suspected of being unfriendly. He would not permit the forces to enter his fort, around which Captain Mason placed, as a prudential measure, a strong guard to prevent any one from going out to give alarm.

Miantonimo, often in requisition, was once more notified of the wishes of his white allies, and promptly repaired to them. Magistrates and clergy of Boston were all called together to receive him. An escort guard of twenty musketeers was sent out to Roxbury to meet him. The result of the interview was an agreement with the Governor that it was "expedient to unite in a war against Pequots." It was proposed that "neither English nor Indians shall ever make peace with Pequots, but shall utterly destroy them."

The next morning memoranda were signed to the following effect: —

"1. A firm and perpetual peace between the English and Narragansetts.

"2. Neither party to make peace without the consent of the other.

"3. Narragansetts shall not harbor Pequots.

"4. Narragansetts shall put to death or deliver up murderers to the English.

"5. And shall return fugitive servants.

"6. The English to give notice when to go out to war, and Narragansetts to furnish guides.

"7. Free trade to be carried on between the contracting parties.

"8. No Narragansetts to come near the English plantations during the war with the Pequots, without being accompanied by some English man, or by some Indian known to the English."

On the preceding memoranda, called "a treaty," it was "noted that Cushamquin, Sachem of the Massachusetts tribe, also became a party to this treaty."

To Narragansetts has been generally allowed the credit of having "kept the preceding treaty until Pequots were destroyed." And yet it was, in after times, alleged that "the Narragansetts grew insolent and treacherous."

Early in 1637, Pequots were, in addition to alleged assaults on Saybrook fort, charged with divers acts of enormity, and suspected of having cut off persons passing up and down the river. The army, having in its train about five hundred Indians, continued its march, and reached the neighborhood of one of the Pequot forts on the Mystic. Here they encamped. Advance guards heard the enemy singing until midnight, and supposed the Pequots to be rejoicing. The English soldiers conjectured that Pequots had seen the vessels, laden with troops, pass by a few days previous, and were elated by the thought that either the army had not the courage to attack, or were pacifically inclined. The simple fact is, Pequots had that day made a great haul of bass and were enjoying a good supper, — singing and dancing, as was usual at feasts. They had been expecting a hostile demonstration, and therefore had kept watch day and night. Now, after the sumptuous feast, they fell asleep at a late hour, entirely unapprehensive of immediate danger.

Captain Mason approached within a rod of the fort, May 26, about two hours before day, piloted by a renegade Pequot named Waquash. A dog barked, and Indians were quickly heard shouting, "Owanux! Owanux!" — that is, Englishmen, Englishmen. The troops pressed forward, and fired, through the palisades, upon the amazed Pequots, and entered the fort, sword in hand. A severe conflict ensued. Many Pequots were killed, but for some moments victory seemed doubtful.

Indians concealed themselves in and about their wigwams, and from these retreats made vigorous use of arrows. Mason, at this crisis, called to his men, "Burn them!" It was no sooner said than his men seized fire-brands and set fire to the mattings with which the wigwams were furnished. The wind being favorable, a few moments sufficed for the flames to spread from house to house and wrap the whole fort in one grand blaze. Mason and his men, withdrawing, quickly encompassed the fort; and Uncas and his men, joined by Narragansetts, formed a circle in rear. Pequots were thrown into consternation: some, bewildered by fire and smoke, rushed madly into the flames; some climbed the palisades, and were instantly brought down by musketry; and others, in considerable numbers, collected at the windward, bravely endeavoring to defend themselves. But what were bows and arrows to powder and buckshot! It is related that some few brave Pequots sprang forward with tomahawks or hatchets, and made stout resistance, but were soon vanquished by ball or bayonet. In a little more than one hour, the work of destruction was complete. About seventy houses were burned, and seven hundred Indians perished![1] Seven were made prisoners, and seven only escaped. Two of the troops were killed, and sixteen wounded.

In about an hour after this holocaust, three hundred Pequots, who had taken alarm, came from the other fort, where Sassacus resided, about eight miles off, to the aid of their brethren; but they came too late. Mason's party marched for the harbor, where vessels were ready to receive them; and the Indians from Sassacus' settlement advanced only to the hill where the fated fort had stood. With surprise, grief, and rage, they looked upon the desolation, and then, in transports of passion, stamping, howling, and tearing their

[1] Mr. Morton says, "Of those who escaped the fire, some were slain by the sword and hewed to pieces, or run through by rapiers. It was a fearful sight to see them frying in the fire, streams of blood quenching the same; and horrible was the stench thereof. But the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and the people gave the praise to God." Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather, learned and pious, speaks of the affair thus: "Many of them were broiled unto death in the avenging flames; many, climbing to the tops of palisades, were a fair mark for the mortiferous bullets; and many who had the resolution to issue forth were slain by the English, who stood ready to bid them welcome."

hair, rushed down the hill, determined on revenge.[1] But Mason held them in check until he and party reached their vessels in safety.

"Mason's success and safe return filled the colonies with joy and thanksgiving. So completely was the object of the expedition accomplished that surviving Pequots were filled with terror and despair, and fled from their abodes."[2] On arrival of the troops at Saybrook, it was found that Indians in alliance with the English had taken and brought in eighteen captives, — ten men and eight females.[3] We stop not to argue the policy or morality of every act. Indians have been regarded as proverbially barbarous; but that the more frequent and greater barbarities of their enemies were often the cause of their rage and desperation, cannot be doubted.

The preceding "affair," the first of magnitude between the natives and the English, the Pequot embroglio, took place in Groton, at a place since called Pequot Hill, where was the seat of the Pequot power and the royal residence. One fort was on a commanding eminence, a little easterly of what is now known as Fort Griswold; another fort was northwest, near Mystic River. The result of the embroilment "struck such a terror to the Indian tribes generally" — so it has been said,— "that they had no open war with the colonists for nearly forty years afterward." It has been represented that the Pequot war "was the salvation of the infant colony of Connecticut,

[1] Mather says, of the Indians who came up from Sassacus' fort, "They were like bears bereaved of their whelps, and continued a bloody fight. When they came to see the ashes of their friends at the fort, and the bodies of so many of their men horribly barbecued, where the English had been doing a good morning's work, they howled, they roared, they stamped, they tore their hair, and (though they did not swear, for they knew not how yet) they cursed, and were pictures of so many devils in desperation."

[2] John Mason was born in 1600, in England, and bred to arms in the Netherlands. One of the first settlers in Dorchester, in 1630, he removed thence to Windsor, Ct., in 1635. Soon after the Pequot war he was appointed Major-general of the Connecticut forces. From 1642 to 1660 he was a magistrate, and then elected Deputy-governor. He removed to Saybrook, 1647, and to Norwich, 1659, where he died, 1673. Unlike Standish, Mason was portly and tall, and was considered a gentleman of prudence and morality.

[3] "Disposal was made of four of the men, one being given to each Sachem; the other six were put to the sword. Of the females, four were left at Saybrook fort; the other four were to have been carried to the towns, but, some disagreement arising in regard to them, they were all sacrificed to end the dispute."

and the ruin of the haughty, warlike, and powerful Pequot tribe."

Sassacus, the chief Sachem of the Pequots, after the destruction of so many of his warriors and other people in the burning of the one fort, proceeded to break down his other fort, burned all the wigwams, put his own and his people's goods into canoes, and went with his men, women, and children to Quinepauge. This seat of Sassacus is said to have been New London. The great sachem is said to have had twenty-six sachems subordinate, one of whom was Uncas.

The force under Captain Stoughton arriving at Saybrook the latter part of June, Indians were again hunted.[1] Now and then two or three at a time were found, whom the hunters killed or took prisoners, as they found most convenient.[2] "Not hearing of Sassacus, but having on hand three of his Sachems, they cut off the heads of two of them, and offered the other his life on condition that he would go and find out where Sassacus kenneled, and bring them word."

The wily chief was led to suspect his former friend, and thought it expedient to change location. Shortly after, aware of the purpose of his enemies to use all means to find and destroy him, he was reported as having fled, with some of his people, to the Mohawks.

The same month, Stoughton being informed that a large body of Indians, — some eighty strong, — with two hundred women and children, were bivouacked in a hideous swamp near what is now Fairfield or Stratford, the swamp was surrounded and many Indians were slain. "Those who remained alive desired parley, and received assurances that their lives would be spared if they came out and surrendered; exceptions only were to be made of those whose hands were stained with Eng-

[1] We use the term employed by the actors, whose sympathies with the transactions related forbid the thought of misrepresentation. We certainly have no wish to aggravate the case; intending to give the facts fairly, we adhere, as nearly as is practicable, to the words of the narrators.

[2] This was doubtless the same expedition of which Governor Winthrop wrote to Bradford, July 28, 1637: "About fourscore of our men, having coasted along, sometimes by water, but most by land, towards our Dutch plantation, have met with, here and there, some Pequots, whom they took prisoners and slew. Two Sachems they took and beheaded."

lish blood." This body consisted chiefly of various tribes, Pequots included. One Sachem came out of the swamp, with ninety-nine men, women, and children, and said, "Wampum I have none, but I never killed the English." The robe which this Sachem wore was of black beaver; taking off the garment, he presented it to his captors. Other Indians refused to come out, saying, "We will sell our lives where we are." Arrows began to fly; the swamp was beset, and many Indians were killed. Not more than twenty escaped. Some of these Indians had guns, — the first of which we have account. "Of prisoners taken (and they were many), some were sent to Bermuda; the women and maid children were disposed of about the towns. There have been slain and taken, in all, about seven hundred. The rest are dispersed. Indians are afraid to receive them." [1]

"Two Sachems of Long Island came and tendered themselves to the English, to be under our protection." So says a letter from Governor Winthrop, which adds, "Two of the Nepannet Sachems have been with us to seek our friendship. Among prisoners we have the wife and children of Mananotto; she is a woman of very modest countenance and behavior. One of her first requests was that the English might not abuse her body, and that her children might not be taken from her."

[1] Although Governor Winthrop tells us how "the male children were disposed of," and also what disposition was made of "the women and maid children," he is silent in regard to the disposal of the great body of the adult males. Hutchinson tells that "many of the captives were sent to Bermuda and sold as slaves." Enslaving Indians had become a mania with speculators. Felt, in his annals of Salem and Ipswich, informs us that it was a common occurrence for voyages to be made to sell captured Indians, and bring back cotton, tobacco, salt, negroes, etc. Mather enlightens us by the fervor with which he relates, under the caption "*Arma virosque cano*," troubles which the churches have undergone in the wars with the Indian savage. He says, "The dispersed became as so many unkenneled wolves. However, Heaven so smiled upon the English hunting after them that here and there whole companies were trapanned into the hunter's hands. Particularly at one time some hundreds of them were seized by Captain Stoughton, with little opposition, who, sending away the females and children as captives, put the men on board a vessel of one Skipper Gallup, which proved a Charon's ferry-boat unto them, for it was found the quickest was to feed the fishes with 'em. Our forces had frequently the satisfaction of cutting them off by companies."

"Our captains report, We have slain thirteen Sachems, but Sassacus and Mananotto are still living." It was subsequently reported that Sassacus and other chiefs had their heads cut off by Mohawks.[1]

1 Morton significantly remarks, "Whether to satisfy English or Narragansetts, I know not." Hutchinson discredits the report, and says, "It is more probable that he and his company incorporated with them." But the historian of Connecticut says, "The Mohawks, dreading the resentment of the English, slew Sassacus and attendants, and sent his scalp to Boston." Thus contradictory are accounts. Mr. Morton dwells with emphasis on "the slaughter of Pequots and others, and on the epidemic which took off many Indians and left the occupancy of their places to proper men." Morton regards all as manifest destiny. Mr. Drake refers to the "solemn assurances of being spared if Indians surrender;" and says, "Indians found the white man had an elastic conscience; true to the promise not to cut off their heads; but he will put them on board Charon's ferry-boat, and when at sea will throw them overboard." Drake says, "Pirates were never guilty of a bloodier deed." It may be asked, Did an Indian ever so compromise his faith?

CHAPTER X.

THE Pequots nearly extinct, survivors were either in slavery in foreign lands, or had become mixed with different tribes and dare not acknowledge themselves to be Pequots. Such as had been spared by their captors had been required to promise, not only that they would no longer live in their native country, but to the humiliating necessity was superadded a declaration that they would disclaim their name and never again be called Pequots. Some few were delivered to Mohegans and Narragansetts in requital of services rendered in the war; but even this apparent humane liberality was, in twofold sense, an Indian gift, for those who received it agreed to pay the captors an annual sum.[1]

It may here be noted that the quiet which, according to Mather, was now enjoyed, was far from being a season of rest for Indians. The reader will notice how progressive was the age. A few years back an Indian was recognized as a brother, and a friend and ally of King James; now he is liable to charge of sedition if he does not tamely submit to injury. Mather confesses "there were near approaches to a war between the English and several nations of Indians, but war was happily prevented by an *obsta principiis*.[2]

[1] Mather says, in his boastful account of "troubles with Pequots," "By such methods as these was a period put to the war; the few Pequots that survived submitted themselves to English mercy, and the rest of the Indians who saw a little handful of Englishmen massacre and capture seven hundred adversaries and kill no less than thirteen Sachems in one short expedition; such a terror from God fell upon them that after, for near forty years together, the land rested from war, even unto the time when the sins of the land called for a new scourge, and Indians, being taught the use of guns, were capable of being made instruments of inflicting it."

[2] Sundry vagabond English killed an Indian in 1638, and Narragansetts, to whose tribe he belonged, were on the point of rising. But, as the records tell,

In 1639, September 25, the aged and infirm Massasoit was required to come with his eldest son and heir, Wamsutta, and renew, in open court, the ancient league. They must, in addition, promise that they will neither give, sell, nor convey, without consent of the government of Plymouth, any of the Indian lands, territories, or possessions.

A watchful eye was, from time to time, kept on all Indian possessions. This espionage was grievous. Prohibitions of purchase or sale extended to arms and ammunition, and even to horses, canoes, or boats of any sort. The penalties were severe. Such doings were not things that insure peace.

And now, 1642, it was thought there was a general design of Indians against the colonies; and the alarm was intensified by knowledge of the fact that Indians were becoming accustomed to the use of guns. The people were exhorted by the magistrates to be vigilant. Colonists generally took good care to have muskets kept in order. The principal in all conjectures of mischief was said to be Miantonimo.

A deputation was quickly sent by the Massachusetts Government to demand of the Narragansett Chief that he either come himself or send two of his ablest councilors, to give satisfaction. At the same moment, Connecticut was also moving in the matter, and proposed to the United Colonies to fall at once upon the Narragansetts, and offered to send one hundred and twenty men to Saybrook, to be joined by a proportionate force. The Massachusetts government doubted whether it had sufficient proof of the design of Indians to justify war, but was of the opinion that the expediency of disarming Indians was obvious. By that decision the doom of the Indians was sealed. Whatever future negotiations, the malediction of Rev. Increase Mather, viz.: "If God do not destroy that people, then say His spirit hath not spoken by me," was not without meaning.

Miantonimo, so often demanded (and no doubt the demand was thought by him unreasonable and persecutious) came again promptly to Boston. He demanded that the accusers

"when the justice of the English was seen, executing three Englishmen for the murder of one Indian, it so astonished the Indians that they laid aside their inclination to insurrection."

be brought into court before him, face to face, and that, failing to prove his unfriendly designs, they suffer the punishment to which the accused would be exposed if guilty.[1] Two days were "spent in preparation for a treaty." Still, "regardless of the Sachem's protestations and professions, the people of Connecticut were desirous of falling at once upon him, and could not easily be dissuaded." Through the influence of Massachusetts the Connecticut men consented to desist, for the present, from a resort to arms. But the minds of people at large still continued restless, so possessed with the idea of "general conspiracy" were they. Any unusual noise at night ofttimes became occasion for alarm.[2]

It is not to be concealed that the religious disputes and animosities which in all these years prevailed, and the peculiar policy of the several colonies, together with a constant reaching for individual gain, did much to prejudice the peace and safety of Indians.[3]

The government of Massachusetts felt called upon, October, 1642, to issue a precept requiring the people of Providence Plantation to submit to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. The purchase of Aquidneck, *alias* Rhode Island, was the provocative cause of the action of Massachusetts.[4] The

[1] Miantonimo expressed his belief that the pretended reports to his disadvantage were machinations of Uncas, Sachem of Mohegans. He would speak only in presence of his own chief men, that they might witness all. "His whole defense was, to the court and listeners, presented with surprising ingenuity." Throughout his entire examination, the bearing of the Sachem was grave, and all his answers were deliberate. He peremptorily denied all the things of which he had been accused. Perfectly willing to renew former engagements, he even pledged himself that if any Indians, not excepting the Niantics, who were his own blood, were to do any wrong to the colonists, which neither he nor they could satisfy short of shedding blood, he would deliver the offenders and leave them to the mercy of the colonists.

[2] Mr. Hubbard relates that "September 19, 1642, a poor man being near a swamp in Watertown, and hearing the howling of a kennel of wolves, was so frightened that his cry for help occasioned alarm that extended remotely, even to towns near Boston."

[3] The enactments of courts and the provisions inserted in Indian treaties to restrain natives in the disposal of lands were probably the result of local policy quite as much as greed for extension and aggrandizement.

[4] During the experience of Massachusetts with Mrs. Hutchinson, in all which time crimination was rampant, Mr. Hutchinson, since his wife was for alleged heresy to be banished, sold his estate in the colony and became associated with

island was sold to Mr. Coddington by Canonicus, chief Sachem of the Narragansetts and Niantics, March 29, 1637.[1] Roger Williams had, under similar circumstances, obtained a grant of land between Pawtucket and Moshawsuc rivers, and had two years previous escaped to Seekonk, seeking a retreat among Narragansetts. Canonicus had received Mr. Williams kindly, and generously made him and companions a present of all that neck of land between the two rivers. Mr. Williams took possession, and the Sachem gave him a deed bearing the same date with the conveyances given to Mr. Coddington and associates.

Mr. Williams' proverbially friendly disposition involved him incidentally in a trouble, the mention of which we thought to pass by, — the hospitality extended to Samuel Gorton.[2]

Wm. Coddington and others, who had, like them, been driven from Boston. Mr. Coddington, who was prior a merchant in Boston, with a large property in Braintree, was a staunch advocate for liberty of conscience. The husband of Mrs. Hutchinson died in 1642, and thereupon she removed to the Dutch colony beyond New Haven, where the nxet year her son, with herself and her whole household of sixteen persons, were murdered! Opponents to her religious views thought her fate was "a remarkable judgment of God for heresy." Her partisans charged the guilt of the murder to the colony which had banished her. We do not undertake to scan the merits of questions theological or otherwise. It is right, however, to say that "Mrs. Hutchinson had located on land in controversy between the natives and the Dutch."

[1] Fifty years after, Mr. Williams deposed, "I declare to posterity that were it not for the favor which God gave me in Canonicus none of these parts — no, not Rhode Island — had been purchased or obtained, for I never got anything of Canonicus but by gift. And I desire posterity to see the gracious hand of the Most High, that, when the hearts of my countrymen and friends and brethren failed me, His infinite goodness stirred the barbarous heart of Canonicus to love me as his own son to the last gasp."

[2] Mr. Gorton's career is so interwoven with Indian history, that we cannot consistently avoid him. He came from London to Boston, 1636. There charged with heresy, he was driven out. At Plymouth, whither he went next, the charge was renewed; and, after infliction of public chastisement by order of court, he fled to Providence, where Mr. Williams' humanity gave him shelter. It was charged by Bostonians that Gorton, finding in Providence certain of his own disposition, fond of novelties in religion, was negotiating for Indian lands. To forestall his movements, the demand that the Providence Plantation submit to Massachusetts. Gorton's reply to messengers bearing the requisition was, "Massachusetts has no authority over the people of Providence." This was thought to be contemptuous. Gorton and eleven associates, "in order to be yet further removed, purchased the tract called Shawomet. It turned out the land purchased was already claimed by the Massachusetts government, who asserted it to be under its jurisdiction. Gorton's deed was from Miantonimo, chief Sachem

Massachusetts looked into the matter of the lands claimed as deriving their titles from differing sources. A conference with Pumham and Sachonico, Sagamores residing respectively at Shawomet and Pawtuxet, was sought. These Sagamores were, through an interpreter, induced to come to Boston and "complain of Gorton." They offered themselves "to be subject to Massachusetts," an instrument to which effect was written for them to sign April 22, 1643.[1]

The government also sent messengers to Gorton and his associates, to inform them of their being within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and to demand their appearance in Boston "to answer complaints for injuries done to Indians." The messengers were instructed to promise Gorton and company safe conduct. A verbal answer was returned, the purport of which was that they were "out of the Massachusetts' jurisdiction, and acknowledged subjection to none but the state and government of Old England." Although it is said that "Miantonimo, when summoned to Boston, made answer promptly," it is added that "he did not make out his right to the Indian country, to the satisfaction of the court."

Other and more formidable messengers were sent, announcing to Gorton and company that "commissioners were appointed by the honorable court to hear and determine the controversy, namely, Captain Cooke, Lieutenant Atherton, and Edward Johnson, with military — forty soldiers." It was directed that "if Gorton and company refuse, they be arrested, taken to Boston, and imprisoned."

Gorton and associates being brought *coram nobis*, the charges exhibited were summed up as follows: "Upon much examination and serious consideration of your writings, with your answers about them, we do charge you as a blas-

of the Narragansetts, January 17, 1642; and purported to have been given in consideration of one hundred and forty-four fathoms of wampum. A fathom of wampum was a string of beads six feet in length, valued at five shillings and eightpence sterling. The purchase embraced what was subsequently called Warwick, in honor of the earl of that name, by whose influence Gorton was, in 1648, restored to his despoiled home.

[1] Pumham lived on lands adjoining those sold by Miantonimo, but Mr. Winslow decided that "Pumham had received no consideration." It is not probable that either of the Indians conveyed to Boston, understood the nature of the alleged transactions. They were both tributary to the Sachem.

phemous enemy of the true religion of our Lord Jesus Christ and His holy ordinances, and also of civil authority among the people of God and particularly in this jurisdiction.[1]

It is, after all that has been objected against Mr. Samuel Gorton, simply proper to say: Whatever heresies may have been imputed to him, he was not void of talent. His "judges were seriously embarrassed by the ability he displayed." His "executors were ecclesiastics who disapproved of his religious sentiments." "Condemned and sentenced to confinement in Charlestown, there to be kept at work, wearing such bolts and irons as may hinder his escape; and if he shall break his confinement, or by speech or writing shall publish or maintain any of the blasphemous and abominable heresies wherewith he has been charged by this General Court, or shall reproach or reprove the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ in these parts or the civil government, he shall upon conviction of the same be put to death." This is indeed a summing-up that is startling! "All the magistrates but three were of the opinion that he should be put to death. The deputies were in favor of a milder punishment. His associates were condemned to be confined in different towns, one in each; their cattle were taken and sold to pay the expenses of trial and imprisonment." "After a few months, many persons were so dissatisfied with the sentence that this, with other causes, induced the court to substitute banishment."

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Mr. Gorton went back to England in 1644, and carried with him a deed from the Narragansetts, transferring their whole territory to the King of England, and that an order of Parliament gave to Mr. Gorton peaceable possession. Mr. Gorton, returning from England in 1648, "officiated as minister at Warwick."[2]

[1] Gorton's opinions were, some of them, doubtless erroneous. Upon such subjects we do not propose here to remark, except to say "the worst of them were coincident with the antinomian sentiments that day prevalent." The merits of the titular question seem to have been strangely overlooked by the court, almost everything giving place, apparently, to ecclesiastical agitations.

[2] It said of him that "without great advantages of education he made himself acquainted with Hebrew and Greek, that he might better understand the Scriptures." The author of some published works, his "Glass for the People of New England" was, perhaps, the most remarkable.

CHAPTER XI.

THE reader will not be surprised to learn that this year, 1643, by reason of the plotting of Indians ever since the Pequot war, the Narragansetts have been drawn into a conspiracy.[1] Preparation was made for an expedition, May 16. Commissioners were appointed from each government, whose duties were to assemble on all extraordinary occasions, and to meet in turn at Boston, Hartford, New Haven, and Plymouth; and with these officials were to rest all questions of war.[2]

Indians were at this time at war among themselves. Miantonimo not being able, as we are told, to unite against the English, but showing resentment against Uncas, Pumham, and Sachonico, the commissioners ordered a strong house with palisades to be built, and stationed a garrison in the country of these Sachems. What evidence existed of any demonstration against the petty Sachems of Shawomet and Pawtuxet we have never heard. The difficulty between Miantonimo and Uncas is patent.

Sequasson, Sachem of the River Indians, having the last year been attacked by Uncas, wigwams burned, and about twenty men killed and wounded, and Sequasson having appealed to his own near kinsman and ally, who felt it a duty to listen, Miantonimo inquired of the Governor of Connecticut whether it would be an offense to the colonies to make war upon Uncas. The Governor replied, "If Uncas has injured you and refuses to give satisfaction, you will be at liberty to take your own

[1] This was said to be "evident by many discoveries and by free confessions of sundry Indians, leading the English to think of means to prevent the same; in which respect, together with divers others and more weighty reasons, the four colonies entered into a near union and confederation." This union lasted until 1686.

[2] The commissioners were expected to be "church members."

course." The answer was naturally understood to be a submission of the matter to Miantonimo's judgment; and upon this men were marched to Mohegan.

As the two enemies approached, Uncas, who was by reputation both cunning and tricky, and had by long submission as a tool for white people lost none of his natural traits, resorted to strategy; he desired a *parley*. Miantonimo could afford to grant it; for his own force was the superior. The armies halted. Uncas, affecting to be desirous of preventing needless waste of life, proposed a decision by single combat: "If you kill me, my men shall be yours; if I kill you, your men shall be mine." Uncas had, before this, given secret instructions to his men to fall instantly to the ground. They let arrows fly at the Narragansetts, and instantly rushed upon them with paralyzing fury, and, following the vantage, pressed Miantonimo's men over a rocky precipice. The proud Sachem of the Narragansetts, seeing himself outwitted and surrounded by enemies, sat down sullenly. Uncas and his men, greedy for the prey, uttered a ferocious whoop and sprang forward. Seizing their great antagonist by the shoulder, who did not deign to notice the wily Mohegan chief, Uncas demanded, "Why don't you speak? Had you taken me, I would ask for life." Miantonimo scorned to reply.

In the engagement, about thirty Narragansetts were killed and many were wounded. Among them were a brother of Miantonimo and two sons of Canonicus. Miantonimo was taken to Hartford, and there kept under guard to await the assembling of the commissioners at Boston. Uncas dare not dispose of his prisoner without advice. Commissioners, after much deliberation, resolved that Miantonimo ought to die, for having been at the head of a conspiracy; and, moreover, that, inasmuch as Uncas could not be safe and Miantonimo live, the Narragansett Sachem must be put to death as a bloodthirsty enemy. They decided, however, that the deed "ought not to be done within English jurisdiction." They, moreover, advised Uncas "to inflict no torture." Miantonimo was ordered "to wait, under the charge of a competent number of principal men, at Hartford, for instructions."[1] Uncas

[1] The manner of the final sentence was base. Such decision respecting an

was directed to "march the prisoner back to the place of capture; and citizens were sent to accompany Indians and see the sentence properly executed." The moment of arrival at the ground, one of Uncas' men, marching behind Miantonimo, cleft his head with a hatchet. The noble Sachem probably did not know the manner of his fate.[1]

Soldiers were sent to defend the Mohegan against possible assaults of Narragansetts.

About this time several Sachems professed friendship, among whom were Yoncho of Long Island, and Passaconaway and his sons of Merrimack. Severe penalties were now ordered to be inflicted for so much as repairing any Indian's gun. Governor Bradford's apprehension of danger from the introduction of fire-arms was being realized.

At "a meeting extraordinary" held in Boston, the Commissioners thought it necessary to send messengers to Sachems both Narragansett and Mohegan, requiring a suspension of all warlike movements; and also that said Sachems report themselves at Boston. The Commissioners were perhaps mistaken in their opinion that the "Narragansetts were enraged."

That nation was panic-stricken and filled with sorrow. But the real fear of the Commissioners was lest Narragansetts, notwithstanding their discomfiture by Uncas, would yet be victorious; they were more numerous than Mohegans, and still had Canonicus, Pessicus, and other stout warriors at the head of their armies. The fear was that as soon as Mohe-

ancient ally has been justly stigmatized as both ungenerous and iniquitous. No wonder if the indignation of Canonicus and Pessicus be stirred when they come to understand the circumstances; nor will it be strange if such proceedings "foster in their breasts a contempt for Christianity."

[1] Uncas, it is related in annals of the times, "cut a large slice from his enemy's shoulder and ate it, saying, 'It makes my heart strong. It is the sweetest meat I ever tasted.'" Trumbul and others tell us that this affair "was in the eastern part of Norwich, now called Sachem's Plain, and that the body was buried where it fell."

Francis Parkman, LL. D., in a work recently issued by Little and Brown, shows that the Iroquois of New France (as a part of the territory of one of the Canadas was called) were cannibals. But we are not certified of the existence, at any time, of other man-eaters in North America; if we except the solitary instance of Uncas, the Pequot, who, it has been said, on authority of doubtful gossip, "cut a large slice from Miantonimo's shoulder and ate it."

gans were subdued Narragansetts would fall on the English. Canonicus was yet living, but very aged.[1]

Narragansetts had, prior to the unfortunate decision against Miantonimo, paid a great sum, hoping to ransom their chief. They had also, besides what had been paid to Uncas, given to the Commissioners £40 sterling to insure his safety. They had not, before the humiliating event of the Chief's murder, so much as dreamed that any one could be faithless in the case. Faithful themselves, and trusting to the honor of their white allies, they continued, in all simplicity, to attribute the act to Uncas. They did not, for a long time, even suspect the Commissioners of having secretly corrupted the false Indian, and employed him and men to do the bloody deed.

[1] Mr. Williams relates of Canonicus that the old chief once solemnly assured him, "I have never suffered any wrong to be offered to the English since they landed, and never will. If the English speak true, then I will go to my grave in peace." Mr. Williams expressed hope that the Sachem might have no cause for distrust. The old man thereupon took a stick, and breaking it in pieces lay down piece after piece, counting ten, as instances in which he had experienced the unfaithfulness of English people, saying, "These things awaken my fears." Canonicus died in 1647.

CHAPTER XII.

Soon after Miantonimo's death, his brother and successor, Pessicus, unsuspicious of treachery or duplicity, sent a rich present of furs and wampum to the Governor of Massachusetts, requesting neutrality in an expiatory war which Pessicus felt himself bound in honor to wage against Uncas.

Revenge of a brother's death was regarded a sacred duty. Pessicus recognized a treaty obligation by thus giving notice of intention. The Governor thought that the request was not such as a Christian people can sanction.

Unmindful that Indians have rights, we are apt to attach little importance to their affairs. Did we consider Miantonimo the head of a state, and that state civilized, it were easier to understand what is due to offended justice.

The present of Pessicus was accepted, and a cold intimation was given that "peace must be preserved." This was not satisfactory; and so Pessicus sent again, urging, by many arguments, what the Indian conceived to be a reasonable request.

The conditions on which the wampum and furs had been offered were of course refused. The present, however, was permitted to be left, and the messengers were detained, ostensibly that there might be "time to advise with the Sachems." Governor Williams at last told Pessicus, candidly, "If you or your people make war upon Uncas, the English will fall upon you." At this, the feelings of Pessicus and his friends were deeply wounded. They declared "We will not listen to peace so long as the head of Uncas remains on his shoulders."

It has been sensibly remarked, "History can panegyrize few instances of nobler faith than that of the untutored In-

dians who did not, for a long time, even suspect their allies of having had any part in the death of their Sachem. Proverbial themselves for fidelity, it was difficult to conceive of treachery in others." This people were now to be undeceived. Messengers soon arrived from colonial authorities, telling of formidable preparations, that brought to mind the terrible fate of Pequots. The Narragansetts could not understand why their allies opposed the avenging the death of Miantonimo.

Seeing in a clearer light the value of treaties with colonists, Indian credulity ever trusting and always betrayed, the Narragansetts took advice of their friends in Rhode Island, and sought the protection of a Power which all felt obliged to acknowledge; pleading the common relation of subjects, they insisted that whatever differences arise between them and the colonists be submitted to the Throne.

The Commissioners, believing the Narragansetts to be in earnest, and regarding their contempt of advice sufficient to justify war, pushed forward measures to reduce them to submission. The people of different colonies were urged to united action, and men were impressed for an expedition, orders being given "not to offend Mohegans, only Narragansetts." Further orders were that "all captives taken during the campaign, whether men, women, or children, shall be improved for the advantage of the colonies."

The Narragansetts now, whether sobered by reflection, intimidated by menace, or enervated by terror, abandoned intention of chastising Uncas, and concluded to send a deputation to Boston. Messages from Boston were therefore dispatched to headquarters by those in authority, saying, "Stay the sword; there is prospect of peace." The Commissioners took offense, and accused their messengers of departing from instructions. The fact was, the designs of Commissioners had more in view than peace; more than conquest; they were intent on extermination. They resolved to raise, with all convenient speed, three hundred soldiers; Massachusetts to furnish one hundred and ninety, Plymouth forty, Connecticut forty, and New Haven thirty.

Pessicus and other chief men in behalf of the Narragan-

setts, and Awasequin in behalf of the Niantics (Ianemo, the ruling Sachem, being then sick), came to Boston with a retinue. They came, assured by the Commissioners that however the treaty might end they would receive no injury, and would be permitted to return home in safety.

These Indians found themselves, on reaching Boston, arraigned under an accusation of having made "war against an ally of Massachusetts, and of putting the United Colonies to great cost in raising forces for defense."[1] They indignantly denied any breach of covenant, and stoutly insisted that their entire course had always been open, fair, and honorable. They quickly saw they had no alternative but obedience or annihilation. Required (in addition to alleged war expenses) to remunerate Uncas, restoring whatever had been taken from him, the Indians pleaded numerous injuries done by Uncas, and emphasized his having received a ransom for Miantonimo's life and then treacherously killing him. The requisition to pay Uncas was most galling. Required to promise perpetual peace with the English and their allies, they had many difficulties in their own minds to encounter. The final requisition, "that you leave with us some of your children as hostages, touched the most tender point."[2] They were, before leaving Boston, apprized that "English forces were already, in part, on the march for the Narragansett country;" and they were told that themselves were suspected — of what? — of "plotting for their children's rescue!"

Often rebuked for dilatoriness in payment of the indemnity, notwithstanding the fact that the fingers of Narragansett squaws were not nimble enough to string two miles of wampum in time to satisfy the cupidity of the government,[3]

[1] They were told that "it is just that the expense of the war fall upon you. But we will show moderation, and only exact of you two thousand feet of wampum." The value of the indemnity claimed was £566 13*s.* 4*d.*; more than the tax levied, the same year, on the whole colony of Massachusetts.

[2] We have, in previous pages, intimated that Indians were remarkable for their patriotism and tender love of offspring. Unable to bear with fortitude the loss of their children, their future career seemed to be destined to be sorrowful

[3] The squaws did all that was possible. They even sold their kettles and laid the price at the feet of their oppressors. The entire amount could not be paid until twenty soldiers had been sent to enforce arrears.

the whole tribe was the object of especial espionage.[1] Colonists seemed to be conscious that all right to pacific regard had been forfeited, and their general policy was now changed. No more did they send ambassadors with flattering promises, but sent forces in martial array.[2]

With deep conviction that a disgraceful issue of the meeting in Boston was being enacted, a treaty was signed August 30, 1645, and hostages delivered.

After this the colonists apprehended trouble from Ninigret. On a recent visit to the Commissioners, he had shown that his sympathies were with Pessicus; having expressed opinion that the English authorities' demand on the Narragansetts was grievous. He had said, "That people are really poor." The aged Ninigret was uncle of the unfortunate Miantonimo.[3] When Captain Davis was "sent, with a troop of horse, to look after the Niantic Sachem, the old chief could not at first be found. His people were panic-stricken. But when assured of Ninigret's life, they contrived to comply with the demand."

It was, thus circumstanced and driven almost to despair, that Narragansetts appealed to the Crown. The restoration of Charles II. soon beheld agents of this Indian tribe, strangely commingling with Quakers, Baptists, and others, imploring at the foot of the Throne for protection. The appeal was not disregarded. Instructions next sent over to Royal Commissioners mentioned the case of the Narragansetts as especial object of inquiry. The instructions arrived, so it happened, too late; the people of Miantonimo had well-nigh ceased to exist. Indian provocation had, by appeal to the Crown, reached its acme.

If, in the orderings of Providence, God, at a later day, raise

[1] If a brother Indian was treated with attention, that was regarded as indicative of coalition; if an Indian resisted an injury, that was magnified into evidence of hostile preparation.

[2] The deficit of indemnity was three hundred fathoms. An officer, pistol in hand, seized the Sachem by the hair and threatened death if the amount were not instantly paid. The soldiers departed in triumph.

[3] It may here be remembered that both Ninigret and his nephew had been faithful co-workers with the colonists in Pequot troubles. Each received his quota of prisoners, for whom annual tribute was paid.

up men of sober reflection, candor, and prominence, to speak a favoring word for the oppressed and down-trodden, shall not such friendly word be heard? Mr. Washington Irving says, "The Indian obeys the impulses of his inclination and the dictates of his judgment. The early records mention with great bitterness the doings of Indians, and with strong approval the strides of civilization in the blood of the red man. They show us but too clearly how the white man was moved to hostility by the lust of conquest, and how merciless and exterminating was the warfare. Imagination shrinks at the idea how many intellectual beings were hunted from earth; how many brave and noble hearts of nature's sternest coinage were broken down and trampled in the dust. Treated by the colonist as if wild beasts of the forest, writers have endeavored to justify the outrage. The colonist found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; his apologists have found it easier to vilify the Indians than to discriminate. The appellations savage and pagan have been deemed sufficient to sanction hostilities; and thus the wanderers of the forest were persecuted and defamed, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant. . . . . The rights of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. . . . . A proud independence formed the the main pillar of savage virtue; it has been shaken down, and the whole fabric lies in ruins."

CHAPTER XIII.

An act of Parliament, July 27, 1649, incorporated "A Company for Promoting the Gospel of Jesus Christ among the Indians in New England." The work of translating the Holy Scriptures into the Indian language was begun at the expense of a gentleman in London. A work of so great magnitude could not be hastily accomplished. Mr. Eliot had made attempt to impart religious instruction to the Indians by preaching.

In the Epistle Dedicatory of the translation of the New Testament, addressed to King Charles by "commissioners of the four colonies," they declare that one "object of the colonies in planting themselves here was that they might be instrumental in spreading the light of the Gospel, the knowledge of the Son of God, our Saviour, to the barbarous heathen; which, by his late majesty, in some of our patents, is declared to be the principal aim."

The Epistle acknowledges that "whatever has been attempted in this work has been through the agency of the London Society, and from the charity and piety of friends in England."

It is to be regretted that the large sums which pious charities of England supplied to be expended under direction of commissioners appointed for the purpose by the colonial governments were not productive of more good.[1]

1 When that good man, John Eliot, first attempted to address the Indians on religious subjects, one asked, "How has it happened that, Christianity being so important, the white people have, these many years, said nothing to us about it?" Mr. Hutchinson has remarked, "Mr. Eliot was not responsible for the omission." Hennepin quotes a sarcastic remark said to have been made by the Three River Indians: "Whilst we had beaver and furs, the missionary was with us; but when our merchandise failed, it was thought they could do us no further good." It is

Disputes between the colonies had been several years progressing, and through successive years absorbed so much of the attention of the people that Indians enjoyed comparative quiet. Besides internal difficulties were altercations with the Dutch of New Netherlands, who, under Governor Stuyvesant, would not accede to "proposals for a joint trade with the Six Nations." There were also warm discussions touching the necessity of compelling the settlements of Maine to acknowledge subjection to Massachusetts. In this state of things Indians were measurably out of mind.

In 1653, the colonists thought they had reliable information that Governor Stuyvesant had privately solicited Narragansetts and others to a general confederacy to extirpate the English. Consequent alarm spread, and a special meeting of the Commissioners was called, who considered the matter and were of opinion that the "proofs were strong." But, before the final action a letter came from the Dutch Governor, denying the imputation, and expressing surprise and mortification that colonists gave credit to such rumors. The Commissioners were "full of fight," and therefore resolved. They "agreed to raise, if God call us to war against the Dutch, five hundred soldiers." [1]

Whilst disputes with the Dutch were depending, the Narragansetts, under Ninigret, had a difficulty with certain Long Island Indians, who, as was claimed by colonists, "were under colonial protection." This, together with the conspiracy which

painful to confess the sinister motive of some in the disbursement of charitable trusts. The fact is, nevertheless, notorious that when Indians stood in the way of extension no concerns for their spiritual good forbade their extermination. Killing and enslaving was more popular employment than imparting religious instruction, and by winning kindness and example of righteousness, converting natives to Christ's religion.

[1] "The Elders, always consulted in affairs of importance, were desired to give their opinion. It was that "proofs and presumptions of the execrable plot tending to the destruction of so many of the dear saints of God are of such weight as to induce a belief in the reality of it, yet are not so fully conclusive as to clear up before the world a present proceeding to war, and to bear up our own hearts with that fullness of persuasion which is meet in commending the case to God in prayer and to the people in exhortations; and that it will be safe for the colonies to forbear the use of the sword, but be in a posture of defense and readiness for action until of God shall be more clearly known, either for a settled peace or more manifest grounds of war."

it was supposed Ninigret and Governor Stuyvesant had concocted, was thought to be sufficient ground for war against the Niantics. So, in 1653, it was resolved that "two hundred and fifty soldiers be raised forthwith." But Massachusetts not concurring, and refusing her quota, the matter was, for the present, dropped.

In 1654, the Commissioners thought it expedient to require the presence of Ninigret at Hartford, there to answer to complaints. The messenger whom they sent to the Sachem returned with a reply which, being regarded as insolent, gave great offense. Thereupon it was agreed to "raise at once a force to invade Ninigret's dominions and compel compliance."[1] Major Willard marched his forces into the Narragansett country. The Sachem secured himself, and it was not thought to be prudent to attack him. The commander completed his foray by seizing a few Indians that at the close of the Pequot war had been left with the Niantics on condition that the colonies receive for them an annual *per capita*.

Willard was a Massachusetts man. The Commissioners were greatly offended by the slender result of his invasion, and charged him with having neglected the opportunity to humble the pride of the Niantics. Willard pleaded that the instructions given him were equivocal.[2] The Niantics and other Indians continued quiet many years, until by familiar use of fire-arms they became emboldened and ready for the scenes of 1675–76.

When, on occasion of suspicion of some intended plot, Metacomet was, August 6, 1662, summoned to Plymouth, and

[1] The reply of Ninigret showed that he retained some sense of independency. It is not too much to presume that he had taken counsel with friends in Rhode Island. He reasoned thus: "Why should I acquaint you with my trouble with Long Island Indians? They began by killing a son and sixty men of one of our Sachems. We will not let them alone. We desire that you will let us alone, and not again send for us. What shall we do at Hartford? We have done you no hurt. Were your Governor's son and many others of his men slain, would you ask of another nation to be allowed to right yourselves? I will not go to Hartford. The upland Indians who have been with me are friends. Why should I inform you of their visit?"

[2] The Massachusetts colonists were, in fact, desirous of avoiding an open rupture; and this was a second time that their commissioners had, in opposition to others, prevented a general war.

made appearance in court, renewing the treaty that had long existed between his now deceased father, brother, and the Governor of Plymouth, this Sachem was also required to promise not to alienate his lands without knowledge and consent of the court. He assented, but with evident sense of offended dignity. His manner plainly indicated a feeling that encroachments upon his rights were being made. The records inform us that upon the occasion "he was found to be a man of great spirit." From that time he was more than ever "looked upon with suspicion." Mr. Drake pertinently remarks: "How much Indians had to do with making treaties it is not difficult to judge; they acquiesced because they had not the power to resist. An unwritten word of honor was with them sufficient."

Metacomet carried himself well at all times. He was not only unoffending but so far as appears on record, his walk was strictly urbane and honorably unexceptionable. In 1670, however, it was "thought that he and his people were designing mischief." Vague gossip had it that "Wampanoags, including Pokanokets and others, were frequently assembling." By and by, rumors took more definite and alarming shape; it was said, "Indians are grinding hatchets, and fixing up their guns."

The Plymouth government now conceived it proper "to send messengers to investigate, and to make observation." The Massachusetts government also, at the suggestion of Plymouth, "sent messengers to Taunton to prevent, if possible, an open war," which the Plymouth government had intimated they "would be obliged to begin if they could not otherwise bring the Indians to reason."

The Massachusetts delegation reached Taunton April 13, and the Governor of Plymouth and others joined. Metacomet had been summoned. Whilst the delegates were in conference, examining witnesses concerning the appearance and conduct of Indians, a message from Metacomet was received, informing the Governor that the Sachem of Wampanoags was near by, at Three-mile River, and desired the Governor to come and talk with him. Answer was returned, "The Governor is ready for treaty, and expects you to come to him."

The Governor promised safety, but Mètacomet declined. Although "two of the messengers proposed to remain as hostages, Metacomet still refused to enter town, preferring to go only so far as the mill, and with men and arms." Soon, however, intelligence was brought that Metacomet, with his men, were advancing; the next moment he appeared on the hill near the mill, and there ordered his company, with sentinels.

"Some of the delegates, and those with them, were for attacking the Indians at once, on the spot where they had halted. The Massachusetts delegates were apprehensive of the result. All agreed, however, that a Governor ought not to condescend to go to an Indian."

After considerable waiting, Metacomet neither coming nor sending messengers, some delegates proposed going to persuade. The Sachem proved at first unwilling; and his counselors were united in opinion that their chief ought not to go. Metacomet finally consented to go, provided his men may accompany him and take position on one side of the meeting-house, with the colonists on the other side. This arrangement was made.

Metacomet protested that his only purpose in bringing men armed was to defend himself against possible assaults by Narragansetts.[1]

It was charged against Metacomet that, when perfectly at liberty, he thought but little of engagements; his guns were not brought in; he refused to come, when required, to Plymouth; and, moreover, many strange Indians resorted to him.

Secretary Morton gave notice to the Governor of Massachusetts, August 23, in behalf of the Plymouth government, to be communicated to the council, that the Plymouth government had again summoned Metacomet to appear September 13, and that should he not appear they had determined to send, on the 20th, a force sufficient to reduce him to reason,[2] "unless cause why it ought not to be done be shown by

[1] It was the opinion of the delegates that the Sachem was at the moment on better terms with the Narragansetts than ever before. There was little doubt that he designed mischief: perhaps an attack on Taunton, Seekonk, or some other place. In this opinion the delegates were strengthened by the Sachem's supplies of provisions and ammunition.

[2] The frequent, urgent, and imperious calls on the Sachem and his fellow

the Massachusetts authorities." It was further intimated that the Plymouth government regarded it "a common cause, and would be glad to accept assistance, although if aid was denied they would engage alone."

It so happened that Metacomet and his counselors were in Boston when the letter from Plymouth was received. So favorably did the Sachem represent to the Governor and Council the state of things that, in answer to Plymouth, they urged that government to refer the differences between themselves and Metacomet to commissioners, to be appointed by the Connecticut and Massachusetts colonies. Plymouth declined the proposal, and insisted on the appearance of Metacomet at the time appointed. The Massachusetts government declared, finally and peremptorily, "There does not appear sufficient ground for commencing hostilities." [1]

Plymouth consented to allow further time, that is to the 26th, and promised safe conduct to Metacomet and all accompanying him. They also invited commissioners from Massachusetts and Connecticut to be present in Plymouth on the 26th to advise. Metacomet, whilst in Boston, engaged that he would not enter upon any quarrel with Plymouth until first addressing himself to Massachusetts for advice and approbation.

The Commissioners of Massachusetts and Connecticut met, as invited, at Plymouth, with design of mediating; and Metacomet was present. Articles of amity and friendship, such as the advisory Commissioners thought reasonable, were submitted.

The Articles were as follow: —

"1. We, Philip and my Council and my subjects, do ac-

Sachems were doubtless annoying, and may have seemed to them unnecessary, and perhaps persecutious.

[1] There was a degree of alienation, growing out of differing political interests and opinions, in different colonies. The nature of the subjection of the Sachem to the government of Plymouth being considered by Massachusetts, reply had been made, September 8, that "we do not understand how far he hath subjected himself to you, but the treatment you have given him and your proceedings towards him do not render him such a subject as that if there be not a present answering to summons there should be presently proceeding to hostilities. The sword once drawn and dipped in blood may make him as independent on you as you are upon him."

knowledge ourselves subjects to his majesty the King of England, and to the government of New Plymouth, and to their laws.[1]

"2. I am willing and do promise to pay unto the government of Plymouth £100 in such things as I have; but I would entreat the favor that I may have three years to pay it in, forasmuch as I cannot do it at present.

"3. I do promise to send unto the Governor, or whom he shall appoint, five wolf-heads, if I can get them, or as many as I can procure until they come to five wolves yearly.

"4. If any difference fall between the English and myself and people, then I do promise to repair to the Governor of Plymouth to rectify the difference amongst us.

"5. I do promise to make no war with any but by approbation of the Governor of Plymouth.

"6. I promise not to dispose of any of the lands that I have at present, but by the approbation of the Governor.

"For the true performance of the premises, the said Sachem, Philip of Pokanoket, do hereby bind myself and such of my Council as are here present, — ourselves, our heirs, our successors, — and faithfully do promise. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our hands the day and year above written.[2]

[1] It is evident that whatever expressions may heretofore have been interwoven in treaties, in acknowledgment of subjection, Indians had never understood such expressions in the Anglo-Saxon sense. When letters were read to Metacomet in Boston, by the Governor of Massachusetts, from Plymouth, the Sachem addressed the Governor and Council, and said, "My predecessors have always been friendly towards the Plymouth Governors. An engagement to that effect was made by my father and renewed by my brother. When I took the government upon myself I did the same."

These "treaties" were agreements for amity.

[2] The instrument is copied from Hubbard. He omits the date. Mr. Drake says it was September 29, 1671. The date was not the only omission; Mr. Drake certifies that the original document contained additional signatures, namely, Wohkawpalemit, Wuttahoosim, Sakamuhoo, Woonashum, *alias* Nimrod, Woospasuck, *alias* Captain.

Mr. Hutchinson felt induced, in view of the above and other transactions, to leave on record the following: "Acts of injustice towards Indians have provoked them and occasioned frequent wars. We are apt to consider Indians a race of beings inferior to us and born to servitude. Philip was a man of high spirit. He could not bear to see the English extending their settlements over the dominion of his ancestors; and, although his father had at one time or another conveyed to them all they now possessed, had sense to distinguish a free, voluntary covenant from one made under constraint."

"Signed, in presence of the court and divers of the magistrates and other gentlemen of Massachusetts and Connecticut, by

PHILIP, his mark.
UNCOMPAN, his mark.
WOLOKOM, his mark.
SAMKANA, his mark."

Guileless simplicity and plain dealing would have comported with professions of the colonists. Indian penetration was, despite popular opinion respecting Indian intelligence, too keen for attemps at chicane to be completely successful.

What were the thoughts of Metacomet, or King Philip, as the colonists preferred to call him, we may conjecture. From the signing of the preceding treaty,[1] there is little of moment relating to the Indians on record until 1674–75, if we except never-ceasing suspicions and vague rumors. All the time it was apprehended that Metacomet contemplated measures to engage Indians in all parts to unite against the colonies.

A man found dead in the woods of Dedham, an Indian suspected of shooting the man was seized and executed. These incidents afforded some cause for alarm.

[1] Mather, always classical and learned, if not merciful, facetiously says of the treaty-document, "When the Duke of Archetta, at his being made Governor of Antwerp Castle, took oath to keep it faithfully for King Philip of Spain, the officer who administered the oath used these words: 'If you perform what you promise, God help you; if you do not, the devil take you body and soul.' But when the Indian King Philip took oath to be faithful to the government of New Plymouth, nobody used these words unto him; nevertheless, we shall see anon whether these words were not expressive enough of what became of him."

CHAPTER XIV.

And now we stand on the eve of the war of 1675; a war which Hutchinson has said "endangered the very being of the colonies, so that it became a question whether the Indians would not prevail, to the total extirpation of the English." Records say, "It was a war which almost desolated New England." This was, however, an exaggerated statement.

The disputes in which Indians were, at times, engaged among themselves had doubtless been hitherto some security to colonists, who, as Hutchinson asserts, "endeavored on the one hand to restrain them, and on the other hand aimed to keep among them just so much contention as would prevent a combination and make an appeal to the English necessary from time to time." Hutchinson says, "This was the avowed policy." He further says, "At the first arrival of the English Indians were treated with kindness to obtain their friendship and favor."

Indians having no acquaintance with fire-arms, the English grew by degrees unapprehensive. Finding, by experience, that corslets were a protection from bows and arrows, "the English were, nearly forty years together, under no great concern."

It is impossible to say with certainty what were the lucubrations of Metacomet. It is presumable that, at the opening of hostilities, no definite plans were laid. It seems clear that no preparations were made. As to an allegation that he began the war, we must judge from facts in the premises.

It was said by some that "the great chief was pressed by the importunity of young warriors." He was accused by the colonists of ambitiously aspiring to undisputed sovereignty of country; also of breaking promises. That country he would

have enjoyed as an inheritance had not the white people prevented. The promises which he was accused of breaking were such only as were made under constraint. Metacomet's inward motive for war has been persistently scanned. His impulses have been plausibly conceited to be resentment at prospective loss of that which, to a lofty Indian spirit, was the noblest dignity, — the free and uncontrolled possession of domain. Having seen his father and brother die in virtual subjection to an assumed sovereignty, and being now himself trammeled by exactions, shorn of his rightful influence, subject to constant annoyances on the most trifling pretenses, and foreseeing not only the loss of territory but the extinction of his tribe if such encroachments were longer permitted, he had resolved, in proud consciousness of prerogative, to rise up and make one mighty effort for independence.

Be all this as it may, colonists confessed that they themselves "began, about this time, to be very jealous of Indians, and believed there was no small reason to suspect that they were plotting a design of war." A spirit of adventure rife among the people of the white settlements, the least symptom of impediment in the way of extension and aggrandizement was closely watched, and every movement of an Indian was carefully scrutinized.

Whilst scanning the motives that influenced Metacomet, justice requires that, aside from the question, "Who began the war, or what precipitated it?" we consider other aspects of the case. The lamented fact must be confessed that "too many who settled in these parts were generally unscrupulous in their dealings with natives." The remark is of long standing. Admit that the observation is not truthfully applicable to all, nor even to the greater part; concede also that a goodly number of the early settlers were men of strong and truly religious feeling; still it remains that among the people who had come over as adventurers under governmental patronage, and had located here, trading on capital furnished by merchants at home, many were too unscrupulous. Not a few seemed, in the progress of events, to lose sight of the axiom that Indians have rights.

Exactions, unreasonable and continually pressed, could not

be otherwise than galling to a proud sense of right. Even in the bosom of a barbarian moral perception may exist. Let it be, if the reader choose so to regard it, that much that is confessedly wrong is attributable to "the age." Records of those times are indeed a painful exhibit of what, in order to tone down the faults of actors, has been called "the spirit of the age." We will not join with those who uncharitably say that diffused among early settlers was a spirit "preëminently conceited, self-willed, bigoted, intolerant;" many, attempting to live among them, thought they saw evidence of such spirit, and also saw a key to various proceedings, in the chronicles of their doings.[1]

It is necessary here to introduce the testimony of one who figured largely in the war, and whose accounts give, with simplicity and frankness, insight in relation to the state of things the year previous to the war. We refer to Mr. Benjamin Church.[2]

A rumor of "a bloody design plotted by Indians" had, in 1673–4, for its foundation the assertion of a wretch called Sassamon.[3] With not a particle of evidence on which to hang suspicion, such was the feverish and inflammable state of society that any and every suggestion, however improbable or absurd, was eagerly caught, whether it were of plotting or of casualty. The body of Sassamon was found under the ice

[1] Those chronicles are thought to demonstrate that the charge that the early settlers' first resolve was, "The earth is the Lord's and belongs to the saints," and that their second resolve was, "We are his saints," was not a mere slur.

[2] Mr. Church had large acquaintance with the Indians, and was in esteem among them. He is subsequently known as Captain Church and later as Colonel Church. He had "a grant of land in Taunton, 1669;" was "engaged in settling Seconit lands in 1673; and was commissioned July 10, 1676. Acquaintances having, in 1674," commended as highly fertile and pleasant portions of Plymouth colony, lying near Rhode Island, and known as Pocasset, now Tiverton, and Sugkonate, now Little Compton, Mr. Church accepted an invitation to explore the lands (with a view of purchasing court-grant rights of "the Company"). Making purchase, he settled a farm; but, next year, whilst enjoying fine prospect of doing no small things, and hoping that his good success would be inviting to others to become his neighbors, a rumor of war gave check to his projects. It was daily suggested, "The Indians are plotting a bloody design."

[3] Sassamon, who had lived among white people, but had by his misdemeanors been compelled to flee, permitted to remain from 1662 to 1674 among Metacomet's people, in enjoyment of Wampanoag hospitality, had now been found drowned.

in Asawompsit Pond, Middleborough, January 29, 1674–5, drowned.

It was now surmised that Indians were chargeable with Sassamon's death; and finally it came to be "suspicioned" that possibly Metacomet had some share in the act.[1] Indians suspected of being the cause of Sassamon's death were taken by colonists, tried, and condemned. Governor Winslow, writing to the Governor of Massachusetts, July 4, 1675, says, "I do solemnly protest we know not anything from us that might put Philip upon such motions, nor have we heard that he pretends to have suffered any wrong from us, save only that we had killed some Indians, and intended to send for him on account of the murder of Sassamon."

[1] Sassamon had doubtless, during his stay at Mount Hope, heard Indians speak of their grievances; and it were strange, if in addition to sympathetic complaints, they had not sometimes mooted the question of possible war. Sassamon may even have heard the chances of success nicely weighed. But it is evident that to the present moment plotting had progressed no further.

CHAPTER XV.

"METACOMET was ordered to Plymouth. But," as Mr. Mather tells, "instead of obeying, he gathered his warriors, and at Mount Hope was soon lighted the council fire of the first Indian coalition in New England, — half a century after the landing of the Pilgrims. Things by this time began to have a serious aspect." [1]

Trumbull's History supposes there were, in New England, at the time of its settlement, 36,000 Indians, of whom one third were warriors; and that, at the beginning of the war, there were 10,000 remaining.[2]

[1] We quote again from Mather. The quotation gives evidence of the infatuation and distractions of the times. "Yea, and now we speak of things ominous; some time before, in a still, clear, sunshiny morning, there were divers persons in Malden who heard in the air a great gun go off, and presently small guns, as if a battle. This was when there was nothing to occasion such noises. They also heard the flying of bullets and the sound of drums. On the same day invisible troops of horses were heard riding to and fro in Plymouth and other places. Now, reader, prepare for the event of these prodigies."

Mr. Hubbard has told us that "by a strange Providence an Indian was found who, standing on a hill, had seen the accused commit the murder." Mather also mentions as "a remarkable fact" — and remarkable it was — that one of the accused, Tobias, a counselor of the Sachem, approaching the dead body of Sassamon, it would fall to bleeding afresh, as if it had been newly slain, although Sassamon had been dead and buried a considerable time before. Whereupon, Tobias and two others were, after a fair trial, convicted. Although they were all successively turned off at the gallows denying the charge, yet the last of them, happening to slip the rope, did confess that other Indians did the deed."

It was asserted by the credulous, who were inclined to implicate Metacomet, that he had directed the destruction of the traitor. No pains being taken by Metacomet to deny or explain Sassamon's accusations, suspicions were strengthened. Metacomet regarded the execution of Tobias and the other Indians as an outrage. Mr. Hutchinson says, "The Sachem expected it would be his turn next."

[2] Gookin, in 1674, compiled a table which gave a somewhat different view. It tells forcibly the result of a half century of intercourse with white people. His table was compiled six months before the war, and presents the following esti-

Metacomet's people had, at the present, almost no resources beyond their own sinewy arms, no stores beyond a scanty crop of corn for a single winter's consumption, and no secure dwellings to shelter them safely after the hardships of a campaign. They were really in no state of readiness for an approaching struggle. Even many of the natives whose assistance Metacomet would have implored in extremity were in "a maze, and knew not what to do." They knew this: that the colonists had the sympathy of white people very generally, and that the several colonies were united by a common league and stimulated by a common hope. Metacomet knew how disadvantageous his own position had become, — he on a neck of land to which his tribe was confined by the crafty policy of the white people.[1] The fact is — and it is a fact which should be kept in view as a key to much touching the treatment of Indians, which otherwise would seem inexplica-

mates, namely, "Pequots, formerly 4,000 warriors, now 300; Narragansetts, formerly 5,000 warriors, now 1,000; Wampanoags, formerly 300, now nearly extinct; Massachusetts, formerly 3,000, now 300; Pawtuckets, formerly 3,000, now 250."

Let it be understood that "the Indians within the bounds of Massachusetts proper were divided into small cantons, and not under one general Sachem." Of the Indians known to the first settlers were general divisions designated Southern, Northern, Eastern, and Western. The Southern embraced many distinct tribes or nations, namely, Loud Island Indians; River Indians, occupying various points on the Connecticut; Mohegans, dwelling between that river and the Pequot River; Pequots, about New London and Stonington, near the coast; Narragansetts, on the coast from Stonington, and around Point Judith, and on the Narragansett Bay, united under one chief Sachem, but consisting of lesser principalities, of which the Niantics were a branch; Wampanoags, whose limits need not be described; Nipmucks, on the lesser rivers and small inland lakes, but tributary to Massasoit, as were the Cape Indians, extending their respective sachemdoms from Eel River in Plymouth County to the south shore of Barnstable County, and including Wood's Hole, Barnstable, Yarmouth, Nobscusset, Nausett, etc. There were also distinct tribes on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. The Northern Division embraced all the scattered tribes from Pokanoket to the Piscataqua River, including the Wamoset, Amoskeag, Pennicook, Agawam, Ipswich, Naumkeag, Salem, Saugus, Lynn, Neponset, Dorchester and Milton, Punkapoag, Stoughton, Wessagusset, Weymouth, and Mystic, including Natick near Charles River. The Eastern Division was designated by the general name Terrenteens, and embraced Indians on the Kennebec, Penobscot, and other waters in Maine. The Western Division included all Indians west of New Haven, who were, in general, denominated Mohawks.

[1] This circumstance alone was extremely embarrassing, and, as will by and by be seen, was, at the very opening of hostilities, nearly fatal to his cause.

ble,— the very existence of powerful tribes upon the soil which held their fathers' graves was inconvenient to the colonists.[1]

The Plymouth Colony now judged it expedient to order a military watch in every town. It was said that Metacomet had, in preparation for hostilities, "sent away the women and children of his tribe to neighboring Indians, and that warriors were coming from all parts and inspiring him with courage afresh, so that he had become haughty and insolent in bearing, turning away from advances made to him by colonists whose integrity and innocency had made them feel secure hitherto." This much said Dr. Mather.

Mr. Church tells us that among others to whom Metacomet sent to invite coöperation was Awashonks, the Queen or Squaw-Sachem of the Sughonates; and that she listened so far to his proposals as to call her warriors, and, according to Indian custom when about to advise on affairs of great moment, made a great dance.[2] Mr. Church was yet residing in peace and quiet on his farm, and was a neighbor to the Squaw-Sachem, whose husband was Wawayemit. Mr. Church was invited to the dance. Taking with him one of his plantation overseers, who had some limited acquaintance with Indian speech, they found, on arriving at the place of festivities, many assembled, and the Queen "herself, in a foaming sweat, leading the dance."

The gayety was suspended on the entrance of Mr. Church, and Awashonks sat down; but, quickly summoning her no-

[1] We quote again from Mather, since we must substantiate our record. Dr. Mather, as pastor of the North Church in Boston, ought to be indisputable authority. He says, in his account of conflicts with Indians, "The infant colonies, finding themselves necessitated into the crushing of serpents, while yet in the cradle, unanimously resolved that with the assistance of Heaven they would root this nest of serpents out of the world." Mr. Mather further says, "Two colonies of churches being brought forth and a third conceived within the bounds of New England by the year 1636, it was time for the devil to take alarm and make some attempt in opposition to the possession which the Lord Jesus Christ was going to have of these utmost parts of the earth. These parts were then covered with nations of barbarous Indians and infidels in whom the power of the air did work as a spirit; nor could it be expected that nations of wretches, whose whole religion was the most explicit sort of devil worship, should not be actuated by the devil to engage in some early and bloody action for the extinction of a plantation so contrary to his interests as that of New England was."

[2] Mr. Church was of opinion that she intended to frustrate the design of war.

bles around, she ordered that Mr. Church be invited to join the circle. After compliments, Mr. Church was informed of the message Awashonks had received from Mount Hope.[1] She wished to "know whether it is true that the Umpane men are gathering a great army to invade Metacomet's country." Assured by Mr. Church that there was no truth in the report, and that the white people have no such design, she had the six guests from Mount Hope called. "They were of formidable appearance, their faces painted, their hair trimmed in war fashion; had powder-horns and shot-bags swinging from their shoulders, — signs of preparedness for war." Awashonks introduced these Indians, saying, "These are the men who tell of the doings of the Umpane men."[2] She related, with evident satisfaction, Mr. Church's denial of the report, and a warm talk quickly sprang up. The Queen checked the excitement.

Mr. Church tells us that he said to Awashonks, "If Metacomet is resolved to make war, the best thing you can do is to knock on the head his messengers, and shelter yourself and people under the protection of the colonists." The messengers were "thunderstruck, and said not a word." Two of Awashonks' braves were, however, "furious against Mr. Church's suggestion; and Little Eyes, Queen's counsel, joined." The Queen approved of the advice of Mr. Church, to put herself and people under English protection, and appointed men to guard Church back to his house.

It is not easy to determine the precise importance to be attached to *ex parte* or egotistic statements made in a day of feverish excitement. It is natural for those in power to aim to justify their own action; and the narrator of stirring scenes in which himself bore a prominent part may inadvertently use a coloring that needs revision. Fairness requires us to say that Mr. Church speaks for both Indians and colonists, himself included; and, inasmuch as information must be gathered chiefly from antagonists to Indians, it is chiefly by incidentals,

[1] Mount Hope, the residence of Metacomet, was an eminence about two miles east of Bristol, and in view of Fall River. A fine view of Providence may be had here. The hill is anglicized Mount Hope; the original Indian name was Montaup.

[2] In colonial records what is here written Umpane is Apaum.

analysis, and comparison, that we can do justice in any good degree to all parties.[1]

Mr. Church, on reaching home, sent word to Awashonks, enjoining her to keep within her own settlement at Sugkonate; and promised soon to see her again. Then hurrying to Pocasset, alias Tiverton, he had an interview with the husband of the Squaw-Sachem. His name was Potanwamet, alias Peter Nunnuit.[2] Peter had just come from Mount Hope, and was "decidedly of opinion that war was imminent." He said that Metacomet had "held a dance, to which he had invited young men from all parts." He said, moreover, he saw at Mount Hope "men who had brought a letter from the Governor of Plymouth," and that Metacomet was confident the Governor had sent for him "to come to Plymouth and answer for the death of Sassamon."

It is strange that notwithstanding the aversion of colonists to the possession and use of guns by Indians, and despite the evasion of laws imposing a severe penalty, Indians were supplied with both arms and ammunition. Mather tells "The *auri sacra fames* accomplished it. Those who would pay, could get. Mr. Thomas Morton was not the only one who, to drive a lucrative trade, could evade prohibition."

[1] We do not intend to intimate that materials furnished by Church, Winslow, Mather, or others, are not reliable. We simply admonish our reader and ourself that Metacomet has no one of his race at hand and cognizant of the naked facts to stand forth in review of the case, as his friend. That he and his compatriots lived, is chiefly for his conquerors to tell.

[2] The Squaw-Sachem's name was Weetamoe. This was an alias, as were other. Beecher calls her Namumpam, and says she was relict of Metacomet's elder brother Wamsutta, and now had become wife of Peter.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHATEVER the cause for which the presence of Metacomet was demanded at Plymouth, he had no inclination to go. He had no reason to believe that a new treaty was intended; nor was he disposed to recognize authority which would compel him. He is said to have replied to the governor's messengers, "Your Governor is only a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. When the King, my brother, comes, I will be ready." The reply recalls to mind the sarcasm of an Iroquois chieftain, 1774: "Although great things are kept in mind, I do not remember that we were ever conquered by your great king; if it was so, it is beyond our memory."

Indian Sachems had come to be treated by colonists as rebels, if they failed of immediate compliance with the requisition of magistrates. Metacomet was neither ready to admit the correctness of the imputation of his opponents, nor was he to be moved by their conclusions. His accusers, therefore, said he had become haughty and insolent.

So far from being improbable, it is evident that war was being forced sooner than Metacomet either intended or expected. Difficulties clustered around him. The demand for his appearance at Plymouth was not least. If he inclined to war, it was evidently because there seemed a necessity of bringing matters to a crisis. Otherwise why did the first signs of war perplex the Indians? Metacomet perceived too well that there had long existed on the part of colonists a state of war, and he saw they were preparing for an exterminating conflict. It was surmised by colonists that he was "waiting for them to begin," by some public demonstration

— the thought impressed on the Indian mind being that they "who began war would be conquered." [1]

Peter, so Mr. Church affirms, said, "Young men at the Mount Hope dance were all eager to begin at once by falling on the men who brought the Plymouth letter; but were dissuaded by Metacomet, who pacified his warriors by adroitly advising them that his father, the great Massasoit, charged both his sons to treat Mr. Brown, (one of the bearers of the Governor's letter,) with marked consideration.[2]

The strongest point against the Sachem is the promise said to have been made to his people, that they might go out of the Neck. Church says, "These Indians were thirsting to revenge the execution of those Indians who had been hung on account of Sassamon's death." Such is the feeling Mr.

[1] Edward Randolph, sent over by the Crown, in 1676, to inquire into affairs of the colonies, with especial reference to Indians, says in a letter to William Penn, November 9, 1688: "The Indians were never civilly treated by the government, who made it their business to encroach on the Indian lands, and by degrees drive them out. That was the ground and beginning of the late war."

[2] This Mr. James Brown of Swansey had always been a good friend of Massasoit. When Indians believe a person to be their friend they will do all in their power to befriend him, it being a cardinal principle with them that good ought always to be requited with good. The dissuasions of Metacomet, it has been intimated by some writers, may have been a mere stroke of policy that he might not be known to urge the war, but appear to be drawn by force of circumstances.

The good feeling shown to Mr. Brown, and the hospitality and kindness exhibited by Indians often and invariably when their humanity was addressed under circumstances that did not preclude, leads us naturally to advert to the case of Logan, the eloquent Cayuga Chief, who was friend of the white people. He admired their ingenuity and wished to be their neighbor. In 1774, Logan's residence being on the Ohio, his family were murdered by a party of white men. War was the immediate result; and great was the amount of blood drunk by tomahawk and scalping-knife of infuriated Indians, before peace could be restored. When, at last, a treaty was about being effected, Logan gave in his adhesion, in the following terms addressed to Lord Dinsmore then Governor of Virginia: "I appeal to any white man, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him no meat; if he ever came cold and naked and I did not shelter and clothe him. I had thought to live with you in peace, the friend of the white man. But in cold blood, and unprovoked, the white man murdered all the relations of Logan. He spared not even my women and children. There runs not a drop of Logan's blood in the veins of any living. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one." Indian friendships and resentments were alike; they were firmly rooted.

Church imputes. That Indians did go beyond the bounds of the Neck, Sunday, June 20, and that some tenantless houses were entered by Indians, is history. They, however, offered no violence, although fired upon by white men, and an Indian was wounded. In this way, according to accounts of the white people themselves, was war begun.[1] Great was the consequent alarm; not because of Indian depredations, but because of the supposed great numbers of Indians and their hostile preparations.

Mr. Church has told us that after conversing with Peter, he visited the Squaw-Sachem's quarters and found few Indians there, her people being gone, generally to Metacomet's dance, contrary to her wishes. She feared there would be war. Mr. Church advised her to secure herself and attendants, and send word to the Governor of Plymouth, who he knew to be her friend.

Mr. Church then hastened away to Plymouth. So expeditious was he that the following morning he was in conclave with the Governor, and with magistrates belonging to the council of war. Mr. Church gave to them a full account of discoveries and suspicions. Previous apprehensions were confirmed. All present agreed that "no time is to be lost, but hostile preparations should be pushed forward vigorously."

Mr. Church says: "An express came that same day to the

[1] The neck of land on which are Bristol and Warren, was the ancient Pokanoket adjoining the main land at Swansey. Fessenden's *History of Warren* says, "The houses on the Neck were all tenantless, their owners being at church." Other accounts say, "The houses had been vacated through fear." Mention of the transactions is, as a whole, almost unintelligible, somewhat contradictory, and altogether uncertain, as were rumors of the day generally. Hubbard's account of the matter is this: "An Englishman was so provoked at the insolence of the Indians that he let fly a gun at an Indian, but did only wound, not kill, whereupon the Indians began to kill all the English they could, so as on the 24th of June, the alarm of war first sounded in Plymouth Colony when eight or nine Englishmen were slain in, and about, Swansey." Hubbard is not always reliable. His preceding statement proves his liability to err. In the state of society at the time being, sparse, and with only oral means of diffusing intelligence, it may well be supposed that rumors grew. The reports of Mr. Church are, perhaps, correct as any. But impartial persons will find in them not much to encourage any accusation that either Metacomet, or any of his Mount Hope men were the aggressors.

Governor who immediately issued orders. Captains were to march their respective companies and rendezvous at Taunton where Major Bradford [1] was to be that night and dispose of them under Major Cudworth.[2]

Such was the beginning of an outbreak to be familiarly known henceforward as King Philip's War. Receiving as correct, all that Mr. Church and other chroniclers have told us, the gravamen of the charge against Mount Hope Indians, touching the beginning of this war, is that the execution of certain Indians, and an unsupported accusation against Metacomet, were resented by a few Wampanoags who, during a stroll, entered some deserted dwellings, and, taking a cow from the common property, killed, dressed, and ate it.[3]

Metacomet is reported to have been seriously affected when he heard that the first human blood had been spilled. But we are inclined to think that his reported expression of sorrow therefor, was regret that hostilities were precipitated before he was prepared.

War, however moderate in its opening, was really "begun." Mr. Mather expresses the fact thus: "Now the war is begun by a fierce nation of Indians, upon a honest, harmless, Christian generation of English who might truly have said unto the aggressors as it was of old unto the Ammorites, 'I have not sinned against thee, but thou dost wrong to war against me.'"

"The Massachusetts Government determined to raise one hundred men to assist in the expedition; but it was thought best, before marching, to send messengers to Metacomet to divert him from warlike designs." [4]

[1] Major Bradford was son of Governor Bradford.

[2] Major Cudworth was some time resident in Barnstable.

[3] We say "the common property," for at this period, Indians were not dependent on venison for meats, nor were they deprived of the increase from cattle which had thriven and multiplied by having access to fertile pasture-grounds.

If the few liberties taken by Metacomet's people on occasion of their visit to the Neck, were revenge of injuries, the revenge was wonderfully mild.

[4] Mr. Church relates that "these messengers, when on their way they saw the killed in Swansey, judged it safe to proceed no further but hastened back to Boston, bearing intelligence; Mr. Mather, thereupon gave utterance to the announcement which we have quoted."

Mr. Church also tells us that he, "being in Boston was desired to use influence

Rev. Dr. Dexter tells us that "the Massachusetts forces consisted of one hundred and ten men under Moseley, besides troops under Prentice, and a company under Henchman." Dexter informs us that "Moseley had been a privateer at Jamaica and that his volunteers included ten or twelve pirates under sentence of death who had been taken out of jail purposely to join his command, and promised life on good behavior." . . . . "Several dogs to be used in hunting Indians, were attached to this company." "Attached to Prentice's troops, were three Christian Indians as guides." The *tout ensemble* of these forces does not assure us that the Mount Hope Indians had a very "honest, harmless, Christian people" to deal with.

The army having reached its posts at Brown's and Miles' garrisons in Swansey,[1] two of a party of troops going over the bridge, were shot. Soon after, eight persons returning from meeting were attacked. The day was being observed as a fast, to pray for the success of the expedition. The same day a person in Rehoboth was shot. Mr. Church represents that soldiers killed, were barbarously mutilated.[2]

Other companies left Boston, June 26, and marched towards Mount Hope, to be joined by volunteers. Arriving at Swansey, all united with the Plymouth forces "to operate with vigor against the perfidious enemy."

It was said, "Indians grow bolder, more resolute, and blood-

with the Rhode Island people whose bounds the troops were about to enter." Some show at least of courtesy was necessary, since Rhode Island was not of the confederacy.

Mr. Church has informed us that when the troops marched to Taunton, he headed a company composed in part of friendly Indians who being directed to "keep so far ahead of the troops as not to be in their sight, fully obeyed the order, so that on our way we killed, skinned, roasted, and ate a deer before the main army came up."

[1] These garrisons were on west side of Taunton River, and near the lower part of Mount Hope Bay.

[2] The impartial reader whose sensibilities are shocked at the thought of such barbarities, will consider that the same things done by white people cause no shudder. When hundreds of innocent children, women, and old men and warriors, are offered as a holocaust, that is, "only a good day's work" for which the approbation of Heaven is challenged. An Indian's head stuck on a pole, is a Christian act. There is nothing inhuman in quartering a noble Sachem's body and hanging the parts from the limbs of trees.

thirsty. Skulking in bushes they shoot any who venture abroad." "These provocations," it was said, "draw out the resentment of soldiers; and some wish to seek the enemy in their quarters." [1]

Major Savage arriving with more forces from Boston, accompanied by Dudley afterwards governor, and being in command, "it was after consultation resolved to march down to the Indian towns on the Neck." These towns were found deserted, with indications that the wigwams had been abandoned in haste. Metacomet's late residence was seen, but not an Indian was to be found.[2]

The fact came to light that the Sachem had removed his quarters some time previous. The presumption is that only a few straggling Indians were on the Neck at the time of preceding reported engagements. The next day the troops returned to Swansey. The Indians were not beaten, nor were they driven. They were gone from the Neck, and without pursuit. Some of the army, as Mr. Church tells, were ready to congratulate themselves that the enemy had fled, and that a mighty conquest was gained. It was even proposed to build a fort at Mount Hope, as a monument of victory.

Mr. Church truly says, "They gained the soil by the Indians leaving it; not by the sword — it was rather their fear than courage." [3]

Metacomet had abandoned his home; had left the graves of his fathers; had yielded the few leagues remaining of all his inheritance, and was a wanderer. No one could tell how long previous to the shedding of the first drop of blood, he

[1] We give Church ample opportunity to be heard in his own words, to show how "bloodthirsty" the Indians had become, and how "insolent" toward "an unoffending people" whose enemy was in the vicinity.

[2] Mr. Mather says: "We found Bibles torn up in defiance of our holy religion." The canoes were all gone; and the conjecture of Major Savage was that Metacomet was gone to the Pocasset side to engage men in his interest. The prevailing conclusion of the colonists was that Metacomet aimed "to obtain an advantageous position, to strengthen himself for rebellion."

[3] Mr. Church tells that "The spirit of the soldiers was so lacking that he indignantly retreated saying, 'The Lord have mercy on us if such a handful of Indians may dare a whole army.' When the soldiery had first attempted an attack, a party proceeding only a short distance was fired upon from ambuscade; and frequent blunders, such as firing on their own number, proved the lack of discipline."

had departed. The great Sachem's contiguity, indomitable integrity, as well as energy and far-reaching foresight, was that which had made him preëminently an object of dislike to his neighbors at Plymouth. He had the good sense to understand what were the ambitious aspirations of his exactors, and could distinguish between *bonâ fide* contracts freely made, and such as were attempted by *finesse* — and to be repudiated whenever the demands of the strong against the weak might make it convenient. Moreover he had little confidence in men who, notwithstanding professions, would enforce their policy by powder-and-ball and deception, upon a people who had long befriended them and had in return received from the white men only injury upon injury.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Council of War were advised by Mr. Church "to pursue the enemy to the Pocasset side. If Metacomet could be killed, it would accomplish more for security than building many forts."[1] Orders were thereupon given to cross the ferry; and Captain Mathew Fuller was directed to take with him six files of soldiers and seek an interview with any Sugkonate Indians who might be accessible.

The company of Fuller, aided by Church, disposed themselves in ambuscade to surprise passing Indians. But soldiers struck fire, to enjoy pipes, and to the chagrin of all the company, were discovered by a party of the enemy who otherwise might have been captured, but now fled precipitately.[2] Fuller, with Church and thirty-six others who now composed the expedition, moved towards Sugkonate until reaching the brook running into Nunnaquoget Neck. Here they found fresh Indian-tracks from the direction of the Great Pine Swamp. They were deterred from proceeding further, by seeing rattlesnakes, of which reptiles they were more afraid than of Indians. So, "passing down Punkatees Neck, they reached a large wigwam filled with Indian-truck. The soldiers were for loading themselves with spoils. But, crossing the Neck, fresh tracks were again in view.[3] The soldiers now divided into two bands; and each lay concealed by a stone wall. Seeing two Indians approach, one band not using caution as did Church

[1] Fuller, who was an inhabitant of Barnstable, and Commissary Southworth opposed the fort project.

[2] The ferry crossed was "Tripps'," now Bristol ferry. Parts of these transactions are doubtless to be located at "Howland's ferry," near the Stone bridge.

[3] This was the southern extremity of Tiverton. They were in the territory of one of the Squaw Sachems who was believed to be friendly and had been entreated by Mr. Church to remain neutral to entitle herself to protection.

who lay flat on the ground, was discovered. The Indians turned and ran. Church called to them, and said he only wished to speak to them, and would not hurt any one. But, pursued by the whole party, the fleeing Indians leaped a wall, turned, and fired. Their pursuers returned the fire, and Church thought the yells of the Indians indicated that some were wounded. All were, however, soon out of sight in a thicket.

Passing on over the cleared field the woods on one side of it being dense, the party were startled by a volley. They saw many Indians. Looking now for their boats they saw near a large company of horse and foot congregated to bring off stock from Tunkatees. This company had been ambuscaded.

Going to the Island, to procure provisions, Mr. Church fell in with a noted Indian by the name of Alderman. This Indian had deserted, and just from Weetamoe's dominions, gave information with which Mr. Church hastened back to Mount Hope garrison where he found a willingness on the part of the army to make a diversion against Weetamoe. Although provided with guides familiar with the premises, the troops, after marching about two miles, were ordered to stop for consultation; it was suggested that possibly Metacomet with all his men had by this time arrived at Weetamoe's camp, and that, with the Queen's warriors also returned, the two sets of warriors would be formidable. Finally, the army being reinforced and a transport obtained, Mr. Church went, with one Baxter [1] and a renegade by the name of Hunter, to reconnoitre. Starting three Indians, "Hunter shot and wounded one of them whom he found to be his own near kinsman. Desiring favor for his wife should she fall into the hands of his captors, the wounded man asked nothing for himself except liberty to take a single whiff of tobacco. Whilst smoking, he was dispatched by a single blow." [2]

[1] Mr. Dexter says, "Baxter belonged to Yarmouth and was one of thirty soldiers impressed into the country's service and sent to Mount Hope against our enemies, the Indians, June 24, 1678; and as a maimed soldier was in 1677 allowed by the Plymouth Court, £20."

[2] The renegade, Hunter, was one of fifty-two Nipmucks who, as Praying Indians, were in the army. He was rewarded by the Court for bravery, he bring-

The "company pursued its way towards Weetamoe's camp; but were discovered by an Indian who sounded alarm. They shot and killed an Indian who was at a fire roasting meat; other Indians standing around, near the edge of the swamp, ran and were pursued by the soldiers until the cries of women and children in the swamp were heard. The soldiers were then recalled; but, going to look for their transport, the Indians pursued them and wounded two."

Soon after, viz., July 18, the head-quarters of Metacomet were sought by other forces. But, as Hubbard informs us, "the Sachem and his gang had, like Weetamoe, the fortune to escape. All left the borders and took to the depths of a large swamp, deserting a hundred wigwams newly constructed from green bark that they might not easily fire. In one of the wigwams was found an aged man who said Metacomet had been there recently."

It appears, from Hubbard's narrative, that these soldiers found themselves to be in no enviable position; "the enemy took advantage of the thick underwood, and soldiers were as much in danger from fellows as foes, tempted through fear to shoot at any bush that stirred, supposing it to be an Indian." "A retreat was therefore ordered, to dispose of dead and wounded."[1]

ing back from the war a scalp — probably that of his near kinsman summarily dispatched.

[1] Hubbard says, "Fifteen or sixteen Indians were slain, which struck such a terror into Philip that he betook himself to the swamps about Pocasset, like a wild boar kept at bay by this small party." Mr. Hubbard, however, acknowledges that "five or six English soldiers were killed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE effects of war were in the latter part of July conspicuous at various and widely distant localities. Indians presenting themselves at Apponeganset and it being reported that inhabitants were slain and houses burned, forces were ordered thither from Plymouth. But, on arriving at Russell's garrison, all Indians were found to be pacific. Through persuasion of a gentleman in whom they had confidence, they had, in large body, gone into the garrison and surrendered.[1] Terms of capitulation were stipulated, and the conditions were solemnly guaranteed.[2] It is humiliating to record how basely "the promises were falsified. These Indians were ordered and sent to Plymouth, where about eight score of them were sold as slaves to be transported out of the country!"

Whilst this shameful treachery was being enacted, Metacomet passed over the Taunton River and made his way to the interior. From this moment, December 4, there was, with the exception of one or two unimportant skirmishes, a chasm in

[1] Mr. Ralph Earl who had removed to Dartmouth, from Portsmouth, R. I., and had become a large land-holder and whose acquaintance with Indians was extensive, was their kindly adviser. He fully believed humane treatment to be all that was needed to render Indians peaceful and friendly. By the agency of a friendly Indian, Mr. Earl had accomplished the result. The whole body of Indians in Apponeganset, had volunteered.

[2] Both Mr. Earl and the Indians reposed confidence in the integrity of the commander of the garrison, Capt. Eels, of whom it is proper to say that he in conjunction with Messrs. Earl and Church did all that was possible to preserve inviolate the faith pledged. They were "overruled by Government." See *Colonial Records*, vol. v., p. 173, and *Hist. Collections*, vol. v., p. 170. All persons who ventured to disapprove of the high-handed and disgraceful iniquity, lost thereby the good-will of many. Mr. Church thought that "had the promises made to the Apponeganset capitulants been kept, it was more than probable other Indians would have followed the example of the 160 who surrendered, and it would have been an important step gained towards finishing the war."

warlike movements. Metacomet was not personally heard from; he was gone and serious times were at hand.

Metacomet had long known that the colonists expected that he would, sooner or later, fall into their hands. He saw that he was closely watched, and he knew that, should he be captured, mercy was not to be expected from his enemies. Perfectly understanding the desperation of his case he had resolved to change his location. His sagacity had taught him that so long as Indians take to the swamps, it will be the policy of their assailants to starve them out. Now, followed by a few trusted warriors, he was making his way to the West. So it was thought.[1] Seen by people of Rehoboth, they were quickly on his trail, attended by Mohegan recruits.[2]

Rumors were now afloat that Narragansetts were ill-affected.[3] Indians were thought to be gaining ascendency; and it was supposed that a general waking of Nipmucks, Nashaways, Niantics, River Indians, and others, indicated "a coalition." There were, in fact, during the entire autumn and succeeding winter and spring, disquieting rumors. It was believed that Metacomet, though not personally present in Indian councils, had the warm sympathy of Indians, the patriotic sentiments of the Great Wampanoag being everywhere revered.

Feelings long pent began now to be manifest, sweeping a tortuous path, but involving many places in trouble. In Providence, Seekonk, Rehoboth, Middleborough, Mendham, etc., houses were burned, and Brookfield shared in the calam ities. The panic became great, and still it spread. No one could tell where desolations would appear next. People were appalled, and many began to fear that God had forsaken the colonies. "The enemy" were said to be ubiquitous. Days of fasting were observed. Fortunately for colonists Indians were contesting against destiny.

[1] The chief seat of Nipmucks was near the great ponds of Webster. The region about Worcester, Grafton, Oxford, etc., was the Nipmuck country; but tribes of the same also inhabited portions of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

[2] The services of Mohegans had been engaged by Boston parties, especially to fight against Metacomet.

[3] Narragansetts, occupying mainly the lower part of Rhode Island, were not only a brave and warlike race, but a commercial people. Pequods had, until destroyed, been in the habit of jeering them for their trading proclivities.

The Governor of Massachusetts sent large forces now into the Narragansett country. His object, as appears by instructions to Major Savage, was to form a new treaty. "We judge it absolutely necessary to put all Indians to a test of fidelity. If they desire our friendship, they must not harbor or nourish any that are our enemies. In case Philip or any of his flee to them they must forthwith deliver them up and send hostages for our security, and join us in pursuit and conquest of their and our enemy." [1]

"A treaty" was extorted, July 15, which was substantially as follows:

"1. All and every of the Sachems shall, from time to time, seize and deliver, living or dead, all and every of Philip's subjects, to the English.

"2. Shall, to the utmost of their ability, use all acts of hostility against the said Philip and his subjects, killing and destroying until a cessation of war be concluded by the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies.

"3. Shall make satisfaction for all injuries, and deliver up offenders.

"4. Shall, by their warriors, protect the English.

"5. Sachem's near kinsmen and choice friends shall be hostages for the performance of all engagements.

"6. Narragansetts shall receive forty trucking coats for the capture of Philip alive; two coats for any other prisoners brought in alive; and one coat for every head.

"7. All sales of lands to the English, to be confirmed."

"This treaty" was signed by Canonicus, Ninigret, Mattatoag, Quinapen, Quanashet, Pumham, Agamaug, Wampash, Taitson, and Tawageson, Sachems or Leading Narragansetts.

No suggestions are necessary to enable the reader to perceive that the Indians had a hard set of avowed enemies with whom to negotiate.

Nipmucks early began mischief at Mendon; and the Governor, hoping to bring them back to allegiance, sent twenty

[1] Mr. Mather had nothing now to say about rumors, but plainly declares the object of the movement, simply expedience or convenience. "We took this opportunity, sword in hand, to confirm and renew our peace with a people of whose conjunction with Philip we had come to be afraid."

horse to Quaboag, alias Brookfield, to make "a treaty" with Nipmucks. Inhabitants of Brookfield, where a rendezvous was appointed, accompanied Captain Henchman to the place designated; but if Indians had thought of a treaty, they had changed their minds; no Indians were there. They had probably learned from the experience of other Indians, and had acquired a true estimate of the value of written parchments. Captain Henchman did not at first suspect design in the absence of those whom he proposed to meet, and imprudently pushed forward to the Nipmuck chief town. His whole company became ambushed, between a swamp and a steep hill, by three hundred Indians. Their first fire killed eight of Captain Henchman's men, and others, including the commander, were mortally wounded!

Indians flocking into Brookfield, the inhabitants gathered for its defense. In a few moments, however, the town was in flames. An attempt was made by Indians to burn the building where many people had congregated. The opportune arrival of Major Willard with forty-eight soldiers, frustrated the incendiarism. Indian scouts had discovered Major Willard's approach and fired signals. It was fortunate that the main body of Nipmucks, by their high glee, were prevented hearing the signals. Willard joined the besieged; and Indians poured upon him a shower of balls, from which he received no great damage. But, now finding himself greatly outnumbered by the enemy, he dare not pursue them.

Where Metacomet was, in all these troubles, is left in some doubt.[1]

[1] An Indian, captured at the time of Captain Henchman's ambuscade, related that "Metacomet came, August 5, to a swamp about six miles from Meminissett, having with him a company of about forty men, but women and children many more." This Indian stated that "Metacomet was conducted thither by two Indians, one of whom was Caleb of Tatumasket, beyond Mendon. About thirty of his men had guns, the rest bows and arrows." The captured Indian also said, "The Quaboags and Nipmucks told Metacomet all that had taken place; and Metacomet presented to several Sagamores a peck of wampum." The same informant further said, "Metacomet told us there were in his train when he left home to come among the Nipmucks, about two hundred and fifty persons, the Squaw-Sachem and her company included. Some left him, and others were killed." Moreover, that "Metacomet was," so the Indian thought, of opinion

Soon Indians near Hadley, Hatfield, Deerfield, and places on the Merrimac, began hostilities. Before the month of August closed, the whole colony was in a state of consternation. A battle had been fought, early in the month, near Hadley, in which ten English and twenty-six Indians were killed. Deerfield was burned, and by attack Northfield suffered the loss of several men.

In Deerfield a large quantity of corn had been stored. This the Government saw fit to remove. Captain Lothrop being sent, with eighty soldiers, to guard its transportation, was attacked, and, though he fought bravely, could not contend against fearful odds. Nearly all his company were cut off. Captain Moseley fought the Indians several hours, but coming late could afford no aid. At last the arrival of Major Treat, with one hundred and sixty Mohegans, obliged the enemy to retire. "The army was ordered to pursue; but the Indians' track lay through a hideous forest where hosts fired upon the pursuers, so that many soldiers were killed, and only sixteen escaped.[1]

Springfield Indians who had lived on good terms with the colonists more than forty years, were next suspected. Jealousy, awakened by disclosures said to have been made by an Indian, induced increased caution, but afforded no security to property; thirty-two houses and barns, with other buildings, were conflagrated in Springfield.[2]

"An alarm was sounded, September 23, in Boston, and, within an hour, twelve hundred men were under arms." As fast as Indians residing there, or near, could be collected, they were sent to Deer Island. Compelled to remain on the island through winter, they suffered terribly; and bitterly complained of cold and privations. Lack of sympathy was so

that "had the English charged vigorously only a day or two longer, at the swamp, his people would all have been captured or killed, for their powder was almost all consumed." Such was the Indian's story.

[1] Before September 18, ninety men had been slain between Deerfield and Hadley. The disaster to Captain Lothrop's company was a sad event for the County of Essex.

[2] Indians had a fort in Springfield, but were thought, October 5, to have been induced to sympathy with Metacomet's interests. Disclosures to that effect were made by a Windsor Indian; involving also, Punkapoags, Naticks, and Indians near Boston, some of whom were, at the moment, serving with English forces.

general among citizens, that the sentiment often and openly expressed, was "Let them die." [1]

A Fast was ordered to be observed throughout the Colony of Massachusetts, October 7; and the General Court, by special legislation, provided that "hereafter no person shall harbor or entertain an Indian."

Hatfield had been attacked by large bodies of Indians, September 19, and several persons killed and buildings destroyed. A company, under Captain Henderson, "was ordered to Grafton and vicinity;" but no remarkable exploit is credited to them.

Indians, now, generally, for a time, withdrew from overt hostilities.[2] But some preceding events, with similar but less important, are said to have happened during Metacomet's absence from the bounds of the Plymouth Colony. A few straggling Indians only, moving here and there, were to be seen, until about the close of November; but some "lurked in swamps, concealed and known by petty acts of mischief." [3]

[1] The Boston alarm turned out to have been "owing to a fright occasioned by a supposed signal in Mendon; a drunken man left on guard had fired his gun."

[2] Hutchinson remarks that "Metacomet having left the Plymouth Colony and Narragansetts being peaceful, that colony was less affected."

[3] A letter received in England, bearing date of the week of the Fast, says, "It was with show of outward persistence and no doubt with inward affection by many. The Governor himself began the services with a most heavenly prayer."

CHAPTER XIX.

UNITY of action at an early day might possibly have gained for the Indians their cause. But now, the Pequots nearly extinct; Mohegans allied to white people; Mohawks not apprehending the least possibility of dangerous inroads ever being made upon themselves; a few natives scattered here and there, and slaves to the white man, and never to be trusted, even though called praying Indians; Narragansetts either tardy or too lukewarm in asserting and vindicating their patriotism; the Wampanoags had to contend against fearful odds.

Winter was come, generally a season of leisure to the colonists. The granaries of the Wampanoags, once overflowing with enough for their own subsistence and to spare to their neighbors, were well-nigh exhausted; they had little opportunity to plant, and there was no ground where Indians could hope to succeed in any effort to produce a harvest; their fishing places had become scenes of peril, and even hunting was attended by danger. Besides all, efforts were being made to alienate from them their neighbors, the Narragansetts, who, the colonists feared, might otherwise join the Wampanoags. It was, in fact, said by the English that "the Narragansetts were giving shelter to the women and children of the enemy."

The Narragansetts had violated no treaty, and the ink on the parchment of the last treaty had scarcely become dry; but it was resolved by colonists "to regard that people as enemies." There is no doubt that their hearts were with Metacomet.[1]

[1] Mr. Morton charged the Narragansetts with coldness in respect to the interests of the colonies. "That lukewarmness should be evinced in respect to a treaty which had been extorted at the point of bayonet, and which embodied the very quintessence of oppression," was not unnatural.

The Commissioners of the United Colonies agreed, November 2, to "raise an army" to suppress Narragansetts, and Governor Winslow was appointed to the command. The army was to consist of 1,000 men, besides all friendly Indians who might be induced to join. Massachusetts was to furnish 527; Plymouth Colony, 158; and Connecticut, 395. These troops, gathered in the severity of the winter, from all parts of New England, were mustered into service December 8; and soon marched, guided by a renegade Indian, to the Narragansetts's country.[1]

"The Massachusetts and Plymouth Colony forces were met by those from Connecticut, December 18, a cold and stormy day. The soldiers were shelterless; but, nothing daunted, endured the hardships, and next morning, after marching fifteen miles through snow, found themselves, at break of day, at the edge of a great swamp where the enemy were entrenched."

It has been developed that Canonchet, then Head-Sachem of the Narragansetts, was fully aware of the doings of the English; and had fortified his position with his whole available strength — so far as the brief period would allow. The former forbearance of Indians, and all their sacrifices for peace were now to be recompensed with murderous haste; and every expression of desire for the rights of humanity was to be met with derision!

The Narragansetts retired before the invaders' advance, and made no opposition until exasperated by finding that their only alternative was self-defense or destruction.

Pumham, one of the Narragansett Sachems, whose dominion was Shawomet, on being certified of the army's approach had fled to the woods.

[1] This Indian, who was so almost indispensable to the English forces, and of whom Mather says, "They could not well have lived without him," was, as Hubbard informs us, "one of thirty-six Indians surprised by Captain Moseley on his way to Wickford. He had become offended with his countrymen, which made him a real friend to our forces. Without his assistance we would have been at a loss to find the enemy until it had become too late for the fight."

A somewhat different account is in the *Chronicle*. It says, "This Indian was ordered to be hanged forthwith, and, to save his life, told where the body of Indians were." See Drake's "Hubbard."

"In the midst of a dense swamp whither the Narragansetts had retired, was the fortress on a slight elevation of three or four acres, the entire circumference surrounded by palisades, within which was a compact accumulation of brush, making a barricade one rod in thickness, with one single gap defended by a block-house with another breastwork within. The only way of entering the fort was by a log forming a bridge over a ditch.[1] Hubbard says, "The enemy found many ways out."

It is not expected that existing generations will take pride in the recital of the entire intercourse of colonists with aborigines. It may be presumed, however, that all people are not so insensible to historical facts as to ignore a record indicating early transactions presenting a fair view of the circumstances of the first occupancy of our New England domain. The design of the present narrative is not to indite what shall be amusing, but that which shall be instructive to intelligent investigators. Regretting all that appears adverse to righteous and honorable dealing, we will nevertheless be faithful to authentic facts.

Returning to our notice of General Winslow's army, we remark that in approaching the swamp which was to be the scene of a general massacre, a few Indians were seen in the outskirts. Fired upon, they returned the fire and fled. The army now entered the swamp, following the retreating Indians. The engagement became fierce and bloody.[2] The

[1] The swamp was in the northwest part of Kingston. Mr. Church seems to have been indispensable in these movements, and had been invited by General Winslow, late Governor Winslow, to accompany the invaders. He made himself useful in obtaining information in regard to Indians' resorts, sleeping-places, wigwams, etc. "He anticipated the arrival of General Winslow, by the capture, with aid of certain daring fellows, of eighteen Indians, who were offered to the General, and two likely boys were sent a present to friends in Boston." The party under Church, "had by noon, December 14, killed one man and one squaw and brought in fourteen prisoners, one of whom they beheaded. Before night they brought in nine other prisoners, young and old." "The next day a messenger pretending to come from the Sachem desired peace." A letter from Major Bradford certified "We arrived at Smith's garrison and took thirty-five prisoners. I sent out thirty of my men and killed two Indians and brought in four prisoners, one of whom he beheaded. At night our army had killed seven more, and brought in nine."

[2] It does not appear that the troops were drawn up in military order. The

Indians' place of shelter being attacked, the resistance was desperate. The invaders were driven out; but many Indians became scattered around, and great confusion of the troops ensued. It became impossible to distinguish the enemy from friendly Indians belonging to the army. It is related that "a random fire on a formidable black heap gathered behind shrubbery, caused scores of Indians to bite the dust. Many escaping that fire, ran into the fort; and bloody tracks were seen in other directions."

"After some hours fighting, there were indications that the ammunition of Indians was spent; they began to let arrows fly. The troops thought to pursue Indians scattered in and around the swamp; but this was discouraged. It was quickly resolved to set fire to the fort." This measure was remonstrated against by some; but not from humanity alone.[1] Excitement was not favorable to reflection. The general in command having given peremptory orders to burn, all wigwams with their inmates and the provisions were in a few moments wrapt in flames. Few Indians escaped and fled to a neighboring cedar-swamp. They had no provisions; they could obtain no shelter.

The English in the field were in want. Had it not been for the opportune arrival of a vessel laden with supplies, many at the garrison would have suffered from starvation. Major Bradford has well said, "It was a mercy that the Indians did not pursue our troops. The young warriors desired to do it, but their chiefs forbade."

several captains were at the head of their respective companies; soldiers from Massachusetts, under Johnson and Davenport, were first to enter, and they fell in the act. Gallup, Siely, and Marshall, Connecticut captains, shared the same fate, as also Gardner of Massachusetts, as did many subordinate officers and privates. It were a poor compliment to the coolness and discipline of the command, to record the fact that the bravest men, such as hazarded their lives to enter the fort, were, as Mr. Church believed, "shot in the back by those of the army who remained in the edge of the swamp."

[1] It was well understood that within the fort were five or six hundred wigwams made musket proof, as a general thing, by tubs or baskets filled with grain, and other provisions stowed against the sides, containing sufficient quantities to supply an army. It was an object to secure the provisions for the sustenance of the troops. "The supplies of the Plymouth forces had been wholly distributed. There was not so much as one biscuit left." It "was argued, if the wigwams are spared, our soldiers may have shelter, without which many, especially the wounded, will inevitably perish."

The soldiers, returning to garrison, carried their dead and wounded. Some of the latter perished by exposure. The night was intensely cold; the heavens were filled with snow; the storm was tremendous. Mr. Church tells of many casualties.[1]

Indians proposed, December 23, to treat for peace; but it was "conceived that Indians had no mind to conclude a peace, and were only wishing to gain time to remove their fighting men and provisions farther up the country, to rocks where they could not be approached, without danger. No notice, therefore, was taken of Indian overtures."

"Pumham's town was invaded, December 27. Captain Prentice burned about one hundred deserted wigwams and captured a squaw, by whom he sent terms of peace."[2] The terms were "Deliver up all Philip's Indians."

An Indian came, December 30, from Narragansetts, with

[1] Mr. Church was always ready to be on hand, and Government was generally willing to profit by his knowledge and skill in Indian warfare, even when there was no cordial acknowledgment of his services. Perhaps his egotism was offensive. Certain it is that his own personal exploits are mentioned with minuteness. Little or no allusion to Church, is made by Major Bradford.

Mr. Mather tells us, that "Eighty-five of the English were killed that night, and one hundred and forty-five were wounded." He also says, "At least a thousand Indians perished." Mr. Hubbard says, "Some of the enemy confessed that 700 of their fighting-men were killed that day, and that 300 more died of wounds and hardships." Hubbard says, "The whole number of those who perished by sword, fire, cold, and famine, including women, children, and aged men, could never be ascertained." Mr. Church tells that "forty-seven Indians, young and old, we sold to Captain Davenport for £80."

Accounts of that terrible night's occurrences, are various. Governor Dudley was at the fight and says, "There were ascertained to have been 3,000 warriors and 1,000 reserves in the fort, to whom we would have been a morsel if God pleased. One Sachem killed, and the Indians' powder spent, caused these Indians to retreat." Indians subsequently captured, related that "nearly a third of the people belonging to the Narragansetts, were either killed by guns of the English, or perished by fire or cold." The horrors of famine pursued the escaped. The fort had been the store-house of the Indians. They were now without food, without homes, bereft of friends, and well-nigh without hope of revenge.

[2] "A Sugkonate Indian told Mr. Church that he himself was the Indian who formerly wounded Church; and was, at the time, one of sixty or seventy just arrived from Pumham's tribe and had never before fired a gun at any white man." Is it not remarkable that, with the exception of the visit of the two men from Plymouth to the sick-bed of Massasoit, no Englishman was ever known to be credited with the performance of a friendly act, or the utterance of a conciliatory word, to an Indian.

thanks for offered peace, but complaining that the English make war without notice.

"English troops were diligent in pursuit of Indians, hunting and destroying them." So says Mr. Hubbard.

Major Bradford's last report was, that "Besides the five hundred wigwams burned in the fort, two hundred others in different places have been destroyed. We have now and then killed an Indian; we killed nine last Tuesday." Mr. Hubbard tells that, January 7, "two messengers came, from Indians, desiring to enter into a treaty of peace. They cast blame on Canonchet." Mr. Hubbard further tells, that, "January 8, another attempt to negotiate a peace was made by Ninigret, the aged Sachem of the Niantics; but that was mere pretense, for that young and insolent Sachem, Canonchet, as also Quinapin, the brother-in-law of Philip, had said, 'We will fight it out to the last, rather than be servants to the English.'" [1]

Mr. Hubbard says that, "January 27, immediately after the great thaw which enabled the Indians to come at ground-nuts for sustenance on the journey, they left the Narragansett country and hastened to the Nipmucks." They craved continued existence, and needed sympathy. Where else could they go? [2]

A final act in this drama we must not forget to mention; it involved the execution of a white man. Major Bradford relates it thus: "January 18, we executed Joshua Taft who had married an Indian woman. A sad wretch he was, who had never heard a sermon but once in fourteen years." [3]

[1] Mr. Hubbard further says, "Another messenger came from Canonchet, desiring one month to negotiate. This so provoked the commander of our forces, that he determined to have no more treaties."

[2] It was alleged that "a party of these retreating Indians, took with them from Warwick, fifteen horses, fifty head of meat-cattle, and two hundred sheep."

[3] It is said by Hubbard that, "Mr. Roger Williams was present at the examination of Taft, and did not think him such a character as had been represented."

CHAPTER XX.

NARRAGANSETTS having left, Massachusetts troops returned to Boston. The colonies were in constant alarm, for a general junction and confederacy of Indians was expected. Their cruel and persistent persecution and threatened extermination had driven the Indians out to become a severe trial to other parts. Fearfully troublous times were at hand.

A few days after the exodus of Narragansetts, five hundred Indians fell on Lancaster, plundering and burning, and killing or capturing its inhabitants. It was conjectured that during these outrages Metacomet was present and in command. Much mischief was done, about this time, in the towns of Sudbury and Marlborough. Indians fell, February 21, on Medfield, and, notwithstanding the presence in town of three hundred soldiers, half the town was burned. Garrisons gave partial protection to the people, but houses deserted were all burned, and of the eight or nine soldiers in the garrison only one escaped; the men were slain, and about twenty women and children were carried captive.[1]

The Indians took a hurried departure from the vicinity, wending their way towards Plymouth Colony. On the 25th they burned houses in Weymouth.[2]

Early in March, General Winslow engaged Mr. Church to accompany him, and undertook an expedition to the country of the Nipmucks. "Coming to a settlement[3] where were

[1] One of the captured was Rev. Mr. Rowlandson. The assault on Sudbury was made April 18. Hubbard says, "Seventeen or eighteen inhabitants were killed."

[2] This was the nearest approach to Boston. Yet, two days previous, on fast day, the congregation assembled in the meeting-house of the "first church," were alarmed by reports that the Indians were within ten miles.

[3] Probably Pumham's town.

numerous wigwams in sight, but an icy swamp prevented near approach, there was firing on both sides. The Indians fled. A friendly Mohegan belonging to Winslow's forces, pursued and captured one wounded man who proved to be a Netop.[1] This prisoner, being brought before General Winslow, underwent a rigid examination, and some were for putting him to torture to obtain ample confession of all he knew, whether concerning his own people, or Nipmucks, or Indians in general. Nothing could be elicited, and it was, therefore, decided that he be knocked on the head. His head was, accordingly, carried to camp.

Metacomet was supposed to be at this time transiently resident at Scaghticoke;[2] but, being unfortunate in his neighbors, the trials to which he was there exposed induced removal,[3] and he was next found located temporarily near the Falls of the Connecticut. He had there, with a large company, taken a stand to obtain fish. Denied all opportunity elsewhere of providing for the wants of himself and people, he aimed to obtain an adequate supply of food from these waters.[4]

Prisoners held by Indians contriving to escape, news of Metacomet's locality transpired. Captain Turner, with one hundred and sixty men from Hadley, Hatfield, and Northampton, pounced upon him May 18, whilst he and his Indians were, at day-break, entirely unsuspicious of danger, and, without sentinels, were fast asleep in their wigwams. Turner's men discharged a volley before the Indians could awake. The assailants supposed they had effectually "done the work."[5] The

[1] The Netops were a small body among Sugkonates, which had found its way, in the general dispersion, to this place.

[2] "The Scaghticoke, or River Indians, were, in the time of Philip's War, fugitives from New England."

[3] Mohawks were for some reason unfriendly to the great Wampanoag chieftain. It has been charged upon Metacomet that, "despairing of extirpating his enemies by the strength of Indians of New England, he resorted to Mohawks who, making a descent upon him, killed some of his men." The Mohawks were part of the powerful Five Nations, who, in 1713, joined by Tuscaroras, were finally, collectively, the Six Nations.

[4] Mather ought to be good authority; but stories of Metacomet's doings, "perfidies," etc., which we find often given with the prefix "We hear," Mr. Judd, the historian of Hadley, tells us "do not deserve credit."

[5] Historians tell us that the Indians thus surprised, "arose half-awake, and

Indians, however, soon rallied and fell on the rear of their enemy. Turner and thirty-eight of his men were killed.

Metacomet got over the river, and met on the other side of the Wachusett remnants of Narragansetts and Nipmucks who, coming together in one body, were numerous.[1] Mr. Church boasts of "success in killing many of the enemy, until at last, provisions failing us, our soldiers returned home."

Notwithstanding the discomfort inflicted upon Metacomet and his allies, these were troublous times for the colonies. Early in March Indians seemed to be everywhere. It was, however, believed, that their main body now made rendezvous in the woods between Brookfield and Marlborough, and at certain points on the Connecticut River. Places widely remote were attacked at almost the same moment: Groton and Plymouth, Marlborough and Warwick, Springfield and Providence, Northampton and Sudbury, Andover, Chelmsford, etc. It was early in March when Groton was assaulted. The date of the catastrophe at Plymouth was March 12; the time of the trouble at Warwick was March 16; the day of the severe calamity which befell Marlborough, when Captain Pierce commanding fifty English and twenty friendly Indians was drawn into ambush and nearly all his company killed.[2] Two days after, March 18, many houses were burned in Rehoboth; and next day, many in Providence.

To the preceding and other sadly disastrous Indian raids, we may, it is true, offset some successes. Forty or fifty persons in Marlborough and Sudbury went, March 27, to search for Indians, and at night came upon nearly three hundred sleeping around fires. The finders either killed or wounded thirty. Captain Dennison, with sixty volunteers and a few friendly Indians, in April, took forty-four prison-

terrified and half naked, ran crying 'Mohawks, Mohawks!' Some ran directly into the river, and some hasted to their canoes, but in their excitement omitted taking paddles and were precipitated over the Falls and drowned."

[1] Metacomet was "supposed to have lost by the surprise, at least three hundred of his people." The loss was probably overestimated. Mr. Drake remarks, "There was great propensity to exaggerate the numbers of the enemy."

[2] Captain Pierce was from Scituate. His Indians were from Cape Cod. Although Indians from that locality were the first to encounter ungenerous treatment from Pilgrim adventurers, the Cape Indians were always considerately kind so far as white men allowed them to be. They were never hostile of choice.

ers, and be fore the end of the month had killed or taken sixty-seven others. These exploits were without loss to the English.

Disastrous events, and some of them of peculiar sadness, were, however, at hand. The Wamesits[1] fell on Chelmsford, Haverhill, Concord, Woburn, Bradford, and Andover, and on the 17th, destroyed all the houses yet remaining in Marlborough. The next day they furiously attacked Sudbury, burning houses and killing inhabitants in revenge of the attack made on the 27th by Dennison. Captain Wadsworth and fifty men who had come from Boston to relieve Marlborough, were cut down.[2]

The disastrous news reaching Plymouth, it was feared that Indians would return to the Old Colony, to visit it with increased numbers. A council of war was, therefore, called, and Mr. Church was invited to attend. He proposed that inasmuch as the Indians would naturally fall on towns most exposed, a company of sixty or seventy soldiers be sent to Rehoboth to watch Indian movements. Of such company Mr. Church was requested to take command. He consented, on condition that not less than three hundred be raised. He ad-

[1] Wamesit was near Chelmsford, on the Merrimac. Mr. Drake candidly tells of the fiendish act of white men, who, at both Chelmsford and Woburn, fired wantonly on friendly Indians, the only excuse they offered being, that those Indians were suspected of having burned a barn and a stack. Mr. Hubbard well remarks, "By such wanton acts the Indians are turned to be our enemies."

[2] Captain Wadsworth was of Milton. After leaving Boston and marching twenty-five miles, Captain Wadsworth obtained information that the enemy had gone to Sudbury. Coming near he discovered and pursued a party of Indians, and, with no chance to escape, became surrounded in woods by more than five hundred. Resolved to fight to the last, he reached an eminence and bravely defended it until night, when his forces were scattered and nearly every one was destroyed.

Neither Mather nor others were able to ignore all fiendish acts of white barbarians. It is reported that "besides a man killed at Bradford, his wife and five children were carried away captive. These captives were afterwards restored by their captors; but the Indians who brought them were at once thrown into prison! The compassionate restorers of the captured family, regarded the ungrateful act of the white men as premonitory, and, therefore, escaped and fled to the Eastern Indians." Mr. Drake intimates that "the massacre of August 11, following this perfidious act, was in resentment, and led by one or more of the Indians who had for their kindness been seized and incarcerated.

vised that the Plymouth Government propose to Massachusetts to send their full quota.[1]

It may, by this time, be perceived by the reader, that Mr. Church was not always duly honored for the service he rendered. Mr. Church was on his way to Taunton, May 9, where he met Captain Pierce on his way to the Narragansetts. Captain Pierce had a company of sixty-three English, and twenty friendly Indians, and offered to Church a squad of soldiers to guard him, a courtesy which was declined. Mr. Church arrived at the destination of himself and family in due time, March 11. He had scarcely seated himself in Mr. Almy's house in Rehoboth, when news came that Clark's Garrison in Plymouth had been attacked and destroyed, and eleven persons, embracing two families, were killed.[2]

Captain Pierce had heard that the enemy were gathering in Pawtucket. Soon after crossing the river he was encircled by an overwhelming force. Retreating to prevent an encounter, the enemy also crossed, compelling him to contend against triple numbers. Some accounts have it that every Englishman was slain. In this fight Canonchet commanded.

Before the close of April, nineteen houses and barns were burned in Scituate. Seventeen houses and barns were burned in Bridgewater, May 8. Sixteen houses and barns were burned in Plymouth, May 11, and two days later, nine others were burned. That same day all the houses that remained in Middleborough were burned.

"These were," the chronicles say, "the most distressing days that New England has ever known. Town after town fell a sacrifice to the fury of Indians. All was fear and consternation."

Accounts thought to be reliable have it, "six hundred of

[1] Mr. Church freely expressed his views of the proffered command: "Should I accept command, I will not be idle in any place, but will take my forces to the woods as do the enemy. It is inexpedient to move with a small force." The council pleaded that the colonies were much in debt.

Mr. Church's family being now in Duxbury, he resolved on going to Rhode Island, and to visit Plymouth simply to bid good-by to his wife's relatives who feelingly joined in protesting the dangers of a Rhode Island residence. They would have persuaded him to leave his family at Clark's Garrison.

[2] Of the two hundred Indians who, after this, voluntarily came into Plymouth and surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, several were executed.

the very flower of the country fell." It was chronicled, "There were few families not in mourning for some near kindred;" "the war involved a loss of property to the amount of millions." The fact undoubted was, that "from the day of the massacre in the Narragansett country, an event which made Indians desperately determined, there was felt to be no security."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Indians' military vigor and courage seemed to abate. They were not only often in distress by want of food, but they found it difficult to procure ammunition.

Metacomet was sagacious, brave, and resolute. Still, the fates were against him. Without arsenal or stores, impelled to war, yet hunted from place to place, a price set upon his head, his scanty provisions, once abundant, but now wasted, or lost, in rapid changes from one position to another, so that he is often obliged to subsist on berries, acorns, or anything to sustain life, and, if at any time so fortunate as to procure the luxury of a momentary supply of horse-flesh, not daring to kindle a fire to cook it, lest blaze or smoke betray the place, — this manner of life, together with constant anxiety and protracted exertion, so different from former simple habits, was diminishing the ranks of Indians more surely than could ball or bayonet.

Metacomet was now supposed to have crossed the Connecticut, joining the remnants of Narragansetts and Nipmucks gathered in that vicinity. Indians had found themselves necessitated to provide for both the present and future, and had separated themselves in parties remote from their former haunts, hoping to enjoy immunity in peaceful cultivation of the earth. The English had so frequently beaten up their quarters, that, though they might plant, they could rarely reap the fruits of their toil. Indian encampments were pretty sure to be ferreted out and broken up, whether on the seaboard, or in the interior.

When, about the middle of May, 1676, Mr. Church took passage on board a sloop bound to Barnstable and landed at

Wood's Hole,[1] alias Succonessit, where a clan of Indians resided, ordinary travel between Plymouth and Rhode Island had ceased. No person could pass without danger except by circuitous route. Mr. Church's knowledge of the country enabled him to reach Plymouth at an early day, June 8, whilst the General Court was in session.

Mr. Church was cordially welcomed. All said, "We are glad to see you alive." Mr. Church facetiously responded, "I am glad to see you alive. Much smoke and many fires on your side of the country have so awakened solicitude, that I could hardly sleep. I greatly feared you either were or would be destroyed."

The Court listened with concern, to tidings of desolations at Providence, Pawtucket, Rehoboth, Swansey, and those parts, and wished Mr. Church to inform them what protection, for future time, was contemplated. That was a difficult and serious question to answer. Indians generally had become incensed; they were everywhere increasingly hostile. Although the Indians of Rhode Island had been the last to be suspected of unfriendliness, it was now evident that the burnings at Providence, March 30, indicated considerable enmity. When the venerable Roger Williams, for whom all Indians entertained profound respect, came forth from garrison and, infirm as he was, conceived the thought of conciliating the Indians, as formerly, aged Indians earnestly warned him, saying, "They who have known you will do you no harm, but we cannot vouch for our young men."[2]

Mr. Church regretted finding the Court "sorely perplexed

[1] We adhere to the name as it appears on record. The fancy of some one has, within a short time given it as Holl. There can be no doubt of the appropriateness of the original name, which indicated a harbor whose natural excavation or cavity and genial surroundings afford, like Holmes Hole and other places, safe anchorage where vessels may ride ordinarily with sufficient depth of water.

Indians on Cape Cod, supposed to be in subjection to Massasoit and his chiefs, were never persuaded to act against the colonists; the Manomets, occupying the neck of the peninsula, were solicited in vain. Their peaceful demeanor was a firm defence to the Cape towns. The several Sachemdoms on the Cape embraced among others the Massapees whose Chief, Paupmunuck, sold lands to the people of Barnstable and Sandwich, and were all friendly.

[2] "Multitudes of Indians were in full view on the surrounding highlands. Mr. Williams, now aged and decrepid, retraced his steps quickly as his cane would enable him."

by debt for which the government had been obliged to assign lands at Showamet, Assonet, Asawompset, Agawam, and Sippecan, to compensate the soldiery." The "Council of War had also been obliged to assess £1,000, on eleven towns, and had ordered a draft of three hundred men." Mr. Church was, however, gratified, when the Council finally "resolved to send out on the morrow an army of two hundred men."[1] The government desired Mr. Church to muster as many as practicable of the men who had been driven from Dartmouth, Swansey, and other places.[2]

Mr. Church returning the same route by which he came, hired at Wood's Hole, Suckanesit Indians to paddle a canoe for his conveyance to Rhode Island, *via* the Elizabeth Island group. On the way, Mr. Church observed, in passing a point, many Indians fishing. Assaying to confer with them he discovered one to be a former acquaintance, namely, George, who was a subject of Awashonks, and greatly pleased to see Mr. Church. George said, "the Queen Sachem was in a swamp near by, and would be delighted to meet her old friend. She was weary of war, and no longer disposed to favor Metacomet."

This conversation led the way to a conference that proved greatly satisfactory, though Mr. Church's friends were apprehensive that a trap was laid to destroy him. After going to Newport, Mr. Church repaired with an interpreter to the place assigned by Awashonks.[3] As they approached in their canoe, they saw very many Indians, all sitting on the banks, as if in expectation, and when Mr. Church and his interpreter came near, a great company arose out of the grass, hair trimmed and faces painted as if for war.

Mr. Church greeted the Queen. Awashonks rejoined to

[1] These were to be two thirds English, the others to be friendly Indians. The colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut were also to add their respective quotas.

[2] These men had availed of "Plantation Resolves," namely, "Finding our colony not of ability to maintain sufficient garrisons, we judge it safe for inhabitants to repair to the islands, etc."

[3] The place of conference was an occasional resort of Awashonks near by which was, as Dexter informs us, an ancient burial-place. The Queen had engaged to meet Mr. Church, attended by her son Peter, who was her chief captain, and also by Nompash, a noted warrior.

Mr. Church's salutation of "Your Majesty," and said, "I have long desired to see you and know why you did not keep your promise to come again to Sugkonate. Had you done so I would not have gone to Wachusett."[1] Mr. Church apologized by saying he "was prevented by the war breaking out so suddenly; attempting to redeem the promise, I could get no further than Punkatees." The last word caused immediate sensation[2] inducing the suggestion, "It is usual on such occasions as this, for parties to lay aside their arms." Awashonks, with dignity, nodded assent, and inquired of Mr. Church what particular arrangement he proposed. On learning his wish that all hostile weapons be deposited some distance off, her look was at once sufficient intimation to her followers, and, as if by general consent, arms were laid aside.

Now, the threatened tumult quelled, Awashonks signified readiness to "talk of peace." Mr. Church asked, "On what terms will your people break off from their league with Metacomet?" A solemn debate, earnest and exciting, now ensued.

The whole interview was, according to Church's account of it, very characteristic. Sugkonates professed willingness to be allies of the Plymouth Colony, "provided the Plymouth Government will promise that the life of every Indian man, woman, and child, shall be spared, and none shall ever be sold as slaves, or transported from their native soil."

Mr. Church, in behalf of the Government, acceded to these conditions, and expressed "great satisfaction at the prospect of the Sugkonate's return to old friendship." And, all matters being amicably adjusted, the Chief-captain addressed Mr. Church and proffered himself and men. Indians present, generally expressed consent. Mr. Church labored "to assure the Indians that they would find English people true friends."

It is due to the Sugkonates to say that in adhesion to the

[1] Whether Awashonks had been, with Metacomet and other allies, to Wachusett, or otherwise, the interpolation was severe.

[2] An interpreter informed Mr. Church that the remark of the perturbed and almost infuriate Indian was, "That man" (pointing to Church) "killed my brother at Punkatees." It was this remark that caused the murmur in the crowd. Peter, commanding silence, told the multitude they "must forbear to talk of the past." At his command, Indians resumed their seats.

English they always acted in good faith; all expectations raised by them were faithfully fulfilled. It was the testimony of both Mr. Church, and of his biographer in 1716, "The friendship of the Sugkonates is maintained." It was severe to require them to relinquish friendship for their ancient ally and kinsmen. A neutrality should have been sufficient.

It is said that when Metacomet received intelligence of the defection of Awashonks and her people, he was greatly shocked, and from that hour was never known to smile. It was cruel that his former allies must, to save themselves, countenance the destruction of their great and honored chief.

At the suggestion of Mr. Church, Sugkonates agreed to send a delegation to Plymouth, to ratify a treaty. Such was, ostensibly, the object. Of the delegates were prominent, Peter, George, and David, alias Chowahanna.[1]

Mr. Church thinking there would be risk attending an attempt to reach Plymouth by the usual route through the woods, decided it better for the delegation to go by water, via Sandwich. Various obstacles interposed, and the route through the woods was finally taken; and the delegates presented themselves in good time before the council of war.

At the same hour an express came from Major Bradford announcing the arrival of the army at Pocasset. The Sugkonates composing the delegation to Plymouth having departed, Mr. Church, by the guidance of a captured Indian whose mother the Indian reported to be with a companion, in a swamp above Nomquid, took possession of said prisoner's mother and companion. The next day, Mr. Church, marching with the army back to Pocasset, obtained information that a large company of Indians were on a bivouac at Wepoiset, in search of clams. Other provisions failing, a party of more than three hundred, including Sugkonates, Mount Hopes, Narragansetts, and Up Country Indians, had congregated, and were expecting Metacomet to join them.

[1] It may here be noted that the husband of Awashonks, the Pocasset Queen, was Petanumuet, Anglicized Peter Nunnuet. Her own name had also an alias, namely, Weetamoe. The great warrior, Nompash, was at a later date elected at Plymouth to have oversight of Indians at Sippecan.

For some reason, Major Bradford evinced no inclination to order a descent on these Indians, but preferred going to Mount Hope, saying, "Orders must be obeyed." The fires at Wepoiset were noticed by troops in successive boats, arriving from the Island, and who generally supposed themselves ordered to Wepoiset. On reaching the north of the island, they were surprised by the command "Bear away." Mr. Church was chagrined, believing that "by the diversion a grand opportunity was lost."

Mr. Church's thoughts were now turned another way, and obtaining consent of Major Bradford, he went to meet the Sugkonates. Departing for Sandwich July 6, he reported the next morning at Plymouth, where, in an interview with the Governor in presence of Treasurer Southworth, he gave a full account of all that had occurred between himself and Sugkonates. The Governor was pleased; and Church was gratified by finding that all he had promised Awashonks was approved. He was, however, disappointed that nothing could be learned at Plymouth, of the arrival of the Indians ordered by Major Bradford to Sandwich; and that Major Bradford had failed to advise the Government of the disposition made of them.

Mr. Church frankly told the Governor what encouragement he had given to Awashonks; nor did he omit "the fact that he had promised to endeavor to get from his Excellency a commission to lead her people in an effort to head-off Metacomet." The Governor smiled at Mr. Church's modest hint, and replied, "You shall neither lack a commission nor soldiers to constitute, without Sugkonates, a good army."

Transactions between Mr. Church and Awashonks having been frankly and fully communicated, the Governor directed Mr. Church to hasten back to the Queen with a message. Going forthwith, Mr. Church advised her to call in her people and direct them to keep together. He promised to call again with further orders on the morrow. Awashonks was startled. The present posture of affairs was entirely different from what she had expected. She promised to comply as far as possible; but thought it would be difficult to assemble her people on so short notice.

Mr. Church now returned to the Island, and thence to the army which, the next morning, marched upon Sugkonate. Mr. Church was, with an escort, sent to order Awashonks and her people to the English camp. She immediately began her preparations, and, with her tribe generally, was next day at camp.

CHAPTER XXII.

About thirty of the Sugkonates, who accompanied the delegation to Plymouth, had already tendered to the Council a renewal of peace, and promised to sit down in quietness on their lands. When upbraided for having joined Metacomet, their reply was, "We cannot make satisfaction for this, other than by fighting against your enemy. That we promise to do, if our women and children can be secure."[1]

The Council had proposed retaining Peter as hostage. To this he consented. But finally it was ordered that Peter go back and convey consent of Council that "as many as Major Bradford desires may join the army." Other Sugkonates "must give up their arms, and all who have shed English blood must be surrendered. No Sugkonates shall harbor enemies of the colony. On these conditions a place may be assigned for present quarters of Sugkonates."

The army, in its march, falling in with a Pocasset Indian, obtained from him what they conceived to be important information.[2] Mr. Church now tendered to Major Bradford his personal services, on condition that Sugkonates be accepted, agreeably with previous understanding. But Mr. Church was peremptorily advised by Major Bradford that "instructions had been given to accept Mr. Church if he please to serve, but not to accept the Indians."

Immediately after this interview Major Bradford issued orders for Awashonks and her subjects to repair to Sand-

[1] Such was the reply of Chowahanna.

[2] This Indian said he had just come from Pocasset with his mother and several others who were now concealed in a swamp just above Nomquid. He had just slaughtered a cow, and had a quarter on his shoulder and the tongue in his pocket. Continuing on towards Sugkonate, other Indians were seen skulking as if in fear.

wich, and be there within six days. Mr. Church was awakened by the chiefs of the Squaw-Sachem expressing concern and mortification at this result of the confidence reposed in the English. Mr. Church could do nothing to pacify or console them, other than advise, "It is best to obey orders;" and to promise, "If permitted I will meet you in Sandwich."[1] Mr. Church added, "I feel confident that the Governor will commission me to aid you."

Mr. Church was forcibly impressed that Major Bradford had made the unwelcome requisition on the Sugkonates, without authority. Major Bradford, diligent in hastening their departure, had put them in care of one Jack Havens, a procedure humiliating to Indian pride, and seeming to be a poor return for the sacrifices and forbearance of Indians, and the trust which they had reposed in white people.[2]

That Mr. Church brought about the capitulation of Awashonks, cannot be doubted. Mr. Hubbard says, "The Squaw-Sachem of the Sugkonates and her people surrendered themselves to Major Bradford; so about one hundred and ten were killed and taken by composition that day." Cotton Mather says, "Major Bradford was the Œdipus by whom this sphinx was conquered." Such characteristic remarks are singular evidences of a feeling of rivalry. The narratives of Hubbard and Church ofttimes differ; and Mather sometimes favors Hubbard's views with apparent inclination to disparage Church. We are thus led to doubt the impartiality of the narrators. Justice requires us to say, however, that Church never disparages either civil or military officials. The unpardonable fault of Church was that he was too merciful and never heartily acquiesced in vindictive or unnecessary retaliation upon conquered foes.

[1] The place to which the Indians were ordered is the isthmus of the peninsula of Cape Cod, and is situated between Plymouth and Wareham on the one side, and Falmouth and Barnstable on the other.

[2] Jack was a subject of a Sagamore at Saconet. Subsequently, Jack proved himself faithful to the English, as we learn from Court record. But, although holding a flag of truce, he was not in favor with either Awashonks or her people.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Always prompt in pursuit of his designs, Mr. Church, after his interview with the Governor, ventured to intimate the time for fulfilling of his appointment to meet the Sugkonates had arrived, and that it was his wish to go at once to Sandwich. The Governor inquired, "How many men do you wish to accompany you?" The answer was, "Only five or six, with an order from your Excellency to obtain, if found necessary, more at Sandwich." Attendants quickly volunteered, conspicuous among whom were Mr. Nathaniel Southworth and Mr. Jabez Howland. With a few other volunteers Mr. Church proceeded to Sandwich.

Great was the disappointment of Mr. Church and friends, when, on arriving at Sandwich, it was learned that the Sugkonates were not there. Next morning, refreshed by a sleep, Mr. Church took with him sixteen or eighteen men, and began to explore the shores and waters, ranging from the Massapee territory and ancient Pokeeste,[1] around by Monimet and the Head of the Bay,[2] to Agawam.[3] At this last place, a part of Mr. Church's company became discouraged, abandoned pursuit, and returned to Sandwich. Others concluded to keep on. Mr. Howland tired when the company reached Sippecan; and remained there with a few others, "to form a reserve." The remaining party "crossed another

[1] The ancient Pokeeste was part of Sandwich. It was, at a later period, pronounced Pocasset. Its orthoepy is not such as to confound it with the Pocasset which was the chief seat of the Queen of the Sugkonates.

[2] Buzzard's Bay, whose entrance has Seconet Point and Rocks west, and the Sow-and-Pigs off the southwest end of Cuttahunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands, on the east.

[3] Now a part of East Wareham.

river, which opened to a great bay." [1] From the mouth of this river was a view of shores and extensive flats.[2] Passing on thence, Mr. Church and party heard, in direction of the shores below them and in the rear of the travelled route, a confused noise, as if the tumult of many people. Listening intently, and quickly dismounting, they crept among thick underbrush to the brink of a bank overlooking the shore. Great was their surprise at beholding a vast concourse of Indians of all ages and both sexes. Some were playing at foot-ball; some digging for clams, or picking up quahaugs or periwinkles; some wading and fishing; all of that great multitude were intent, every one busy. A few individuals, here and there, were simply reclining on dry sea-weed or among beach-grass, engaged in conversation.

Mr. Church and party were agreeably astonished, and, at first, were a few moments held in mute wonder. Conferring, with bated breath, they concluded to hail the Indians. A hallo was immediately answered. Calling again, two noble-looking young Indians came riding around the embankment at full speed. Before they were satisfied that the call was not that of English people, they were amazed by finding themselves confronting armed white men. In the act of turning, one Indian who belonged hereabout was recognized by an attendant of Mr. Church, cried "don't be afraid, I am Charles Hammond." The mounted Indians instantly came near, speaking English, and informing Mr. Church that the people on the shores adjoining were chiefly Awashonk's people under the escort of Jack Havens.

Jack being summoned, news of the arrival of Mr. Church spread rapidly; and many Sugkonates, with animated faces, came quickly, riding. They were all armed, but showed great deference to Mr. Church. Jack was made bearer of compliments to Awashonks informing her that Mr. Church,

[1] Now called Marion.

[2] This river was probably Mill Creek. The sands and extensive flats, Mr. Dexter supposes, were either between Aucoot Cove and Angelica Point, or between the latter and Ned's Point in Mattapoisett. Now impossible to certify the exact location. Persons familiar with that region of country, tell us that "Soon after passing Mill Creek, there opens to view a part of Charles' Neck and also a part of Great Neck, exposing an extensive coast."

with a few friends, proposed to dine with her in the evening. Shortly after, the Queen and suite presented themselves in the distance, and the shores resounded with shouts of wild enthusiasm.

Presently, young people were seen hasting to and from woods, conveying combustibles to the vicinity of a capacious shelter that had been improvised for the newly arrived visitors.

The feast prepared for Mr. Church and friends, was ere long in readiness, and a grand repast it seemed to the half-famished men to be. If our description of it be brief and unsatisfactory, let the excuse be that the entertainment was a development of Indian life to which the writer is unused. Presenting, in fact, the very earliest authentic account of a New England picnic (call it what the reader pleases, — picnic or clam-bake), its menu was magnificent. Though an Indian feast, it was, notwithstanding the absence of dainties usually at the command of civilization, an entertainment worthy of the royal hostess. The dinner, served on wooden trenchers, consisted of only three dishes, namely, a bass boiled, a fine tautog barbecued, and baked clams.[1] That, however, which gave zest and chief importance to it was the post-prandial.

After dinner, all Indians, old and young, gathered near the pile of pine knots and dried limbs.

These being conflagrated, preliminaries, arranged seemingly by instinct, three circles were formed, — the first consisting of the Queen and guests and aged subjects; the next, of braves; and the outer, of the promiscuous.

The chief captain's duty was to begin the weighty business of the evening. Stepping forward, holding in one hand a spear and in the other a hatchet, he danced gayly before the fire. Continuing the dance, he called, one after another, the names of hostile tribes; and, at the several mention, he seized

[1] The bill of fare might, doubtless, had the hostess ordered and had time permitted, have been enlarged. Fried flounders, broiled eels, nicely prepared roes of fishes, oysters and other shell-fish variously served, choice and tender ears of green corn, and all accessories for which women's tact in culinary preparations is proverbial, might have swollen the list, advertising a feast in honor of representatives of the Plymouth Government.

from the flames a brand, which was the representative of an enemy, and fought it furiously and stamped on it, until extinguished, and then turned to the Queen and Mr. Church and bowed, resuming his place in the circle. The pantomime was repeated, each brave in turn stepping forth, until all hostiles had severally been subdued. After each successive scene in the drama, the actor stuck his weapons in the ground. The warriors became, in this way, pledged.

At the conclusion of ceremonies, Awashonks informed Mr. Church that her men were ready for service.[1] Mr. Church, with becoming formality, accepted the proffered aid.

The next morning Mr. Church drew forth a competent number of these braves, and proceeded with them to Plymouth.[2] That same night he set out on his first expedition as captain.

Reaching Middleboro', Captain Church gained information inducing belief that Wampanoags and Narragansetts were in swamps near by. The fruitful waters of Middleboro' and its game, made that place a favorite resort for Indians. Captain Church's scouts soon discovered the enemy's fires; and their encampments were surrounded and captured.

Hastening to Plymouth, "Captain Church disposed of all his prisoners except one Jeffrey, who, being remarkably intelligent, was promised exemption from foreign slavery on condition of his proving true as a guide and informer."

Captain Church now became urged by fresh incentives. "Government proposed and guaranteed to Indian soldiers one half of all prisoners captured, the captain and English soldiers to retain the other half." Success "now so attended the company that they invariably returned from excursions with a goodly number of prisoners. They never failed to pick up at least a few straggling Indians."[3]

It may be an act of justice to Captain Church to make

[1] The preceding formalities were the Indian way of volunteering.

[2] The Queen, on Mr. Church's departure, presented him with a fire-lock; "an act which Mr. Church regarded as a special civility."

[3] Rev. Mr. Walley of Barnstable, wrote, "July 18, 1676, I am glad of the success of Ben. Church. It is the good fruit of Indians coming in; those who come in are conquered, and will help to conquer others."

record of the fact that it has been claimed for him that "his individual voice was against slavery."[1]

[1] Captain Church's plan and its performance was merciful in comparison with previous details. "Live prisoners" was now the inducement. The justice or propriety of the outlawry of Indians is a thing to be conjectured. It is equally difficult to determine on what principle the numerous captives made slaves were "evidence of Heaven's approval."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Major Bradford and the army being still at Taunton and destitute of provisions, supplies were sent from Plymouth in care of Captain Church; who, on arriving at Nemasket,[1] discovered a company of Indians and captured sixteen. From them he learned that Tispaquin was, with a numerous company, encamped at Asawomsit.[2] Apprehensive that these Indians might intercept the teams conveying supplies for the army, he hastened to dispatch all prisoners to Plymouth by returning teams, taking for himself another route.

The supplies sent by Church were safely delivered. It may be inferred that no cordially friendly relations subsisted between Captain Church and Major Bradford. The company commanded by Captain Church rested part of the night, but, early in the morning, espying Indians afar off reconnoitering tracks made the previous night by Captain Church's horses, he sent out scouts which, following Indian tracks, came into a small party of Indians, whom they captured. The prisoners were found to be Sugkonates, namely, Little Eyes, his family, and near kin, who, when Awashonks first made peace with the English, separated from her.[3]

Among Captain Church's friendly Indians, was Lightfoot,[4] one of the volunteers from Mattapoisett, and cousin to Little

[1] Nemasket was near Raynham.

[2] Tispaquin was a famous chief; his territory surrounding Lakeville and lying about the Great Ponds.

[3] Because they were unwilling to forgive the injuries done by the English.

[4] Lightfoot ever proved himself a faithful servant. As to Little Eyes, his feeling may be perceived in the fact that when he and family were brought in, friendly Indians asked Captain Church, "Is not this he who would have killed you at Awashonk's dance?" The answer of Captain Church was, "It is not our fashion to take revenge." The accused were, however, ordered to Palmer's Island, for safe keeping.

Eyes. Captain Church directed Lightfoot to accompany the Sugkonates.

Returning to the river side and proceeding to Poneganset, Captain Church and company crept under a hedge and passed the night, watching in stillness. At break of day they saw evident signs of Indians having been there the day previous ;[1] and not long gone.[2] Following the tracks, Captain Church came to the country-road, where it was evident the Indians had separated, a part going in direction of the Great Cedar Swamp. "Captain Church now reminded his friendly Indians that the English people at Plymouth had, in derogation of their efficiency, asserted that Indian soldiers are worthless." He wished now "to give opportunity to prove what Indians can do. As the track here divided, Indians might take choice of tracks, and he and English soldiers would, in equal numbers, follow the other track." Indians gallantly said, "We are light and able to travel, and will take the west track because more difficult and probably farthest."

Captain Church and the English soldiers pursuing the east track soon came where a company had entered a miry swamp. A whistle was heard from a soldier in the rear, who, with smothered voice and pointing towards an opening, said "Look!" A multitudinous company, chiefly women and children, were there picking berries. Captain Church beckoned to a soldier well acquainted with the locality and Indian language, and detailed yet another, and directed them to follow at short distances. Then entering he discovered among the company in the swamp an aged woman who had long ago owned a house and planted an orchard in contiguity with his own residence. This woman and her husband had always been peaceable and inoffensive, but had been driven away by the covetousness of white neighbors. Captain Church had always regarded the expulsion of these persons as cruel and unjust; he now thought it providential, for the old woman immediately recognized Captain Church, and, with

[1] This was at Russel's Orchard, where they had beaten down and carried off apples. They had also killed swine near by, and had lodged there in the lea of a stone wall.

[2] The dew disclosed their tracks.

both her hands uplifted and in ecstasy of delight, ran to him. Her presence was fortunate, for by her Captain Church was warned that his forces were entirely inadequate to cope with Indians near by, some of whom, she informed Mr. Church, were Wampanoags, and others, Narragansetts. She also told Captain Church that Metacomet was in a Cedar Swamp about two miles off, with many Indians.

When Captain Church's whole company came together that night, it "was ascertained that the two parties had been about equally successful: Indians had killed three of the enemy and brought in sixty-three prisoners; having had the fortune to encounter more men than the English, and capture more arms." The Indian soldiers told Captain Church that by dividing his men "he had lost a grand opportunity; they had encountered a great rendezvous of the enemy." [1]

That night, as afterwards ascertained, a large body of Indians were at Asawompset Neck, awaiting Captain Church's return.[2] He reached Plymouth the next day, via Sippecan. No slaver was ever more successful in obtaining prisoners.[3]

[1] It was Tyask's town. Captain Tyask, Indians said, was "the next man to Metacomet." The Indian soldiers fired on his rendezvous and then ran in with a shout, upon its occupants whilst yet unconscious of danger. Tyask's people showed no fight, but left their guns and hasted away with their women and children. Among prisoners taken were the wife and son of Captain Tyask.

[2] It was a common remark of Indians whose custom was never to move in a solid body, that "the English keep in a heap, and it is as easy to hit them as to hit a barn." Captain Church had learned much from Indians.

[3] Captain Church was doubtless indebted for success, in some degree, to the army of the United Colonies. Their presence abroad determined Indians in remote parts to resort to the country around Taunton; and thus Captain Church's duties lay near localities with which he was familiar. Another advantage enjoyed by Captain Church was his peculiar manner of marching his soldiers; their ranks were never close. His forces seemed, therefore, to be more numerous than they really were. Moreover, his policy in regard to prisoners was peculiar. He selected such as he thought would make good soldiers, and promised, "If you will enlist in our cause, and behave well, you shall neither be put to death nor sold as slaves. You shall be otherwise favored if you fight well." If some prisoners appeared at first surly, Captain Church would seem not to notice it, but, with a pat on the shoulder, would say pleasantly, "Come now, the Indians who are now my best soldiers were, a little while ago, as sullen as you now appear. By the time you come to know me, you will like me, and will be as good soldiers as are the best."

CHAPTER XXV.

ALTHOUGH it could not be said that the confederate army were of late remarkably active, Connecticut troops were not inefficient. Before the month of April had closed, they had killed seventy-six Indians, several of whom were chiefs. They had also made great havoc of the enemy's stores. A party under Captain Dennison struck finally a heavy blow by capturing the leading Sachem of the Narragansetts.

Canonchet was a mighty man, and more than others the reliance of his tribe. Come on a pacific errand, expressly to secure seed-corn for his people to plant, he had arrived near the Pawtucket River; when, thinking himself secure in his tent, and whilst in the act of relating to old friends former incidents and exploits, he was surprised. Attempting flight by crossing the river, a misstep brought his gun under water and further progress retarded. A Pequot, serving in Connecticut ranks, ran for his capture. The Pequot was swift of foot. Canonchet, although brave and of great muscular strength, saw that at present he was powerless. Without a word he sat down, a prisoner. The Pequot still standing over him, an officer came and seized him. Others quickly gathered around. No answers were made to demands or inquiries; but Canonchet attempted in broken English, and with a pitiful look at his interrogators, to say scornfully, "You no understand. You too much child. Let your Captain come; he understand matters of war."

Nothing could save the great chieftain. He must be destroyed. In truth all Narragansetts must be exterminated. Canonchet was, indeed, offered life; but it was only on condition that he would place his shattered tribe at the disposal of his captors. At such proposal he was, of course, indig-

nant.[1] The terms were not simply rejected, but when told that he must die he replied, "I like it well." It is said that "he wished to die soon before his heart became soft or he should utter a word unworthy of himself." [2]

Canonchet was publicly shot at Stonington. The dignity of his fall wrung involuntary admiration from every one. A historian of obliquity, touching the rights of Indians, has said: "By a Pythagorean metempsychosis some old Roman ghost possessed Canonchet's body, like an Attilius Regulus." [3]

There is discrepancy in contemporaneous accounts of the manner of Canonchet's execution.[4] If nothing more could be adduced in his favor, his valiant and persistent effort, after the great swamp-fight, to rally his broken band of warriors, was worthy of a mind which could maintain its fortitude in the midst of terrible reverses.

The unbending pride and lofty spirit of the red man is proverbial. When the Gauls laid siege to the city of Rome, senators put on their robes and, with stern tranquillity, seated in the curule, awaited death without supplication or resistance. It was noble and magnanimous in Romans; but hapless Indians were only "sullen dogs who would in self-will-

[1] Canonchet was son of the noble and unfortunate Miantonimo. Although at all times avoiding any appearance of hostile designs, he was ally of Metacomet and had extended hospitality to Wampanoag women and children. He was, therefore, of course, "heir to all his father's pride and insolence."

[2] The Sachem, when taunted with having formerly boasted that he would not deliver to the English so much as the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, turned coldly away with dignified intimation that he would "hear no more."

[3] We are compelled to add, "The same historian, notwithstanding a reputation for preëminent piety, bestows upon the noble victim the chaste epithet "damned wretch."

[4] Mather says: "It was deemed prudent to cut off his head, using friendly Indians as executioners that so the alienation between them and the wretches in hostility against us may be more incurable." A historian, having credit for piety, has told us in regard to the swamp-fight, "Our soldiers were determined, by God's assistance, to make a final destruction of them. All were dispatched in the course of an hour." The same historian qualifies his report by saying, "A few escaped and took refuge in a swamp. Burning with indignation and sullen with despair, their hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe, they refused to ask for life, preferring death to submission." He says further, "At night they were surrounded and plied with shot, by which many were killed and buried in mire. By aid of a fog, some few escaped, but were found sitting in heaps close together, upon whom soldiers charged pieces loaded with many bullets at a time, pointing the muzzles of guns within a few yards of them."

edness sit still in their places rather than implore mercy" which would have been asked in vain.

The succeeding autumn, the Connecticut forces had "killed or captured three hundred Indians and obtained fifty muskets." Such exploits were "repeated until all the Narragansetts were driven out."

"The regular army under Major Talcott marched upon the Nipmucks, in June, and killed or captured fifty-two." It also, "the same month, dispersed seven hundred Indians who had besieged Hadley;" and, "on its return, surrounded the main body in a cedar-swamp, among whom was Magnus, an aged Queen of the Narragansetts; and one hundred and seventy others." This army "also captured or killed sixty-seven Indians, near Providence, and, on its way back to Connecticut, killed or captured sixty."

It has been affirmed that Indians early exhibited feelings hostile to the colonists. To confirm the accusation, reference has often been made to the story about a bundle of arrows tied together by a snake skin. The arrows were alleged to be "a present from Canonicus when commanding five thousand fighting men." Whether the story were a fiction, or otherwise, and whether its interpretation was right or not, the tale was kept prominently in mind. That the Narragansetts spared, when they could, if they would, have destroyed, is a fact which has not been so assiduously kept in view.[1]

If led in this part of our narrative to advert to a few items that have recently attracted our eye, and which it may be thought, have no immediate connection with any distinct topics which make up our narrative, the digression may be pardoned, since without it matters of interest might be overlooked.[2]

[1] It is probably remembered that when Roger Williams sought a quiet and peaceful retreat, Narragansetts entertained him humanely and Canonicus made valuable presents to him and associates. Colonists, however, never forgot that Indians were holders of a reduced patrimony. It was scarcely imagined in those days that Washington County, R. I., would, in future time, become so valuable a possession, — the seat of thrifty manufacture.

[2] The remarks which follow are, perhaps, a deviation from the main subject. They refer particularly to Nantucket Indians. Nantucket is doubtless the island that was called by ancient voyagers Nauticon. The *Magazine of American History*, June, 1878, contains a translation from *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Américain*,

An express arrived at Marshfield, July 30, announcing that a great body of Indians were supposed to be preparing to attack towns in vicinity of Taunton. Captain Church being in Plymouth, the Governor hastened thither rallying men by the way. Captain Church was called out of meeting and requested to muster quickly all the men who could be persuaded to accompany him to the expected seat of war. Captain Church moved briskly, but, finding no bread in the storehouse, was under the necessity of running from door to door to procure provisions. Soon ready for the march, Captain Church took thirty English and twenty Indian soldiers, and made his way for Taunton River near Bridgewater. It was supposed the enemy would cross at Bridgewater. Distant firing was by and by heard; and going into town, Captain Church learned that Metacomet, finding pursuit too hot, de-

Paris, 1787. A letter from "St. John de Crève Cœur," dated Nantucket, 10 September, 1772, comments on the native inhabitants of Nantucket before the arrival of Europeans. Monsieur Cœur says, "History does not inform us from which particular nation the inhabitants came. Probably they had originated at a distant period from the coast of Hyannes on the grand Peninsula which is only twenty-seven miles distant." Monsieur Cœur tells that "these Indians became divided into parties who waged war against each other. An expedient which ended the strife and prevented entire destruction a few years before the arrival of Europeans, was an agreement that a line of demarkation north and south divide the island into equal parts, each party engaging not to kill any of the other except the other cross the line. The memory of this agreement was kept, and after it Indians were peaceful and multiplied greatly until Europeans introduced the small-pox among them, which with brandy diminished the Indians from one end of the continent to the other."

He tells that "A few years since, Indians returning in three great canoes from Niagara where they had been on a trading expedition, were attacked by small-pox, at the long point of Lake Erie, and all perished. Their dead bodies, canoes, and goods were found by European travellers some time later. The Indians' dogs were surviving."

Jedidiah Morse tells us in his *Gazetteer*, that "in 1659 Nantucket had nearly 3,000 Indians." He also says that "in 1764 they had become reduced to about 20."

The extracts from Monsieur Cœur were doubtless meant to be a true exhibit, but, like some other historical statements, are to be received cautiously, as only traditive. In the *History of Cape Cod*, vol. ii., pp. 176, 177, traditional reminiscences touching Nantucket are mentioned. The statements of Monsieur Cœur ought perhaps to be classed with the story of "the bird of monstrous size" which was in the "habit of carrying off pappooses from the southern shores of the Cape," and with the tradition respecting the "Indian Giant Maushop" and his "smoke."

signed returning to the up-country; and, with such intent, had reached the river and met a reverse. Akkompion, Metacomet's aged uncle, and other braves had, whilst attempting to pass over an improvised bridge, been slain.[1]

Captain Church moved on next morning, with augmented force; and coming, presently, near the tree where Akkompion had been killed; and, as if by strange instinct, reconnoitering, though not expecting to find any Indian there, he and others saw, sitting on the opposite bank of the river, an Indian. He sat on the stump of the fallen tree. It was Metacomet![2]

As soon as possible Captain Church and party crossed the river in eager pursuit. Metacomet was not to be found.[3] Tracks indicated that he and companions had scattered and fled. Search was made all day for them in vain, except that some women and children were captured, among whom was Wootonekamuska, the wife of Metacomet, and their only son about nine years old.

The events of the preceding evening had probably retarded the movements of Metacomet and his train. Possibly he had not been advised of all that had occurred. Or, it may be, he had seated himself on the stump, indulging in melancholy induced by thoughts of passing for the last time the bounds of his ancestral dominions. Unhappy Metacomet, the fates seem against him. Disaster follows disaster. Hemmed in by enemies if he remain at home; assured that his foes are determined on his death, he would exile himself once more,

[1] Metacomet had caused a tree to be felled across the river to serve as a bridge for himself and company. This, doubtless, had given rise to the report that up-country Indians were coming east. The train of Metacomet, coming to the river, had been fired upon by Bridgewater men lying in ambuscade. Judge Mitchell's history mentions the adventure and says, "Seventeen Indians were captured and much plunder."

The name Akkompion has sometimes been written Uncompon; and is the same among the signatures to the treaty, August 6, 1662.

[2] The company crept under cover of prostrate boughs, and Captain Church was in the act of raising his gun to fire when one of his own Indians quickly said, "Don't fire, it is one of our men." At this, the Indian on the stump slipped down the bank and escaped.

[3] Hubbard relates that "the Sachem had disguised himself by cutting his hair. Hubbard had, perhaps, authority for the statement. It was not strange if it were felt to be expedient to resort to stratagem, hunted as Metacomet was incessantly by foes intent on his life.

but where can he hope to find repose? The big-hearted Sachem who in the depths of misfortune would have struck to the earth even a chosen friend who dared to hint surrender, preferred to wander from thicket to thicket and from swamp to swamp, if peradventure some way might yet open for the redemption of his race. He bore up bravely under all until now.

Hearing of the capture of his wife and son, Metacomet sat down in anguish, and from quivering lips came forth the expressive words, "My heart breaks: now I am ready to die."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE colonists and troops pursuing Metacomet, saw a broad track along the river, indicating that large numbers had trailed in that direction. Closely questioning prisoners, the fact was disclosed that whilst Metacomet was aiming once more to gain the interior, Quinappin was drawing off her people from the interior, to gain a settlement in Narragansett.

Captain Church, leaving a part of his soldiers to secure his prisoners and perchance pick up other straggling Indians, hastened on in the principal track of the retreating. Coming soon to the end of the track, he found that the Indians had crossed the river. The track was, however, found on the other side and followed about a mile. Not overtaking the Indians, he thought it expedient to return to the company left behind. He gave permission to friendly Indians to continue the pursuit, Lightfoot, to whom was applied the sobriquet Captain, being permitted to lead. Early the next day, Lightfoot's Indians came to Church, and reported numbers of the enemy killed and thirteen captured. Lightfoot's soldiers were proud of their achievement, and rejoiced especially at having avenged the death of Tockamone, a brother of Awashonks.[1]

Captain Church now sent all his prisoners forward to Bridgewater, and discovering other tracks connecting with places where fires had recently been kindled to roast meats, continued his pursuits. Indians lately captured and received as soldiers, were placed in van with orders. They soon overtook many women, children, and aged men, sick and faint, or weary, and unable to keep up with those who preceded. All whom these Indian soldiers intercepted were claimed as pris-

[1] This Indian was probably the Saconet Sachem who signed, with Philip, the treaty of Plymouth, November 3, 1671.

oners of war, and directed to keep quiet and be submissive; to which they were easily persuaded, for they found themselves among old acquaintances. Before sundown it was discovered that the entire remaining body of the enemy was just ahead. Indian soldiers were instructed to "dog them, watching their motions until dark." Almost immediately the body came to a halt, and were seen making fires and other preparations for the night's encampment. Captain Church and men arranged themselves in a circle with the prisoners in the centre, and all sat down in silence. Waiting thus until daylight, two men were selected to reconnoiter the enemy's position. It so happened that, according to custom, Indians sent out a scout at the same hour to their own track of the previous day. Seeing the reconnoiterers, the scout turned instantly and fled to camp, whereupon the whole mass of the enemy scattered into the swamp, leaving meats roasting and kettles hanging over fires. The swamp was quickly surrounded by the English troops; but no sooner had Captain Church and party reached position on the side opposite to where the enemy had entered, than Indians, well armed, were emerging.[1] Metacomet, Tispaquin, Totoson, and other chiefs, were still on the side of the swamp first entered, and waited there expecting that the English would follow in their tracks, and intending, so soon as the aged and feeble should pass through and escape, to give the English party a warm reception. Huddled together in a ravine were great numbers of the Indians, aged and infirm. Skirmishes between able-bodied Indians and the English ensued, and several of the Indians' braves were killed, as were also Plymouth volunteers.[2]

The troops had by this time become "destitute of provisions, except what they had taken from the enemy," and therefore "hasted to Bridgewater, taking the prisoners."[3] It

[1] Captain Church called to the Indians to surrender, and promised good quarters. Some Indians stood mute as if astonished, and some permitted themselves to be disarmed.

[2] Accounts differ in estimates of killed and wounded; but reports say "the whole number of the Indians killed or captured was 173." "Thomas Lucas, a Plymouth man, was killed."

[3] These prisoners were "placed in the cattle-pound, and had Indian soldiers to guard them." Captain Church says, "They were well fed and had a merry night

seemed to be the opinion of prisoners that Metacomet was dispirited; and "colonists became confident that they would soon have his head."

Thegreat English army, so called, was "still at Taunton; and Major Talcott, with Connecticut forces, was active in hastening the destruction of the enemy."[1]

About this time Weetamoe, *alias* Awashonks, the Squaw-Sachem, or Great Queen of Pocasset, and near kinswoman to Metacomet, ceased to be. Her death probably occurred near Swansey, August 6. A company of soldiers, led by a renegade, invaded her quarters. Fallen upon unexpectedly, about twenty-six of her people were captured. She herself escaped, but only to die in some unexplained way. Some have it that "she was drowned in the act of attempting escape, perhaps in endeavoring to swim the river; perhaps in trying to pass over on a frail raft." Her lifeless body was found at Swansey Neck, only one week before the fall of Metacomet.[2]

of it, not having fared so well for a long time." They were not without a bountiful supply of strong water, after imbibing which "they laughed as loud as any of our soldiers." It may here be noted as a reminder that, with all other wrongs suffered by Indians, their chief enemy was that which now soon destroyed their manhood, and eventually almost cursed their existence. It will be seen by Old Colony Laws, that the General Court was accustomed to license the sale of intoxcating liquors to Indians. By this practice their doom, their decay was sealed. Tribes farthest removed from the white man's settlements best preserved their integrity.

[1] He killed or captured many in the Narragansett country; and, returning to Connecticut, July 5, recruited his forces and, "taking station at Westfield, fell with much success on Indians flying westward."

[2] The body was found "stark naked;" perhaps just as it floated ashore. But of this and attendant circumstances there is doubt. Hubbard says, "She was found in this condition not far from the water-side, which made some think she had been half-drowned and was exhausted by starvation." The exposure in nudity, would, could she have foreseen it, have shocked her sensitiveness and modesty. The thought of it would have been worse than death itself.

Mr. Drake says, "This proud Queen of Pocasset was, before the war, possessed of large and valuable possessions. She became wife of Quinnapin, who at the siege of Lancaster became possessed of Mrs. Rownaldson as his prisoner. Mrs. Rownaldson says of her, "A proud and severe dame she was, bestowing each day in dressing, nearly as much time as any of the gentry of the land, — powdering her hair and painting her face, going with her necklaces, jewels in her ears, and bracelets on her hands. When she had dressed herself her work was to make girdles of wampum and beads."

Judge Davis, whose place of nativity was Plymouth, cites a poem written on occasion of Weetamoe's death, and says, "The poet has judiciously abstained

"Captain Church and his soldiers carried all their prisoners to Plymouth, where the company disbanded." There was, however, no more rest for Captain Church or his soldiers, than for the hunted Indians. In a day or two their services were again in requisition. "Large numbers of the enemy," were reported as being in Dartmouth. So Captain Church with his Indian soldiers, and as many volunteers as could be had, "took again to the woods." They had the fortune soon to make many captures, and an examination of prisoners revealed the fact that Totoson lay concealed near by.[1] Therefore, August 8, a descent on Totoson's camp was proposed. Totoson escaped to Agawam, also his son, aged eight years, and one squaw; all others were captured, and among these was the father of Totoson, Sam Barrow.[2] Totoson did not long survive. Becoming dejected, his mighty spirit sank within him. His son also sickened and died. The old squaw who had escaped with them, gathered leaves and bushes and laid on Totoson's grave; this loving offering completed, she hastened away to Sandwich, and she also sickened and died before she had opportunity to show the inhabitants where the dead were buried.

Captain Church had often professed himself weary of the war, but the Governor of Plymouth insisted that he must continue in service. So, calling for volunteers, he marched again, August 11. Going through the woods and crossing the ferry to the island, he received information that Metacomet was once more at Mount Hope. It would seem that (to use the language of another), "after all his wanderings, Metacomet had, like a wild deer, returned to his native spot to die." It

from presenting the shocking exhibition which history records: her head severed and exposed upon a pole at Taunton." Judge Davis further says, "We cannot peruse without humiliation and disgust the unfeeling sarcasms with which a reverend cotemporary historian relates the occurrence and describes the lamentations of the prisoners when, gazing on the appalling spectacle, they recognized the countenance of their Queen.

[1] Totoson was one of the Sachems who signed the treaty of 1675. He was regarded as of great shrewdness and valor.

[2] When Sam was informed that no quarter would be allowed him, he asks the special favor of a single whiff of tobacco. The request being granted, he said, "I am ready;" and an executioner by one blow buried the hatchet in Totoson's father's brains.

is more than probable that his death would, without further annoyance by enemies, have been an early event. That Totoson died of grief on account of the destruction of his family, and loss of heritage, there is no doubt.

An Indian just from Metacomet's camp, reported that in consequence of the Sachem's irritation at a suggestion by one of his friends, of the expediency of peace, he had fled. Captain Church was now in high spirits. Guided by an Indian renegade, he marched for the place which had been described: "a little spot of upland at the south-end of a mirey swamp just at the foot of Mount Hope."[1] The ground was well understood by many of Captain Church's companions.

By the time the swamp was reached, night was far spent. To Captain Golding, of Connecticut, was assigned the work of beating-up Metacomet's headquarters. Guided by the Indian who had fled from camp; intreated to be careful in approach, and instructed not to show themselves to the enemy until daylight should enable them to distinguish friends from foes; by and by, as they crept silently along, a ball was heard whistling over head, and was supposed to come from Metacomet's sentry.

A return fire upon the enemy's shelter aroused the Indians, who in an instant took to the swamp.[2] Foremost among them was Metacomet. He had started at the first report of guns, had thrown aside his powder-horn, seized his gun, and, without other clothing than stockings and drawers,[3] ran directly on two of the left-wing ambush — an Indian and a Englishman, who let him come within fair shot. The gun of the Englishman missed fire; the Indian ambuscader blazed away with effect,[4] and put a bullet through Metacomet's heart

[1] The shelter was open only on the side opposite an ambuscade set near the swamp. The shelter was so constructed as to be convenient for flight.

[2] The Indians were generally asleep when firing began.

[3] Church has it "small breeches."

[4] Hubbard tells, "The Englishman's gun would not fire, but the Indian having an old musket with a large touch-hole, it took fire more readily. The morning was wet and rainy." We do not intend to intimate that anything professedly "handed down," whether regarding the failure of the one gun, the veritable lock and gun of the Indian, or other alleged relics or traditions, is to be classed among things to be received as undoubted, or otherwise; nor would we question the identity of the Indian who killed Metacomet; but it is remarkable, nevertheless, that both early and later writers fail to agree on these subjects.

and lodged another in his body about two inches below. The Great Sachem fell in mud and water, his face to the ground and his gun under him. As respects the spot where Metacomet fell, there is general agreement.[1] The Indian who shot Metacomet ran directly to Captain Church to acquaint him with the fact; but was commanded to keep silent about it until the swamp could be driven through. It was found that the enemy had, generally, escaped by a part of the swamp not ambushed. The whole company of Captain Church were then called to the place where "the enemy's shelter" had been, and the event of the morning was announced to them all.

The escaped Indians perceived, by this time, that they were way-laid on the east side of the swamp; all started off at once in an opposite direction, one of them, "a great surly old fellow, crying out lustily, 'Totash! Totash!'" which exhortation was interpreted by Peter, the Sugkonate, "Fight on! Fight on!" Peter said, "That man is Anawon."

How many escaped is a mooted question. It is certain that Anawon, a noted chief and one of Metacomet's old and trusted friends, escaped. There were doubtless others with Metacomet; a few, and probably only a few.[2]

Had the resources of Metacomet been equal to those of his enemies, it were not difficult to predict a different result; and this exterminating war upon Indians might not have been known to the multitudes now inhabiting their native soil. Metacomet's death, August 12, 1676, decided the fate of his race.[3]

[1] Fessenden's Warren states, probably correctly, that "Metacomet was surprised and killed at a little knoll on the southwest side, at the foot of Mount Hope." Dexter says, "The distance of the swamp is not more than two miles from the ferry landing on the Bristol side."

[2] Mather says, "Philip with seven of his men were there." He also says, "Five of his men were killed with him." Hubbard says, "Philip had with him a few of his best friends."

[3] The night preceding his death, he dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of his enemies. Early awake next morning, he was relating to near friends the dream, and, as he reclined on his hand supported by the elbow, was just suggesting that flight was expedient before the unprincipled wretch who had gone from them could betray the position of Sachem and people. The first gun was then heard. Another moment, and those in pursuit were surrounding them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THAT Metacomet was not a Christian need cause no marvel. The exhibition he saw of the spirit of Christianity was not such as was likely to win him to Christ. A filibustering greed pushing its claims by constant aggressions and urging its way by powder and ball as well as fire-water, were not means adapted to "convert, civilize, and ameliorate the condition of Indians of North America." [1]

Whether Metacomet's being antagonist of the English, resulted from native destructiveness, or from provocations and grievous wrongs, readers will judge for themselves.[2]

Metacomet was a man. There are many proofs of his kindly feelings. His influence often averted calamities from entire settlements.[3] Whatever vices he held were at worst

[1] That the treatment which Indians received was a barrier to their acceptance of the Gospel, there is no doubt. It is, moreover, a very serious question how far the impression made in early days on the Indian mind contributed to difficulties which have ever since in some degree existed between the two races. It was early alleged as if conclusive against Indians' capability of Christianism, that at a certain time when Metacomet had heard Mr. Eliot preach and listened attentively until the religious services closed, he approached the good missionary, and taking hold of a button of Mr. Eliot's coat said, "I do not value the Gospel more than that."

[2] Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, of Cambridge, has well remarked, "The death of the Sachem makes in retrospect a very different impression from that it made at the time of its event. It was then considered the extinction of a violent and implacable enemy; it is now viewed as the failure of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman, a mighty prince. It then excited universal joy and congratulation as the prelude to the close of a merciless war; it now awakens sober reflection on the instability of empire, the peculiar destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven."

[3] His friendship for the Browns and Leonards is proverbial. That his sagacious mind was moved to tenderness when he heard of the first shedding of blood is evidence that he deprecated the sundering of the long friendship professed between his father and the English.

those of a native savage. No one can deny that he had also virtues which might have been advantageously copied by many a professed Christian. As a chieftain and politician he had talent. His record is before us.

Of Metacomet's dead body pulled out of the mud, the biographer of Church has told us, "A doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like." It may well be supposed that the Sachem having had no time that morning to arrange his toilet, and having fallen in mire and lain in his own blood, did not present a prepossessing appearance; and no doubt his enemies regarded him as nothing better than a beast. But, beyond contradiction, he was, as has been truly said of him, "The most illustrious savage of North America; and the most powerful enemy that was ever encountered by English settlers. He came near being driven by persecutions to exterminate the entire English settlements from New England."

Captain Church, after Metacomet's body had been exposed sufficiently to satisfy the morbid curiosity of all present, decreed that it remain unburied, and ordered an Indian to behead and quarter it. The Indian, standing with hatchet in hand, apostrophized the body in language which, though shorn of its vulgarity, is not fit to repeat, and performed the work. Metacomet had a hand that had been scarred by the bursting of a pistol: that right hand and the head were given by Church to the apostate who had the credit of making the successful shot. They were carried off as trophies.[1]

The death of the great Sachem, had, it was said, "ended

[1] The Indian who exhibited the valiant right hand, had, somehow imbibed a trait which has been irreverently attributed to Yankees. Many a penny did the show yield him. Rev. I. Mather says, "The head being cut off was carried to Plymouth; his hands were brought to Boston." Niles tells that "Metacomet was cut in quarters which were hanged on tops of trees by the highway." Rev. C. Mather is more luxuriant, and says, "The Indian shot him through his venemous and murderous heart, and this Agag was cut in quarters which were hanged up, while his head was carried to Plymouth, where it arrived on the very day the church was keeping solemn thanksgiving. God sent them in the head of a leviathan for a thanksgiving feast." Felt and others tell us, "The head was placed on a pole, where it remained many years." Cotton Mather writes, that "upon a certain occasion, I myself took off the jaw from the exposed skull of the blasphemous leviathan." Rev. Increase Mather luxuriates by saying, "Thus did God break the head of that leviathan, and give it to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness."

the war." But the finale was not yet. "Man's inhumanity to man" is a story not to be exhausted yet. There came an express from Rehoboth, August 19, saying that "Anawon, Metacomet's chief Captain, is ranging about the woods, with other Indians, and their presence is a great annoyance to the good people of Rehoboth and Swansey." Captain Church was sent for again.

Captain Church urged government to undertake another expedition. The niggardly compensation for previous services, was, with the pecuniary inducement offered, insufficient.[1] However, Church determined to "hunt so long as an Indian remained in the woods." Some "old soldiers were persuaded to enlist to visit Anawon's haunts." Ranging through the woods as far as Pocasset, an express reached them on Lord's day morning, August 20, stating that early that morning a canoe had passed from Prudence Island[2] to Poppasquash Neck.[3] Captain Church thinking he might gain intelligence of "more game," made haste to surprise and capture all passers. "The ferry-boat gone, he employed canoes, and he with sixteen others were carried over. The wind became violent, so that canoes could not be of use, and the company were separated. Captain Church concluded to visit the Neck, with the small number of Indians who alone remained; possibly he might catch some of the enemy."

By and by Captain Church heard a gun, and a scout was sent out accompanied by an Indian just captured. This Indian was conversant with the Neck and also knew how to call Indians.[4] Ten Indians were captured who, it was ascertained, were Anawon's associates. They confessed that their families were in a contiguous swamp. They also expressed opinion that it would be difficult for any one to find Anawon, inasmuch as his policy was "never to roost twice in the same place."

It was questionable whether to pay him a visit. He had

[1] The only reward to soldiers had been a premium of thirty shillings per capita for killed or captured. For Metacomet's head the same reward was given.

[2] In Narragansett Bay.

[3] West side of Bristol.

[4] The "call" was a secret signal or noise, agreed upon for the time being, well understood by all in sympathy.

the reputation of being a great warrior, and proved himself valiant as long as Massasoit lived. Captain Church was aware of Anawon's skill in warfare, and of his unbending resolution. It was also well understood that some of Metacomet's best soldiers were with Anawon, and that he had repeatedly declared he would never be taken alive.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

An Indian captive was requested by Captain Church to lead the way to Anawon's abode. He was also invited to take a gun, and fight for the English. The Indian bowed low; but entreated that no such hardship be imposed, "Pardon me from taking up arms against my old friends."

A prisoner brought in the day previous requested permission to bring in his aged father from a swamp about four miles off; his father had one squaw only with him. This, with numerous instances of reverence and affection, permits no doubt that Indians, children of nature, possessed all the finest feelings that adorn humanity.

An old Indian was guide. But he travelled so swiftly that he kept ahead and almost out of sight. Whenever, looking over his shoulder, he saw that Captain Church and company were far behind, he would slacken pace until they came near. The sun about to set, the Indian halted and sat down. Church coming up, the guide said, "Now is the time when Captain Anawon sends out his scouts. He does it to see if the coast be clear. Soon as it has grown dark, the scouts will return to camp. We will sit still until dark. After that we may move on securely." Twilight ended, the old Indian was on his feet again; it was the signal for moving on.

Soon Captain Church heard what proved to be the sound of pounding in a mortar. Looking around he saw that the guide had given truthful description of Anawon's location, and of the difficulty of getting to it. He, with two Indians, crept silently to the edge of the rocks, and gained a full view of the camp. They saw, by the light of the Indian fires, that there were three coteries a little apart.[1] Anawon lay nearest the

[1] The retreat was in the southeast part of Rehoboth near the Taunton line, and is known as "Anawon's Rock." The ledge, a series of ragged cliffs, is extensive on the south and west. The swamp embraced 3,000 acres.

cliff; and had constructed his encampment by felling a large tree by the side of the cliff, and by setting a row of birch limbs against the fallen tree. By the side of these preparations, he and son, and some of his chiefs, had taken lodging. Around the camp were fires before which were meats on spits and in kettles. Guns were stacked, and mats shielded them from dew. Anawon's feet and his boy's head almost touched the guns.

But, although all was so clearly in view of Captain Church and his Indians, it was a question how to descend; the rocks were so precipitous, it seemed possible only by aid of bushes growing in crevices of the ledge. The Indian guide averred that there was no possibility of entering by any other way. In this dilemma, the old guide and his daughter were ordered to lead; Church and soldiers were to follow. It was arranged that the guide and his daughter take baskets, that, if discovered, there might be less mistrust. Captain Church and his daring associates followed close, with guns and hatchets in hand, partially screened by the shadow of the guide and his daughter. Captain Church stepped over the boy's head, and quickly seized the stack of guns. Anawon awoke, and starting up in a sitting posture, called out "Howak."[1] Young Anawon, opening his eyes and seeing what had happened, instantly pulled his blanket over his head and drew himself into a heap. Old Anawon threw himself on his back and, for some time, remained motionless and reticent. Captain Church and his helpers secured the guns and captured the near attendants. Indian soldiers were dispatched to the remoter clubs in camp, instructed to proclaim, "Anawon is taken," and to promise "good quarter to all who surrender quietly."[2]

The surprise being thus far successful, Captain Church inquired of Anawon, "What have you for breakfast? I am come to eat with you." Anawon, "in a big voice," replied "Tau-

[1] The interpretation is doubtful. Some render the word Howak, "Who's there!" others say it means "I'm taken!" Anawon, just aroused from sleep, evidently was bewildered and supposed himself surrounded by irresistible force.

[2] The Indians entrusted with the message being old acquaintances, and in fact some to whom they went being near relatives, the message was weighty and effectual. All surrendered and gave up their arms.

bot;" [1] and then, looking toward his women gave orders to prepare refreshments for his guests. Turning to Church, he inquired, "Which would you prefer, cow-beef, or horse?" All was soon ready, and Church, having in his pocket a paper of salt, seasoned his broiled steak and made a hearty meal.[2]

When the meal was over, Captain Church directed his Indians more fully. They were to certify to the occupants of the encampment, "the death of Metacomet," and inform them that "all Indians on Mount Hope Neck were captured, but that the lives of all would be spared on promise of subjection." [3] Indians present were to be told that they would be "marched to Taunton and there meet friends. As to Anawon, he must be carried to Plymouth, but will be recommended to the favor of Government."

Captain Church tried now to rest, but was wakeful, whilst his own and Anawon's men were generally asleep. The two captains lay a long time silent, looking at each other. Church did not speak, because he supposed that Anawon was unable to understand English, as he was to speak Indian. By and by Anawon got up, threw his blanket aside, and walked out of sight or hearing. Church became uneasy, and his fears increased as the absence was prolonged. He drew all the guns close to himself, and took position close by the side of young Anawon. He thought "if the old Sachem is meditating evil, he cannot shoot me without endangering the boy." Waiting in painful suspense, footsteps, in the direction Anawon had gone, were heard, and in light of moon now shining brightly, the old Sachem was seen returning with hands full. Seating himself by the side of Captain Church, Anawon, to the astonishment of Church, spake in good English, and proceeded to invest Church with the treasures he had been to fetch. The substance of his speech was, "You have killed our Great

[1] The interpretation of this word also, is doubtful. Some render it "Thank you;" some say it means "Very well."

[2] Captain Church has told us, in addition to his mention of Anawon's entertainment, that one item of the breakfast, was "hot cakes made from the corn which a woman had been heard reducing to meal" whilst Mr. Church was working his way down the ledge. He suggests that the pounding contributed to his success. When it was resumed, he and company could move with impunity.

[3] Reference is here made to the capture, the day previous, of those Indians sent to Poppasquash in search of provisions.

Sachem, and have conquered his country. My company here in camp, and myself, are the last remaining. These things belong to you." Thus saying, he opened a pack and displayed Metacomet's belt curiously wrought in black and white wampum, having on it pictures of beasts, birds, flowers, etc.[1]

The day and evening were now passed in lively conversation; Anawon rehearsing early exploits dating back to the day when he first served Massasoit in war. But in the whole interview, the great Captain of Metacomet discreetly refrained from any allusion to achievements bearing on the colonies.

At break of day, September 12, Captain Church marched with all his prisoners towards Taunton, where they were received amid great rejoicing. The prisoners were most of them sent to Plymouth. The next day, Captain Church proceeded, with six Indian soldiers, to Rhode Island, and took with him Anawon.

[1] "Hung on Church's shoulders, the belt reached to his feet. It was nine inches broad. This belt, with other ornaments, as tradition says, was sent by the Governor of Plymouth, to England, in 1677. Another belt wrought in like elaborate manner, hood-shaped and intended for state occasions, had pictured on the part which covered the breast, a star."

CHAPTER XXIX.

After all, Indians were not yet exterminated. Captain Church, on going with his wife, children, and Anawon, to Plymouth, was told of Indians haunting the woods between Plymouth and Sippecan. He tracked them, and scouts returned saying they had discovered the enemy sitting around fires, in a dense thicket. On reaching the place, Captain Church ordered his men to creep silently until near the enemy, and then rise suddenly and run upon them, taking if possible all alive, a thing to be desired now, inasmuch as prisoners were the pay. About fifty Indians were captured. They agreed in their account of themselves; all belonged to Tispaquin, who, with John Bump and another Indian, was gone to Agawam and Sippecan to get horse-beef.

Captain Church returned to Plymouth, carrying with him his prisoners, with the exception of two old squaws, whom he instructed to remain in place until Tispaquin's return, and tell him that Captain Church had been there and captured the whole company, including the wife and children of the Chief, and that he had carried them all to Plymouth. The two squaws were directed to tell Tispaquin that the captured would have life spared, and that he himself would be safe, coming in and bringing the rest of his people. Furthermore, Tispaquin was to be assured that all his able-bodied men would be accepted as soldiers.

Notwithstanding the desolations caused by promiscuous slaughter, starvation, sickness, and the slave-business vigorously prosecuted, small parties of Indians were strolling about here and there in search of food. As often as discovered, they were destroyed or enslaved. Some, completely dispirited, came in of their own accord, as if willing to settle at once the

question of life or death, by throwing themselves on the mercies of the merciless. If any yet remained out, they became victims of a hunt.[1]

It cannot be supposed that there was any longer a veritable state of war. A new commission was, however, issued to Captain Church,[2] who returned to Plymouth after leaving provisions with the two squaws detained at the place of their capture. That same day, Tispaquin and all his men gave themselves up.[3]

We are obliged to record here, to the dishonor of all concerned, a most infamous transaction, viz.: that notwithstanding the circumstances of Tispaquin's surrender, the too-confiding Chieftain was, by order of Government, beheaded![4]

Anawon, and other noted Indians, shared the same fate. Their heads were cut off! What honorable mind does not condemn such infamous butchery! These Indians were subdued; it was not necessary to make an example of them to deter others.[5] Were the contest not virtually ended, such

[1] "Judge Davis" says: "Indian prisoners were treated with great severity, especially those who were at all distinguished. Generally they were condemned to slavery and sold. Not a few were executed at Plymouth or in Boston Prisoners were generally sent to the Bermudas. A rigid superintendence was systematically maintained over those who remained after hostilities ceased."

[2] This commission authorized and requested Captain Church to "scour the woods for the lurking enemy." He went accordingly in 1677, accompanied "by gentlemen and amateurs in hunting Indians." Slavery was not now simply inevitable; it virtually comprehended banishment, for an order of Council decreed that "no male Indian over fourteen years old shall reside in this government."

[3] Tispaquin had been distinguished as a Chief whom they thought no bullets could pierce. Captain Church had remarked, "Since war is like to break out in the Eastern country, I want Tispaquin to be saved to fight the Tarantines."

[4] Tispaquin's surrender was not only voluntary, but influenced chiefly by representations and promises made by Church. The Chief had, no doubt, become weary of resistance, and had long felt that no good object could be attained by prolonging his wanderings and privations. Moreover, a natural desire to be with his wife and children had, probably, influence.

[5] An apology has been attempted in behalf of Church by his son and biographer, telling that his "father being in Boston to confer with Gov. Leverett upon latet ransactions, found to his grief that the heads of Tispaquin, Anawon, and others, who were the last of Metacomet's friends, had been cut off."

Judge Davis says of Anawon: "He was far advanced in years, and had been Chief Councillor in the time of Massasoit. There was a dignity and decorum in his demeanor, impressing one in his favor, and inducing a wish that he had been

barbarous vindictiveness and bad faith could have no better effect than to afflict and exasperate surviving Indians.

What became of all New-England Indians, finally, is a subject for serious thought.

Hubbard, says: "The Almighty made use of Indians to scourge His people; but turned His own hand against Indians to their utter destruction and extirpation from the face of the earth, peradventure to make room for His people to come in their stead."

A writer of same date remarks: "The Indians being dispersed, confounded, and one after another destroyed, there were none left in the western or southern parts of New England."

A proclamation issued by General Court, ordered the whole people to "glorify God that of the several tribes which have risen up against us, there now scarcely remains a family or name of them within their former habitations." [1]

That the Indians faded away and disappeared is confirmed by history; but the precise manner none can in all instances define. Indians supposed to have gone westward, reappeared singly now and then, yearning for their early homes, despite the fear that they would pay dearly for such temerity.[2] A

spared." Mr. Drake, whom we always name with respect, not only for his faithful investigations and careful recital of events, as also for his truthful comments on the enormity of Indian wrongs, says of the execution of Anawon and others, "It is a foul stain on the Plymouth government."

[1] An eminent jurist has well remarked, "That God should be glorified as the author of wrongs which professing Christians heaped upon pagan humanity, is preposterous and wicked."

[2] Hubbard tells of "a large party going westward, whom Major Talcott pursued over the mountains, killing or capturing forty-five, of whom twenty-five were fighting men." Others were "sorely wounded, as was evidenced by bushes besmeared with blood." Hubbard says, "Nipmucks, Nashaways, or Springfield Indians, I am not so certain what became of them." Major Pynchon wrote from Springfield, August 15: "Nearly two hundred Indians were seen at Westfield; a slight attack was made upon them, but they were so numerous that the people dare not engage them. They were making for the Hudson." Hubbard informs us further of "intelligence from Albany that about sixty were killed and one hundred and twenty died of sickness." Talcott is reported as "destroying Indian stores of corn at Quaboag, and pursuing the fugitives who crossed the Connecticut. Some were surprised and taken, the rest escaped to the wilderness." Mention also is made by historians, of Nashaways, "repairing to Pis-

prominent part of the heart-sickening drama, was, as history tells," a bitter contention of Colonists for shares in the conquered territory.

cataqua to shelter themselves," and a story is told of "six or eight ringleaders, such as One-eyed John, Sagamore Sam, and others, sent to Boston, where they had justice done them."

CHAPTER XXX.

METACOMET was denominated a savage. Records made by his enemies prove that he was a MAN, and moreover show that he was possessed of humane, generous, and noble attributes. There is no reason to believe that his administration of affairs would have been less pacific than was that of Massasoit, who might easily have crushed the embryo colony had he been so disposed.

That the very worst thought of Metacomet, the execution of which he ever attempted, was to prevent the occupancy and absorption of his entire domain and the complete humiliation and extinction of his race, needs no demonstration beyond the facts furnished by the colonists themselves. They were chroniclers not only of their own doings, but of what they chose to say of Indians. It is clearly apparent that Metacomet's one crime was his patriotism.

Well-informed and evenly balanced minds early looked with disapproval and sorrow on the course of oppression and extermination practiced towards Indians; and, during the progress of the war, many good people reviewed its causes. Hutchinson was, perhaps, severe on the magistrates, in his intimation that they "executed laws for their own profit;" but "the Government of Massachusetts" declared "there are great evils for which God hath given the heathen permission to rise up against us." That eminent man, Judge Davis, of Boston, originating in Plymouth, and not to be suspected of lack of impartiality, has said: "Laws and rules for the government of Indians were frequently made and enforced before the war. Requirements abridging the cherished freedom of the children of the forest, and interfering with their habits and customs, were a constant source of irritation. Many symptoms of dis-

content were apparent long before war, and of resentments that gradually ripened into invincible prejudices and disgust."[1]

The whole testimony to which alone we must look to learn what were opinions, feelings, or practices, of colonists, or Indians, *ex parte* though it necessarily be, gives irrefutable and incontestable evidence in support of these views. Indians had no means, except tradition, of transmitting to future times the story of their grievances or a record of their honor. The stern disapproval of a popular mania which might not be resisted, could not, at all times, be so much as spoken. Discretion muffled the tongue, discouraged the pen, and forbade all appearance of opposition. Expediency had much to do in all questions, whether touching Indian rights, the demands of morality, and even humanity.

It ought surely to be considered that some traits which have been chief ornaments of humanity, pertained to Indians. The writer's duty is, not to proclaim, even with sorrow, errors of the first settlers; but it belongs to him to tell in fairness the whole story. It has been said in extenuation of the severities of the early settlers, that "safety required the extermination of Aborigines." Such a course was, if the allegation be true, a sad alternative.

A retrospect of early times forcibly impresses one's mind. We see cause for both thankfulness and humiliation. Powerful nations once inhabiting New England's territory have passed away. Time and man's doings have wrought great changes. Such is the instability of earth. We remain. But who does not wish that changes in the population of our country had followed only undoubtedly righteous attempts to plant and establish us!

This record of Anglo-Saxon triumphs and Indian sufferings would close at this place were it not that effects of war and the spirit of conquest long indulged, require that before dismissing the subject of our narrative, we glance briefly at a state of things existing in other parts of our country, which bear date subsequent to what has been called Metacomet's war.[2]

[1] *Vide* Davis' *Morton's Memorial.*

[2] Massasoit's friendship for the early settlers of New Plymouth, accomplished

Metacomet had ceased to be: his head was empaled; his valiant right hand had been exhibited, a penny-a-sight, so long as the putrefying spectacle was possible; and his quartered body was suspended from road-side boughs. But the Great Sachem's name and influence still survived. If there were no more nations to be blotted out, there were offenders who must be punished. It was declared that from the date of the breaking out of hostilities between the Plymouth Colony and the Indians, the people called Tarantines, *alias* Eastern Indians, whose seat was by the waters of Casco Bay, had insulted the settlers of New Hampshire and Province of Maine. It was now "judged expedient to chastise these Indians."

An armed force was sent from Boston, ordered to "seize all who have been concerned in the war." These Boston companies were joined at Dover by forces under Major Waldron, who induced four hundred warriors to come together "to make peace." When convened ostensibly for this purpose, and whilst his guests, they were surrounded and made prisoners! This perfidy was perpetrated September 6, 1766. It was, of course, neither forgiven or forgotten. Waldron knew many of his victims to have been, until this act, friends to the English. The treachery led Indians to cherish, thenceforward, thirst for revenge.[1] Mr. Belknap tells us that "this thirst was soon gratified. Waldron fell into their hands, and was put to torture and death; he had sowed the seeds of iniquity and a just God permitted him to reap the harvest." Government had its hands full of work to be done, and the only glory acquired was Waldron's treachery. The only pretense for all

nothing for his successors. That memorable saying of Cotton Mather has, through centuries, been on record: "'Twas not unto a Delphos, but unto a Shiloh, that the planters of New England have been making progress; and King Philip is not the only Python that has obstructed their passage."

[1] The two Massachusetts' companies were largely made up of those called "praying Indians." Certain officers wished to attack the Eastern Indians whilst imprisoned. Major Waldron was not, however, quite equal to such villainy, and therefore substituted a stratagem. He proposed to the Indians a sham-fight, with blank cartridges, and offered to them the honor of firing the first volley. This, if accepted, would at the onset disload their guns, and safely prepare the way to proclaim the Indians prisoners of war. This done, about two hundred were sent to Boston to be sold and transported to foreign parts, and six were hung as ringleaders.

the baseness was that "Indians had participated in Metacomet's coalition."[1]

Besides intercepting boats on rivers and bays, by which Tarantines obtained a great amount of various plunder, depredations on dwellings and stores furnished ammunition and strong drink. People were carried captive from Casco Bay; houses were burned at Saco, at Scarborough, and at Kittery. Lieutenant Plaisted and company were defeated and destroyed; and at Oyster River, Salmon Falls, Dover, Exeter, and elsewhere, the work of desolation progressed, — houses, barns, and mills disappearing before devouring flames.

The ensuing winter another expedition was undertaken. A body of men sailed from Boston to Casco Bay. Nothing worthy of honorable men was done. Indians were thoroughly incensed. Their cause grew stronger and stronger. The General Court seeing how patriotic and desperate the Tarantines were driven to be, and that any success of English arms had no better effect than to remove the prospect of peace, entered upon a discussion of the propriety and expediency of asking the coöperation of Mohawks![2] The Mohawks were at peace with Eastern Indians; and, as was well known, the two peoples cherished hereditary enmities.

Some members of the Court raised a question of right, and it was well that they did; for, aside from the question of honor, the attempted alliance was doomed to disgrace and disaster. Its effect was to alienate from the cause of colonists all the natives of the Eastern Country. Combatants spread along the whole sea-board, threatening destruction and death. It became a matter of serious inquiry, "What are the things which have provoked God to bring His judgments on this people?"

The people ought not to be censured for agitating the

[1] "Eastern Indians had, many years, complained of abuses by sailors and traders; but had always carried it fair, and had good correspondence with the English until the news of Metacomet's rebellion." So writes Mr. Hubbard, who adds: "The effect of this intelligence was, in course of time, a general uprising; plantations were deserted by their former inhabitants."

[2] Mohawks, sometimes called Mohogs, and sometimes Modocs, were a sagacious and powerful people; but their well-known traits, of which all Indians were aware, made the policy of courting their coöperation questionable.

question, nor for concerting means to secure a return of the smiles of Heaven. Certain conclusions at which they arrived are, however, remarkable. They thought it strange that, among sins confessed as constituting the aggregate of causes of existing calamities, "toleration of Quakers" was not mentioned as "an evil largely increasing the divine displeasure." [1]

Another expedition was started from Boston, with orders to capture the stores of the enemy. To cripple the resources of Indians, had long since become a leading aim of colonists. The forces disembarked at Scarborough; and there, at Black Point, was fought the first pitched battle in New England between English and Indians. The English suffered defeat.[2] The Tarantines followed success by capturing twenty fishing vessels. Events made Indians masters of the Province.[3]

The prime minister of the Tarantines, was, at this time, a noted Chief whose name was Mugg. He visited Piscataqua, in the interests of peace, and subsequently went to Boston, where, in behalf of Madocowando [4] and Cherberihna, Sachems

[1] This was a day when developments of the times were extraordinary. A letter from Reverend Increase Mather to Mr. Cotton, suggests that even women had become merciless: "On the last Sabbath, the women of Marblehead, coming out of the meeting-house, fell on two Indians brought in as captives; and, in a tumultuous way, barbarously murdered them. Doubtless, if Indians hear of it captives among them will be served accordingly." Mr. Mather may be, at times, uncharitable in his prognostics. The Indians who were slaughtered by women in Marblehead, were, so far as appears, innocent of crime. Fishermen may, at some time, have been slain by Indians; but there was nothing tangible to justify the vengeance wreaked by these females just from the house of prayer.

[2] "The loss in this battle was to the English, killed or wounded, sixty men, the commander included."

[3] At different periods of Indian wars, and particularly after considerable successes by colonists, it was said, "the war is ended;" but former provocations and their remembrance, generally continued long to yield bitter fruits. The honorable use of victory, by a people called savage, might with prosperity have made their antagonists hang their heads for shame. As soon as unmolested, the war-whoop generally ceased, and the tomahawk was buried. In the instance now before us, Indians set an example of magnanimity, and showed elevation of soul, never learned from practices or precepts of an enemy; they restored all captured vessels, and also released a large number of prisoners, — reserving only a few "until peace shall be finally assured."

[4] Charlevoix calls him Matawondo. In later years this chief was found fighting with the French.

of Penobscot, he entered into a treaty with the Governor.[1] The colonists had prolonged the war three years beyond Metacomet's decease, and were now glad to resort to a final and honorable adjustment. The treaty was dated November 13, 1676. That was a proud day for gallant Tarantines when Englishmen were heard begging permission to occupy former habitations and pay tribute.[2]

[1] Hutchinson says: "This was the first treaty with Eastern Indians, and no mention is here made of subjection to Colony or king; but the Indians are free and independent." "A paper was drawn with due formality, and the English agreed to pay annual tribute." It has been said by the candid, that "this was the first fair and honorable treaty the colonists ever made."

[2] An incident related in Stone's *Life of Brant*, may pertinently occupy a place here, as exhibiting an instance of Indian shrewdness and honor. General Herkimer, of New York in olden times, had made arrangements for a talk. The Indian Chief, Thayendenega, being suspicious of intended treachery, dispatched a runner to the encampment of General Herkimer to demand the object of his visit. The answer returned was, "General Herkimer is come to see and talk with his brother." General Herkimer was accompanied by a numerous force; but agreement was made for the two parties to take position at a shed improvised two miles distant, about midway. Preliminaries arranged, Thayendenega promptly presented himself at the place designated, already in occupancy of General Herkimer, near the edge of the forest. His salutations were duly recognized and he asked, "Why am I thus honored?" General Herkimer again replied. The Indian said, sarcastically, "You are kind. All you and your men want, is to see and talk with me!" Standing forth with dignity, Thayendenega proclaimed, "You are in my power. I have five hundred braves around me ready for battle." The war-whoop sounded and in an instant a multitude painted and ready for onslaught, stood forth. Scorning duplicity, the Indian immediately said to General Herkimer, "I will take no advantage. But I advise you to return immediately home. Accept my thanks for your visit. I may perhaps some day visit you."

This was the last conference. Conviction fastened on Indian minds that treachery is an attribute of white men. The sequel was not long in coming.

It may be remembered that Brant was son of Thayendenega, who was head of the Six Nations. A council of these Nations, recently, 1878, voted a large sum of money to erect a monument to Brant's memory, in the pleasant town of Thayendenega. "This people have advanced rapidly in civilization. Placed on their reservation 1873, they now own 4,000 acres of good land fenced and under cultivation, with comfortable tenements. Each person has about eight acres, being, in the aggregate, 120 of wheat and 175 of corn. They have 237 neat cattle, cut 140 tons of hay, and have abundance of poultry, etc. Fifty-nine of their children attend school. This evidence of capacity for pursuits of civilized life is peculiarly gratifying, coming from a people formerly stigmatized "murderous Modocs."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Such as have been related in previous pages, were Indian wars of Massachusetts under its first charter, and of the States included in the Confederate Union.

Taking into consideration the fact that records of all Indian treaties were penned by white men, and that Indians had no Hubbard, Mather, or Church, to indite for them their tale of woe, he is venturesome who will assert that all treaty transactions have been fairly told.

If the reader will candidly consider what was the condition of the New England tribes when the white man came among them, he will find recorded no instance of Indian perfidy, nor of addictedness to dishonest practices of any sort. They were not cheats, gamblers, licentious, inebriates, nor in any way peculiarly depraved in habits or morals.

It is patent that at the close of Metacomet's life, Indian lands rose in value; and his enemies embraced with eagerness the long-sought privilege of entering upon the original inheritance. It is also patent that the surviving majority of the unfortunate race were sold into perpetual slavery.

It has been said by here and there a sentimentalist, or perhaps humanitarian, or Christian, that "it is some small relief to find that the fate of the only son of the Wampanoag Chief was not decided by those in authority without learned advice eliciting prolonged discussion."[1]

[1] Judge Davis, in his *Morton's Memorial*, says: "It is consoling to our feelings to know that, as the issue of the singular discussion, the life of the innocent boy was spared, although that life was, for a price, doomed to slavery. The question thus seriously agitated would not, in modern times, occur in any other nation in Christendom. Principles of public law, sentiments of humanity, the mild influence of the gospel in preference to a recurrence to the Jewish dispensation so

We shall close with an extract from Edward Everett. In his address, 1835, speaking of the encounter, August, 1676, Mr. Everett quotes Mather, whose record was: "Philip barely escapes, leaving his peage behind. His son and squaw were taken captive, and are now prisoners in Plymouth. Thus hath God brought that grand enemy into misery before He quite destroy him. It must needs be bitter as death to him to lose his wife and only son, for Indians are marvelously fond and affectionate towards their children, besides their other relatives, and towards their country also." Mr. Everett continues: "And now what was the fate of Philip's wife and son! This is a tale for husband and wives, for parents and children. Young men and children, you cannot understand it. What was the fate of Philip's wife and child! She a woman, he a lad! They surely did not hang them? That would have been mercy. The boy is grandson, his

much regarded by our ancestors in their deliberations and decisions, would forbid the thought of inflicting punishment on children for the offenses of a parent."

We present, with accompanying matter, the preceding note from the pen of Judge Davis, as not simply apposite, but as just and honorable to the learned jurist. The reader will, in review of this Indian history, be glad to know the distinctive views and peculiar logical influences which, in early times, predominated. We therefore add: —

Reverend Increase Mather, of Boston, gave opinion and said: "Of the young prince, it is necessary that some effectual course be taken. He makes me think of Hadad, who was a little child when his father, chief Sachem of the Edomites, was killed by Joab. Had not others fled away with him, I am apt to think that David would have taken the course that Hadad would not have proved a scourge to the next generation."

Reverend James Keith, of Bridgewater, interposed a pleader, saying, "I long to hear what becomes of Philip's wife and son. I know there is some difficulty, Psalm cxxxvii. 8, 9; though I think it may be considered whether there be not some specialties and somewhat extraordinary in it. That law, Deuteronomy, xxiv. 16, compared with the example of Amariah, 2 Chronicles, xxv. 4, doth sway much with me."

Mr. Mather gives the result, March 20: "Philip's boy goes to be sold."

Mr. Cotton, of Plymouth, and Mr. Arnold, of Marshfield, gave written opinions jointly, viz: "We humbly conceive, on serious consideration, that the children of notorious traitors, rebels, and murderers, especially such as have been principal leaders and actors in such horrid villainies, and that against a whole nation, yea, the whole Israel of God, may be involved in the guilt of their parents, and may, *salva republica*, be adjudged to death; as to us seems evident by the Scripture instances of Saul, Achan, and Haman, the children of whom were cut off by the sword of justice for the transgressions of parents, although it be manifest they were incapable of being actors."

mother daughter-in-law, of good old Massasoit, the first and best friend the English ever had in New England. Perhaps, now Philip is slain, and his numerous warriors are scattered to the four winds, they will allow his wife and son, widow and orphan, to go back and finish their days and sorrows in their native wilderness? No! they are sold into slavery! West India slavery! An Indian Princess and her child sold, from the cool breezes of Mount Hope, from the wild freedom of a New England forest, to gasp under the lash beneath the blazing sun of the tropics! Bitter as death? Aye, bitter as hell. Is there anything animated that would not struggle at this?"

We feel sure that we do not transcend the patience of the reader by so extended quotation from the pen of the gifted Mr. Everett.

We have very few remarks to offer in closing the present work. That a remnant of Indians, — Massapees and a few other broken tribes, — are permitted to continue in occupancy of their native soil, indicates a disposition on the part of the white man to extend to these neighboring residuals a larger degree of indulgence than has been meted to most other tribes. Narragansetts yet remain in Rhode Island. Legislative doings show that a proposition was, a few years ago, made to them to waive tribal allegiance and become citizens of the State. The proposal was promptly declined. Indians said: "We are attached to the traditions of our fathers, and reverence the memory of our kings. Our title-deeds come from the Great Jehovah. They have never been obscured by writings. We are heirs of Ninigret, and other great chiefs and warriors, and we claim that so long as one drop of Indian blood remains in our veins, we are entitled to the rights and privileges guaranteed in solemn treaty by your ancestors."

The Massapees, and Gay Head Indians, have lately been incorporated as towns. Passamaquoddy Indians and those resident at Oldtown, remain; but in condition of dependence.

We recognize with gratitude to the Giver of all good, the fact that slavery of any people, race, or complexion, is now generally regarded in New England as a great evil.

Our condition as peoples has greatly changed. The partial extinction of Aborigines, and the unprofitableness of negro slavery upon a comparatively sterile soil, and in an uncongenial climate, has been followed by great events. The slave-trade, long since dishonored, forbidden, and declared piracy; still greater changes have been effected by the wonderful working of Him who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. Our country has, in general, become emphatically the Land of the FREE.

As respects Indians on our borders, something remains to be said. Many are constrained to indulge concern for them. Interior tribes retiring before the face of white men, towards the shores of the Pacific, leave comparatively few in undisturbed possession of their original hereditary domain.

Becoming will it be if humility tempered by wisdom, take place of censoriousness, vindictiveness, and greed; if zeal take counsel of experience, and charity be measured by the duties which, under the circumstances, press upon us here. Then will increased numbers who roam over the greatness of our land be civilized, and cheered by gospel light.

For all violations of treaty engagements, and for oppression and outrage, retribution will some day come.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Our minister to the court of St. James has expressed himself in this wise: "Man was made in the image of his Creator. He still bears that image, although grievously marred by circumstances through which he has passed, and by which he continues to be surrounded."

The North American Indian is the noblest type of a wild man on earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; believes in a future life; is devoted to his children, and will die for his tribe. A cry of extermination of such a people, is, as it ever was, a reproach to humanity and an insult to Heaven.

President Adams wrote in his diary, 1841, "The policy, from Washington to myself, of presidents of the United States, was justice and kindness to the Indian tribes, to civilize and preserve them. With the Creeks and Cherokees it had been successful; its success was their misfortune. The States, within whose borders were their settlements, took alarm and broke down all treaties which had pledged the good faith of the nation. Georgia extended its jurisdiction over them, took possession of their lands, houses, horses, cattle, furniture, and negroes, and drove the Indians from their dwellings. By the simultaneous operation of fraudulent treaties and brutal force, the work was consummated. The Florida war was one of the fruits of this policy, the conduct of which exhibits an uninterrupted scene of the most profligate corruption. All resistance to the abomination is vain. It is one of the heinous sins of the nation, for which God will surely bring us to judgment. I turn my eyes away from the sickening mass of putrefaction."

"Such," Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, writes, "was the outcry of a noble heart which, in utter helplessness, turned

away from God's suffering children, whom he could not relieve. Since that time the prairies of Minnesota, the plains of Colorado, the vales of New Mexico and Arizona, the lands of Dacota and of the Pacific slope, have all been desolated by wars, the fruit of a broken faith! The last war with the Nez Perces was the crowning act of our injustice. They had been friends to the white man three quarters of a century, and had an untarnished record of fidelity and friendship. Neither violated treaties, trespass, violence, nor even robbery and murders, could ever lead them to revenge." [1]

In 1863 a treaty was said to be made with a portion of the Nez Perces. The pseudo-treaty was not recognized by a large part of the tribe. The non-treaty Indians had their home in the beautiful valley called Wallowa. They insisted that they had never sold it, and refused to leave the graves of their fathers. Their claim was finally acknowledged by the United States government, and, so late as 1871, a part of the valley was set apart as a Reservation for them. But later, a commission notified them that "the treaty of 1863 would be enforced, and that all Indians must leave." The Nez Perces refused.[2]

[1] Lewis and Clarke, who visited the Nez Perces in 1804, bear witness: "They are the most friendly and noblest of red men." Governor Stevens, who "made the first reconnoissance of the Northern Pacific Railway," paid them a like tribute of praise. He says: "They served as scouts during our Oregon wars, and furnished our cavalry $5,000 worth of ponies, for which they were never paid. During our wars with the Snake and Shoshone Indians, our troops were saved by the Nez Perces from destruction. Colonel Stepton was without ammunition and hard pressed; the Nez Perces came to his relief. Commissioners represent these Indians as "a long-suffering people." "Several thousand white men flocked to their country to dig for gold; located scrip upon their reservations, and built villages and cities on their unceded lands. The Indian superintendent himself claimed a large tract of their country, as 'purchased' from a solitary Indian. The people received much indignity; some were murdered in cold blood, and their women suffered brutal violence."

[2] Their chief told the commissioners, "I have suffered wrong rather than do wrong. One of my people was murdered the last summer; I did not avenge his death; but my brother's blood sanctifies the ground, and, if it be necessary to protect us against this wrong, will call the dead out of their graves."

This chief, in his very last battle, seeing a young English soldier mortally wounded, went to him and knelt beside him, saying, "Poor boy, it is too bad that you die in such a war." He then went to his own tapee and fetched a blanket to cover the dying man. Indignant words of hate are often levelled at Chief Joseph; whilst no expressions of righteous indignation would be strong enough

The story of other Indian wars is substantially the same. The Sioux of Minnesota were victims of government frauds. The Navajoes, who had flocks and herds, orchards, and well-tilled fields, fought to avenge their daughters stolen and doomed to a fate worse than death. Modocs had bitter memories of their fathers murdered by enemies, fighting under the white man's flag. No Indian could tell a darker story of violated faith than the fierce Cochisi of the Apaches. No mention of cruelty could show a blacker record than that of the massacre of Mokitava's band. These wars were the result of violation of treaty! It is remarkable that Indians were never known to violate a treaty promise.

It has been thought remarkable that another government has lived in peace and friendship with Indian tribes, during the long years of outrage and blood our own country has witnessed. We have scarcely a hundred miles between the two great oceans that has not been a scene of bloodshed. The United States have expended at least $500,000,000 in Indian wars.[1] Our neighbors in the Provinces have never expended a dollar through fear of Indian outrage or massacre. It seems passing strange that our savage foes become law-abiding citizens when they touch another soil. There is scarcely a page of our dealings with Indians upon which we can look with pleasure, though we begin back at the time when men marched to the music of drum and fife, with the head of Metacomet on a pole.[2]

adequately to denounce the wickedness of wars into which he and his people were forced by white men.

"The Nez Perces have been charged with being sullen and defiant," says Bishop Whipple; "but history will tell that they were brave souls, who counted it sweet to die for their country. They never waged war on women and children; they never mutilated the dead; they often exhibited compassion worthy of humanity."

[1] The end is not yet.

[2] We need not cite "the burning of the Delawares on a Lord's day, in a Moravian church;" nor will we again advert to "the martyrdom of Worcester for preaching Christ to Cherokees. That prison-cell where Rev. Samuel A Worcester was incarcerated in defiance of the Supreme Court of the United States may be forgotten by his persecutors and their abettors; but God is not forgetful, and nations may reap that which they sow. It will be remembered that a time came when from the top of Lookout Mountain descended a host, under the flag of the Constitution, and laid waste a country which had been owned by

Inwrought in the history of every Indian tribe is a story of wrongs. That was a remark full of meaning, which has been attributed to the Bishop of Rupert: "I fear that your people have not learned that it is not the land which you give to Indians, so much as that you strictly fulfill your pledges." An axiom of political weight was enunciated by Lord Dufferin, in three words, when he spoke of Indians as "our fellow-subjects."

A strange anomaly grew out of the position of early settlers in America. The Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts, and the Cavaliers in Virginia, could not agree to treat a people who outnumbered them a thousand to one, as wards.

Spain, France, Holland, and England claimed the country by right of discovery. Each recognized the Indian's possessory right to the soil. France expressly reserved this right in the sale of Louisiana. The United States, by the ordinance of 1787, made the doctrine part of organic law.

The law of nations, the Constitution of the United States, the several departments of government, — judicial, legislative, and executive, — each and all affirm the inviolability of the title. Our treaties are constitutionally the supreme law. The only possible allegation that can be brought against it, is the robber's plea, that might makes right. The pressure of emigration made us trespassers.[1]

Happily, the conscience of the people is touched, and a wiser and more humane policy than once prevailed is demanded by public sentiment. Secretary Stanton said, in 1862, "If you come to Washington to tell us that our Indian system is a sink of iniquity, and a disgrace to the nation, we all know it." Since that declaration was made, years have passed away, and the years have been marked by atrocities

Cherokees." The distinguished Prelate who indited the preceding sentence, says, "We dare not interpret God's providence; but we may be sure that when a people copy the oppressions of Egypt, they may suffer from the locusts of Egypt."

[1] Indian titles are seldom attempted to be extinguished until some greedy mob contrives to use Indians as a key to unlock the treasury. Treaties once made, or national obligations clearly defined, safety requires their due observance.

If our respective relations be thereby altered, the fact should be honestly recognized. Indians on an equality in enjoyment of civil rights should be regarded as wards of the nation.

which have affected many, both Indians and white people; the death of the brave Mokitava and his band, and the massacre of the gallant Custer and his heroic soldiers. It might long since have been asked if it be not time to adopt the confession of the aged Sioux Chief: "The land is dark with blood. Is there not cause why the Great Spirit is angry?" We cannot always afford to mock at infinite justice! We are not simply dealing with despised and perishing savages; we are contending with Almighty God.

In their wild state Indians have a government of chiefs, or head men. That government is advisory. Often it becomes weakened, perhaps destroyed by white men. We give nothing in its place. Under such conditions, no community could long protect itself. We seem to take it for granted that superior virtue in savages will, under circumstances that would wreck our own race, achieve civilization.[1]

The first requisite of reform is to keep our faith. Public opinion must settle it that falsehood and dishonesty are ignominy, whether the crime be perpetrated by white men or by red men, whether by persons in authority or by the ignoble vulgar.

We gather from deliberative discussions of citizens, both dignitaries and statesmen, assembled from various parts of the Union, that in their opinion, the people of these States, and generally our rulers, feel kindly towards Indians, and that it has been a defect in our Indian system that the tribes are treated as independent nations, who owe no allegiance, and are neither subject to nor protected by our laws.

[1] The United States government, not long since, commissioned persons to visit a notorious chieftain, to induce him to return to its paternal care. That chief was sagacious, and doubtless was possessed of the story of the two Minnesota Chiefs, Shakopee and Medicine Bottle, who, after the Minnesota massacre, hurried to Canada. They were there followed and visited by white people, who made them drunk, seized them in a state of inebriation, carried them across the line, and exposed them to court-martial. These Indians were hanged! Just before their execution, Dr. Daniels, a gentleman influenced by humane considerations, called to commiserate with them. Towards the close of the interview, Shakopee inquired of Doctor D., "My friend, what will the white men do with me?" Dr. D. replied, "I think they will hang you." Shakopee received the answer in silence; but quickly said, "I am not afraid to die. When I go to the other world, I will look the Great Spirit in his face, and shall tell Him what the white man did to us before we began the fight. He will do right."

Statistics furnish little help to a solution of the Indian problem. The assumption long maintained that the Indians are dying out, and will soon be extinct, is not supported. Tribes have disappeared, but remnants, removed to reservations, show increase of numbers. It is evident that extermination by sword will cost vastly more than the expense of feeding the Indian.

The chief of the Indian Bureau, in 1868, estimated the cost to Government, of killing an Indian, to be about $1,000,000. Reports of the bureau show that, "outside of Alaska and the tribe of Sitting Bull, there are, as estimated, 250,000 Indians in the United States. The number of mixed blood is given at 27,749. The number of Indians who have abandoned savage life, and wear the dress of civilization, is 112,000. The number who can read English, is 23,871. The number of houses occupied by Indians, is 21,199, of which 944 were built by Indians during the last fiscal year. They had, at the time the last bureau report was submitted, 107 mills, 208 shops, 330 schools with 12,000 pupils, and 437 teachers. The Indians cultivated, on the reserves, the last fiscal year, 292,550 acres, upon which they raised 688,270 bushels of wheat, 4,656,952 bushels of corn, and 1,000,000 bushels of other grains and vegetables. They cut 148,473 tons of hay; owned 209,021 horses; 7,265 mules; 217,883 cattle; 121,348 swine; 587,444 sheep. In addition, they manufactured large quantities of lumber, sold $370,913 worth of furs, and made 330,600 pounds of sugar."

The people of our country may, in some degree, yet atone for the past, by kindness and justice to the remnants of Indian nations. We are neither sanguine in expectation or hope. If the voice of humanity, conscience, and the word of God, is not heeded, we must abide the result, and perhaps reap a harvest of sorrow. Our children's children may, in hushed tones, tell the sad story, and wonder how their fathers dared to trample on justice, and trifle with Omnipotence.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE subject is not exhausted. It has not been our object to exhaust it. Our contributions to Indian history may have been prolix, perhaps needlessly. Other labors have demanded our care. We close briefly.

In the fall of 1874, toward the end of one Indian war, a large number of Indians surrendered to the United States troops, and by order of Government a selection of "braves," many of them chiefs, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches, was made and placed in charge of an officer of cavalry. They were sent, in 1875, in chains, from Fort Leavenworth to San Marco.[1] There were in all eighty Indians, old and young, every man of them having a marked reputation for cruelty and ferocity. With these men went two women and one little girl, the wives and a daughter of two chiefs. They with much persistency refused to be separated. The officer commanding had no heart to compel them. This officer was a humane Christian gentleman, who had seen long and faithful service on the frontier, and believed that kindness, discipline, and instruction would save many of the Indian race. They came to Florida in blankets, paint, and feathers, with their long hair tied full of human scalps and other trophies, proving their hatred of white men and their enmity to each other. Their language to one another was strange, and they could neither speak nor understand English. Shortly after their arrival their chains were removed, their hair cut, and the men were put in the dress of common sol-

[1] This fort is the oldest structure in this country, and probably the best preserved specimen of military architecture of its time to be found anywhere. It was begun three hundred and fifty years ago, and has stood in its present form more than one hundred and fifty years.

diers, and subjected to military drill and discipline. As soon as the commanding officer saw that they appreciated the kind treatment they received he put them on their honor, and gave them liberty to go freely, at stipulated times, about the city and its environs. They did not in any instance rebel against that officer's supreme authority.

Mimimic, the head chief of the Cheyennes, was an old man much esteemed by all residents in St. Augustine. He told a visitor, in sign-language so expressive as to be clearly understood, that if he went back to his people they would call him a woman, because of his intercourse with white people, but he did not care. He said that when he went hunting he brought the game into his wigwam and threw himself down to sleep. His squaw covered him, took the game and dressed it, made a fire, and cooked a savory dish, which she brought to his side, and waited while he ate it. With significant expression and gestures he declared that henceforth things were changed, and that his wife should sit down and rest while he himself would work. He also said he would teach his young men to plow and to sow corn. "My heart has grown very large since I came to Florida. I now know that every white man, woman, and child is my friend."

The first year and a half religious instruction to these Indians was limited to occasional addresses by Bishop Whipple and other ministers who visited them.[1] On Sundays they were allowed to choose their place of worship, — Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or Methodist, — and they soon established themselves regularly in one or other of these congregations. As they became more civilized Christian ladies went occasionally to teach them.[2] The Indians were shy, appreciating their position as men taught by women. For this reason female visitors were not often allowed to attend the

[1] The addresses were interpreted by Mr. G. W. Fox, and a Mexican whose name was Romeo.

[2] What would the Christian cause have done without the aid of woman? "Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave," she has ever been the friend of right. A gentleman attempted in 1878 to make a bargain with these Indians for bows and arrows, but not an Indian would sell or traffic. He was obliged to relinquish his purpose of returning home the next day. The Indians objected to traffic. They said, "It is the Lord's day."

school. By courtesy of the commanding officer some few attended, and at every visit their interest in the race increased. They say: —

"On rude benches, surrounded by whitewashed walls of the old fort, with only a map of the United States hung, some forty Indians awaited the opening of the school. Their average age was twenty-five or more. They were neatly dressed in their uniform, with well-blacked shoes, cleaned nails, combed hair, and of respectful demeanor. At a sign all arose, found the page announced, sang a Christian hymn, and then, finding the 15th of St. Luke, chanted "I will arise and go to my Father." With bowed heads, led by the commanding officer, they all repeated in good English the Lord's Prayer.

"These men were captured prisoners of war, and all had less than three years' knowledge of civilization. They answered correctly questions respecting the geography of the United States, and also practical questions in simple mathematics. There were degrees of proficiency, — the younger learning easily, — but all were ambitious and desirous of knowledge. Some gave evidence that they understand the story of redemption, and have begun to know and serve the Lord."

This visitor noticed in the school, habits of politeness and respect; an Indian missing his pencil, and being supplied by the teacher, replied instantly, "Thank you," as if all his life accustomed to polite society. When changing position on the rude bench the centre of gravity was lost by one of our number, every Indian fixed his eyes upon his book, and not even a smile spread over any Indian's face. Where among white pupils could such an instance of propriety be found? That which most impressed me was the marvelously changed faces of these people. The sullen and stolid look of the race had disappeared; their eyes were lighted with intelligent perceptions, and were bright with frequent smiles of appreciative pleasure. A sense of humanity thrilled us as we looked and listened to these our brothers, the children of one Father who has declared that He made of "one blood all nations."

If the government of the United States will be true to treaties, and if the Church will go with the law and government,

to teach Indians the Lord Jesus and the principles of His kingdom, millions of money spent in fighting Indians may, in a single generation, solve the Indian problem, and save a multitude of souls.

We have been pleased with the following, which we copy from a religious paper, now in its thirty-fourth year of publication:[1] "General Crooks's sense of right and wrong is as keen as his sword. When a gentleman said to him, 'It is hard that men and officers should be sent to be killed by Indians when the whole trouble has been brought about by thieving agents,' the General replied, 'That is not the hardest thing. A harder thing is to be forced to kill the Indians when they are clearly in the right.'"

The same paper says: "It is no time to talk about expediency and economy when honor and honesty are concerned in the matter. The last must take precedence of and overrule the first. It is frequently said that it will pay to treat the Indians well in order to avoid the tremendous expense of Indian wars. That is a paltry matter. It will pay to treat the Indians well simply because it is right to do so. It is not a question of money; it is a question of morals. Surely it is yet possible for the great body of the citizens of the nation to feel, and to impress upon their representatives in Congress that there may be and are great national duties which should be decided simply on the ground of right or wrong."

[1] *The Churchman.*

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